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H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STRATHEARN

FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BROOKS

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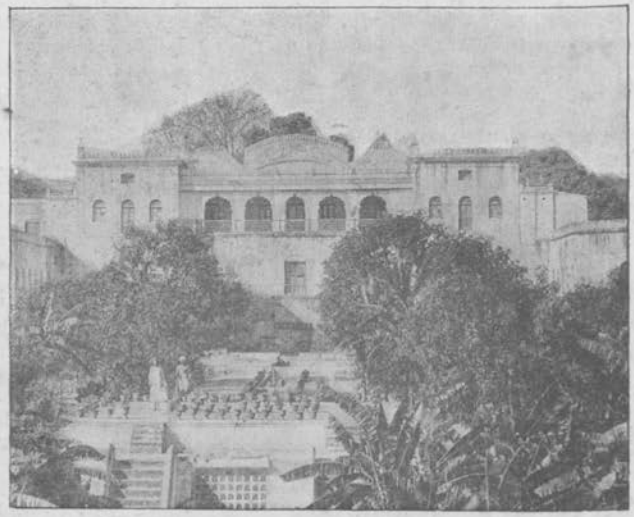

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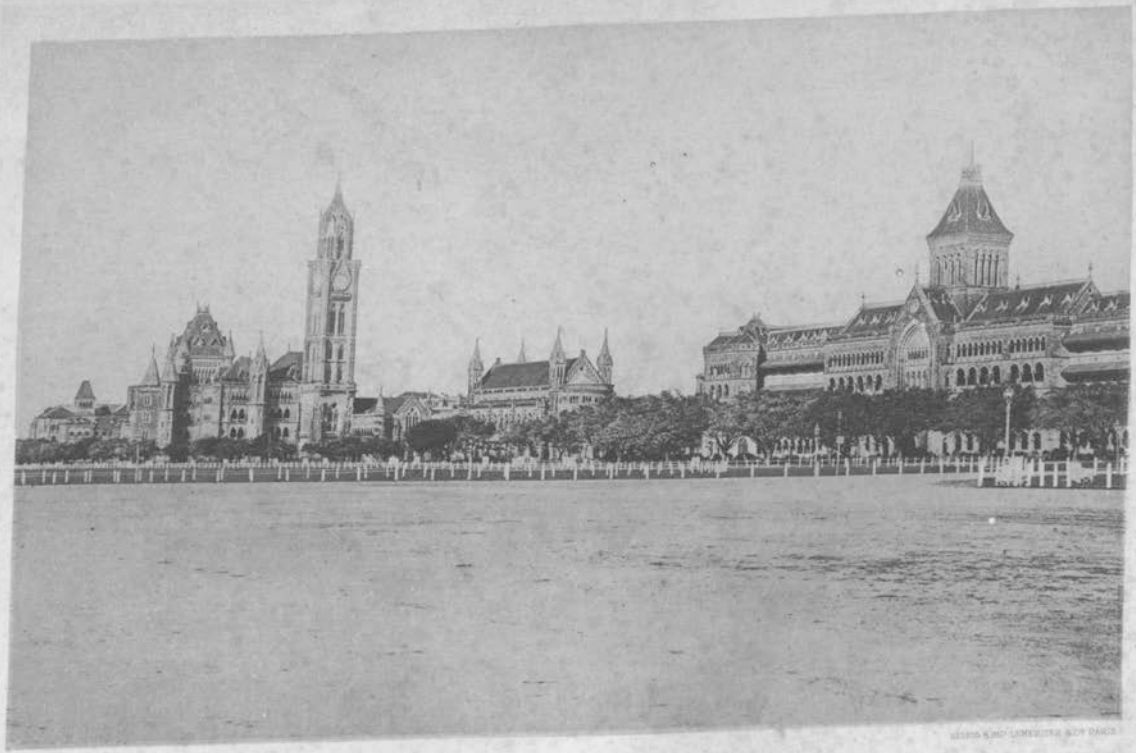

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MODERN BOMBAY

BOMBAY

AND

WESTERN INDIA

A SERIES OF STRAY PAPERS

BY

JAMES DOUGLAS

"THE CITY WHICH BY GOD'S ASSISTANCE IS INTENDED TO BE BUILT."
—*G. Aungier*, 1676.

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VOLUME I.

EE 1-64

LONDON
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THIS

BOOK ON BOMBAY AND WESTERN INDIA

IS,

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION,

Dedicated

TO

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught,

BY

THEIR MOST DUTIFUL SERVANT.

PREFACE.

THE appearance of an illustrated edition of these papers on Western India is due to the suggestion of Lord Reay, when he was Governor of Bombay, as well as to that of Sir George Birdwood; and, next, to the substantial support of the Bombay Government, and of many of the Princes and Gentlemen of India, as well as of an influential body of European residents.

To the proprietors of the *Pioneer, Bombay Gazette,* and *Times of India,* I am indebted for the privilege of republication of the papers originally contributed to these newspapers.

Any apology for errors or defects at this time of day would be out of place. But I may be allowed to state that the papers when written were not intended for a book, and appeared only to the Bombay Public; that they are not the work of a student or literary man, and that some allowance for their shortcomings may be found in the fact that they were written in the intervals of a busy life, as a relaxation from daily duty, heat, and the monotony of an Indian climate, and far from such libraries as Europe affords.

The book is a mere record of excursions among the Cities and Forts of Western India, with a side glance at the books which treat of them; a record also of events which I have deemed worthy of being chronicled.

It does not deal with the living, but with the illustrious dead, and of some also who were not illustrious, but simply did their duty in helping—and that often unconsciously—to build up those great institutions of Government and Law, in the shadow of which we now live, move, and have our being.

What we are is a very different thing from what we were. It has been my aim, therefore, to show how this change has been accomplished, what were the forces at work, and how order was evolved out of chaos, and the mass of our population elevated to a higher platform; for though the unity of History seems often broken, its far-reaching issues come down to our own times, and we are "heirs of all the ages."

This ought to interest the Native of India quite as much as

the Native of England; for surely it is not necessary to be an Englishman to understand that a people living under its vine and fig tree, and secured in the fruit of its labour against all comers, is happier than while exposed to daily and nightly raids of armed men. Englishmen can admire the daring and romantic prowess of Sivaji, and are not blind to the astute diplomacy of Nana Fádnavis, and it is not needful to be an Englishman to laud "the placid courage" of Aungier, or "the might" of Wellington. The History of this country, and its lessons, are the property of all, and open to all. Its very reverses, both English and Indian, are but the stepping-stones to something higher—the Divine rough-hewing which has shaped our ends, and India's, in the upward path of progress. Child's audacity, for example, brought us face to face with Aurangzeb. The Pirates burning ships prepared the way for Free Navigation. And Wargaum! That was a great disgrace; but without it where would have been Hornby's patriotic outburst, and Fadnavis's deed of chivalry? Our Commercial convulsion (1865–6) was a blessing in disguise, the prelude of a Bombay covered with docks, mills, and palatial public buildings, the admiration of all.

Assaye was thus as truly a victory for the inhabitants of these realms as for any Englishman. "It led to the Sovereignty of England! And how can we be expected to take an interest in the fate of a nation that has swallowed up our own?" O, my brother, let not this disturb thee!

From the beginning of its history all the Makers of Bombay were proud of it, and looked forward, no doubt, with high hopes to its future destiny. Aungier and Child were proud of it, but we were not over-kind to them. If we did not stone the prophets, we did not build their sepulchres. Hornby, also, was proud of it. His name is still borne by a row of houses, and is inscribed in a small tablet on the walls of Parel: *Stat nominis umbra.* What wonder if, during languor, satiety, heat, blasts from Leadenhall Street and counter-blasts from Calcutta, with their motives misconstrued, and their actions impugned—what wonder if words of anguish sometimes escaped their lips during their long and weary exile—the cry of distressed nature! Mackintosh compared Bombay to a city of the dead. Wellington wished to God he had never had any-

thing to do with it. Malcolm once looked on his coming to Bombay as a mistake. And Elphinstone writes (1816): "A Governor of Bombay must always be hated." And yet who loved more, or was more beloved? Chantrey and Sir Thomas Lawrence feebly embody the admiration of the public.

When the time however came for a calm and deliberate judgment they were eager enough to record it. Malcolm pronounced Bombay a kind of terrestrial Paradise, and compared it to Naples. Mackintosh, on his leaving it, bursts into a wail of profound grief, and the Duke, more prosaic, says, "I was feasted into Bombay and feasted out of it."

All these men were not only just but also kind and considerate to the people, and these volumes show how the feeling was reciprocated, as no names are held in higher esteem throughout Western India.

If therefore this book can do something, however little, to strengthen the bonds of amity between man and man, between high and low, between one race and another race, between governors and governed; if, by the knowledge of the struggles through which Western India has passed from an abject condition to absolute security of life and property, we are enabled to estimate these great blessings at their proper value; if the examples of heroism, of romantic prowess, of endurance and self-sacrifice, and of lives consecrated to India's interests rather than to their own, tend to awaken generous impulses and keep alive the spirit of liberty and toleration and unselfish independence, and a contented mind; if it can be shown that superstition is its own enemy, and that a stern retribution is meted out by the Judge of all to self-indulgence, oppression, and crime; if the young find here some of the Pleasures of Hope, and the old any of the Pleasures of Memory; and if the Pictures, embellishing the work, many of which have been given to the world for the first time, stimulate among the rising generation an ardent love for the study of History, and an enlightened regard for the best interests of India; if one or any of these objects is attained, the end and aim of the writer will be fully accomplished, and the book, with all its faults, will not have been written in vain.

To James Burgess, C.I.E., LL.D., late Director of the

Archæological Survey, I am greatly indebted for his assistance in carrying the work through the press. Without his help, and that of another eminent scholar, Dr. James M. Campbell, C.I.E., of the Bombay Civil Service, the papers could neither have been written nor published. I have made heavy drafts on their literary stores.

To the many gentlemen who have so liberally responded to my appeals for assistance with copies of pictures and maps in their possession I now return my most cordial thanks.

I have great pleasure in dedicating this book to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. They are familiar with many of the scenes described in it. They were the first members of the Royal Family of England to make their home in India. They came, not as wayfarers, but as residents, with their family. The years they were among us constitute a bright page in the History of Western India, and shed a new lustre on the Indian Empire. And theirs is not a memory which the peoples of India will willingly let die, for as long as duty and honour are esteemed, and virtue is of account among the sons of men, their names will be held in remembrance.

J. D.

Bombay, *July* 1892.

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BOMBAY AND WESTERN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

WESTERN INDIA: PAST AND PRESENT.

"A MAN had better have £10,000 at the end of ten years passed in England than £20,000 at the end of the ten years passed in India, because you must compute what you give for money, and the man who has lived ten years in India has given up ten years of social comfort and all those advantages which arise from living in England." *

So said Dr. Johnson about a hundred years ago. But the distance to India is now shorn of half its terrors. Nobody now thinks anything of going to India. To most people, indeed, it is a mere pleasure excursion, in which, from the deck of a steamer, you can descry Egypt, and scan the peaks of Sinai and the Sierra Nevada, without the trouble of climbing up to them. The social comforts and the advantages of living in England on which Dr. Johnson based his argument now accompany you to India, where a man may live ten years, and be as healthy, as happy, and as well up in information, perhaps even more so, than if he had never quitted his native soil. Neither do people stay so long in it as they used to do. Not long since Colonel Norman, C.B., paid a visit to England after an absence of thirty-eight years, but this is a rare exception, and even ten years at a time is a very long stretch nowadays for an Englishman in India.

Even the miseries which Thackeray deplored in the

* Boswell's *Johnson*, 1779.

*Newcomes** are very much mitigated. The passage is a beautiful one, and an appreciation of the truth it contains can never be weakened as long as there are human hearts to feel, and men and women to bewail separation from those they love. Children may now, however, thanks to our better understanding the sanitary and other possibilities, remain in India for a longer time than they used to do, without prejudice to their moral, intellectual, or physical upbringing, and the distance is so abridged that the evils of divided families are reduced to a minimum.

The family relation can, indeed, never be broken without weakening the ties which God and Nature have established for wise purposes; but the cheaper and more expeditious transit out and home have surely done something to modify all this as compared with the days of the Newcomes. The interchange of affection or interest which now finds expression each week, was formerly represented by a dreary and indefinite expanse which generally extinguished the bonds of friendship, and reduced those of relationship to an empty name. Blood is, however, thicker than water, and it was almost a marvel how a cycle of estrangement should sometimes be followed by a burst of affection from the fountains of the great deep.

The changes which have taken place and are still in progress in Western India have been so gradual, have come upon us so silently, and the benefits resulting therefrom are so familiar to us that they are apt to be lost sight of and, like the air we breathe, cease to be matter of observation. We have made immense strides. I need not dwell on the rise of hill stations, the growth of Municipal institutions, the introduction of pure water, the drainage and conservancy of our large towns, the creation of docks, and the great industrial development of recent times. The mere mention of them is sufficient to suggest the

* "The lords of the subject province find wives there, but their children cannot live on the soil. The parents bring their children to the shore and part with them. The family must be broken up. Keep the flowers of your house beyond a certain time and the sickening buds wither and die. In America it is from the breast of a poor slave that a child is taken; in India it is from the wife, and from under the palace of a splendid proconsul."—Thackeray's *Newcomes*.

large additions which have been made to the comfort and happiness alike of the native and European. They have added some years to the term of human life. Bombay is better for old men's health than young men's. Why? Because the temperature is equable. At this season (December), in Northern and Central India, there is a difference of 30° to 40° in the twenty-four hours, while here—not 10°, and young men can take all sorts of exercise with impunity in the Dekhan, in these extremes of temperature. Small chance for longevity when anarchy prevailed and murder stalked red-handed through the land. The roads which now replace the old jungle paths render famines well-nigh impossible. At all events the abundance of one district is now available for supplying the wants of another.

The natives ought to be the last to complain of that which is not for them merely a change of *régime*, but one literally of existence, and had it not been for the European element we are safe in saying that these great alterations would never have taken place. But the fiat has gone forth: they shall not build and another inhabit, they shall not plant and another eat, for as the days of a tree are the days of my people. The truth of all this is apparent to any one. Go to any railway station in Gujarat, and there on an early morning watch the villager or day labourer on the way to his appointed task; not downcast or downtrodden is he, but well slept and well fed, with a sleek and a blithe countenance, he trudges merrily along. And if you are out at daybreak in Bombay, you may see the cooly or hammal proceeding to his work with elastic step, lilting some refrain he has picked up in his childhood in the far-off plains of the Dekhan or the old hills of Ratnagiri, a condition of things you will search for in vain in the annals of Sivaji or the Peshwas.* The Englishman in India has in this century what he had not in the last, a strong and a stable Government of his own, which can protect his life and property, and free him from sudden and wild alarms by day and by night. He can move about voluntarily whenever and wherever he pleases. He cannot, indeed, defy the laws of nature or eliminate heat from

* There has never been want of employment in my day.

the tropics, but he can by means of ice assuage its baneful effects, and by change of residence from one place to another can so temper the conditions of climate as to make life here, not merely endurable, but as good in many cases as if he had been in England. To the native there is now all the difference in the world, for be he rich or poor the bondman is now the freeman, he to all intents and purposes being formerly the goods and chattels of his master, by whatever name that master might be called. This much has the native, but he has more. He has been put in the path of progress, for the operation of law and good government which have spread themselves over the country, has been not merely to punish the criminal, but to prevent his manufacture. And thus we see in India the deterring effect made manifest by a great reduction in the number of outrages on life and property, compared with former times either under their own administrations or under ours.

Indeed, the dangers are all the other way, for it depends on the intelligence of ransomed peoples whether such great institutions as trial by jury, liberty of the press, municipal institutions, freedom of worship, and right of association become a blessing or a curse. They are either good or bad as the people who possess them are intelligent or otherwise. And here we may remark that it is a common mistake to suppose that Bombay, having a crowd of desperadoes within its walls, was founded by them. This is not the case. It was in no sense founded by the dregs of England, nor by the scum of Scotland. The men who colonised Bombay, at least those of them who have left their mark on its history, were gentlemen, some of them by birth and almost all by education. Child was a member of one of the most influential families in England. Oxinden, as we may still read on his mausoleum, was *vir sanguinis splendore.**

* The family had been settled at Dene in Kent since the time of Edward III. Sir Henry Oxendene, Knight, held high command at the battle of Poictiers, 1356. Sir George (b. 1619) spelled his name Oxinden, as may still be seen in the India Office records; on his tomb at Surat and in printed papers it also appears as Oxinden; Fryer (p. 87) has it Oxendine. He was appointed chief of the factory at Surat, September 18th, 1662, and died there July 14th, 1669. The Baronetcy dates from 1667, with arms—argent, a chevron gules between three oxen passant sable; and crest, out of a ducal coronet gules, a lion's head affrontée. Sir Henry Chudleigh Oxenden, eighth Baronet, died August 14, 1889, aged ninety-four.—B.

James Forbes was the grandfather of Count Montalembert. Charles Forbes was the friend of the Duke of Wellington. But from Gerald Aungier, who was a brother of Lord Aungier who died in 1678, to Mountstuart Elphinstone, who could trace back his lineage to a time ere the names of Magellan or Da Gama had been heard of in the eastern seas, you will find that many of the prominent men on this side of India were of good family, and that not a few unconsciously took their stand as promoters of that civilisation of which we now reap the benefits. But what does it matter? * Fraser and Bourchier were no doubt very quiet men in Surat and unknown to fame, but they sent those manuscripts to Europe, an inspection of which was the first thing to stimulate the zeal of Anquetil Du Perron in his *Zoroastrian Researches*. Boone may have been second-rate, but he was the first to send drawings of Elephanta to England. Boden, a Bombay Colonel, founded the Sanskrit Professorship at Oxford which bears his name, and it requires no great knowledge of the language to see in the Latin inscriptions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which remain to us in Surat and elsewhere that our early colonists carried with them the scholarship of Europe to the far-off plains of India. And here we may be permitted a word for the "Nabob" on his return home. He always got less than he expected, and sometimes more than he deserved, for did not Meg Dods at St. Ronan's well hurl at his head that he had been instrumental in raising the price of poultry for miles around? He was the fossil man of the eighteenth century, and people stared at him as they would have done at one of the seven sleepers of Asia with an antique coin in his pocket trying to purchase his dinner in the streets of Ephesus.

But you must remember his condition during the years of his exile, and remembering this you will cease to wonder at it. The state of loneliness from his fellow-countrymen in which he was placed exposed him to vices in a way the average modern Anglo-Indian has little conception of, and when we hear from a

* Many could say with Cowper:—

> "My boast is not that I deduce my birth
> From scepter'd kings or princes of the earth."

Bombay pulpit a moral drawn to his discredit, as if we were the men and wisdom would die with us, we little think of our own safeguards from vice, in the law and police which now surround us, the foundations of which were not even laid in those dismal times, when the mighty factors of our civilisation, the educationist and the minister of religion, were wanting. Nor need we claim for the early settler in Western India more than we would for his brother at home, for the English gentleman of the eighteenth century, even on his own soil, was by no means a pattern of virtue and sobriety.

But though the family and domestic life of England, as we understand them, which prevail in India at the present day had a very feeble existence in the eighteenth century; though the men of that period, for the most part, lived *en garçon;* and though no benign ray of female influence shone in their bungalows, it is well to remember that they did not for these reasons fall into the supreme evil of the Portuguese, and perpetuate that drama which is being acted out in our own times, where the sins of the fathers have been visited on the children to the third and fourth, yea, even to the tenth generation. No more melancholy offshoot exists in the physical history of man. But the English had little to do with it. In fact, fewer *mésalliances* were made by them in Western India than in any of the Presidencies of this great peninsula. By their fruits ye shall know them. The English are an exclusive race, and this exclusiveness has been and is yet the cause of great evils; but it is a question whether these evils are not counterbalanced by the fact that it has saved us from a great, a sad, and an everlasting reproach—a reproach of which it may be said in the words of the poet:—

> "Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

Foremost in the great work of colonisation and regeneration was the merchant, for the merchant in India came before the soldier. The merchant first built his factory; the soldier then came and protected it. Let us consider what the English merchant gave up in coming to India, for India meant a very different thing then than it does now. It was the giving up of

home, family, and friends, and everything comprehended in the words; it was the giving up of religious privileges, which to many men and some of the best of men are the be-all and the end-all of existence; it was the giving up of political life, for what influence could the units sparsely scattered over the coasts of Western India have on the governing body in England or the political life of any European State? In more senses than one did he exchange for the drugs of India the sterling money of Europe.*

If a man belonged to any of the learned professions, he had to content himself with the knowledge he had acquired at college, or with such stale driblets of science as came from Europe, twelve months old, by way of addition to his stock in trade. But in many cases there was no such addition, and the knowledge, or such of it as survived, became stereotyped on the plains of India, as on the day he left his father's house or emerged from the portals of his *alma mater*.

Without wife, without children, without society worthy of the name, without libraries, without a daily press to keep him alive as to the on-goings of the world, what wonder if the English merchant in India sometimes drifted into bad morals or ended his days in that Golgotha of the dead—in the early churchyards of India. If he were a merchant of the Company, he was bound to go forward. For him there was no rest. He had to open up new markets, even though his goods were plundered by dacoits or his agents murdered by Thugs. By land or sea it was all the same, for the sea was scoured by pirates and every creek sent forth its cruisers of the bloody red flag; and thus it was by a hardihood and endurance which sometimes amounted to heroism that the foundations of the East India Company were laid.

If he were a merchant outside the Company, an interloper he was called, he was hunted down and his life made a burden to him, for no royal burgh of the middle ages, with its guilds or corporations, was hedged in with so impenetrable a barrier as the East India Company until the trade was thrown open to the public.† The story of the interloper's career in all its phases of

* Sir James Mackintosh. † In 1814.

fine and imprisonment lies before us in the pages of Alexander Hamilton.

It was in vain that overland routes were projected to render England more accessible than by the Cape of Storms. Sir Eyre Coote when in Bombay in 1771 busied himself with preparations for that journey across the Babylonian Deserts of which he gave Dr. Johnson the account at Fort Augustus, a journey where his camels subsisted for five days without water.* He was more fortunate than M. St. Germain, of whom Volney tells us that in 1779—(those were the days of the Mamluks)—accompanied by some English officers, he had the temerity to take his silks and diamonds by way of Egypt. The party were one after another all destroyed but himself. In the middle of the desert of Suez he was set upon by the Bedauins, and escaped to Cairo, naked and wounded. That was the end of one abortive attempt to open up the overland route, but it is well to remember that one hundred years ago, and fifty years before the time of Waghorn, English ships waited at Suez for cargoes which never came. Sailing ships! Think of this, ye masters of modern craft, when you are passing the Daedalus Light or Mocha Shoal with all the appliances of Steam Navigation.

How did the merchant succeed? For us *circumspice*, for *him* it was somewhat different. The Spaniards had a saying in the eighteenth century that he who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him. They were right in the eighteenth and not altogether wrong in the nineteenth century, for who will say that outside capital is awanting or not wanted in our days in India?

The truth is that the wealth of India in these days was altogether fabulous, and a close investigation by one who was competent to do so † results in showing that her merchants were far from being successful, even judged by the standard of the present day. There was but one alternative—make money or —die. And most of them died. The arrival of a limited number of "Nabobs" in England, whom you could count on your

* Johnson's *Tour to the Hebrides.*

† Hon. John Jardine, Judicial Commissioner in Burma, and now Judge of Bombay High Court.—*Government Minute on Civil Fund.*

fingers, gave a false and exaggerated impression of India, and the money to be made there, which is not justified by the facts. In the twenty years between 1755 and 1777, two Government servants only returned to England from the Bombay Presidency with fortunes acquired in the service.

Richard Bourchier, who served twenty-three years and was Governor of Bombay nine years (1750–1760), died insolvent. So did John Spencer, the rival of Clive, after enjoying the most lucrative posts in Bombay and holding for a time the Government of Bengal. And Charles Crommelin, Governor of Bombay for seven years (1760–1767), was content in his old age to accept a subordinate office at Goa, after forty years' service.*

Sooth to say, the merchant of these days had some advantages for which he ought to have been thankful, but I daresay he never looked upon them in the light of mercies. He had the week which followed the despatch of his mail in which to dispose of himself holidaywise. He had a virgin soil to work upon, and little competition, as no native had as yet opened up direct communication with Europe, or dared to cross the *Kala-pani*. When he was a remitter he could command 2*s.* 6*d.*, and was not the least surprised when he received 2*s.* 9*d.* for his rupee. Though the usance was long, and the return on his goods equally so, he had generally few ventures, often only one, to engage his attention, instead of the thousand and one interests which rack the modern brain. He was not disturbed by telegraphy or the Suez Canal, those giant progenitors of competition which have made all the world your next-door neighbours, and which still mock at the projects of modern enterprise. The even tenour of his way was not invaded—shall we say—by an army of brokers, for down through the eighteenth century, and long afterwards, there was no sub-division of mercantile labour, and he was his own banker, broker, and even his own law adviser.

When a ship was about to sail for England, Forbes or Remington, who held their position *seniores priores* and in virtue of the success which had crowned their exertions, sent round to their neighbours to see what was wanted in exchange, fix the

See note p. 163.

rate and the difference to be established between the buying and the selling rate, which never amounted to less than a penny per rupee, instead of the sixteenth and thirty-seconds which now exhaust the patience and profits of the trader in exchange.

The whole matter may be summed up in the Gujarati proverb of the times we are now writing of, if you only substitute India for Javä:—

> "Who goes to Java never returns.
> If by chance he returns,
> Then for two generations to live upon
> Money enough he brings back."

To hunt the tiger from his lair in Salsette; to course the hare on Malabar Hill; to play cards and drink sack or arrack punch in a bungalow on the Thana Creek until all was blue; to send your sick daughter to Old Woman's Island, and go yourself to the hot spring of Bankot; to sit and moon over some speculation to Bantam or Amboyna, on which the comfort and happiness of your family depended, and then, sick of delay, in sheer desperation deliver yourself body and soul into the hands of an astrologer; to weary your life out for an hour under a hairdresser, so that you may appear the cynosure of neighbouring eyes in curl and bagwig at Parel or the Royal Bastion at the witching hour of sundown, or peradventure on a Sunday at Church with meek and placid countenance, as you sat with your feet on that old cow-dung floor, gazing listlessly on, but not through the oyster panes, to hear from the pulpit the sentence which debars you from the communion; to read Shakespeare by moonlight on the roof of the Custom House because you could not afford the wherewithal to purchase a candle; to drive with Bellasis of old * from Breach to ball-room

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* MAJOR G. J. BELLASIS, ÆTAT. 64.
DIED 1808,
AND
ANNE MARTHA, HIS WIFE,
DIED 1797,
DAUGHTER OF JOHN (HUTCHISONS,) M.A., RECTOR OF WAREHAM AND SWIRE,
AND HISTORIAN OF DORSETSHIRE.

Tomb in Bombay Cathedral. Copied October 18, 1887.

HUTCHINS IS CORRECT.

in a bullock garry and return—royal—with lighted flambeaux;—and if you survived the ten or twenty years' conflict, to see *Hic jacet* written over almost every friend you knew or cared about; such were some of the environments of the Bombay merchant about 1784.

It is preposterous to ask if these gentlemen were happier than those of our own days. No two names, for example, bulk

SIR GEORGE OXINDEN.
(*Governor of Surat*, 1668–1669.)

bigger in the annals of Western India than those of Child and Oxinden. They were the demigods of Bombay and Surat towards the end of the seventeenth century. And yet Child was convicted of fraud and died an outlaw of the Government he had insulted and affected to despise, and Oxinden's agents were impeached in the House of Lords. Of what avail were Child's influential connections in England? They could not save the splendid reputation which he had built up for himself from

being dashed to pieces, could not even raise a block of rude stone to mark the place where lay the President and General of the Indies. And the Oxindens? 'To be worried for ten years in the House of Lords, and have your agents in Surat and China branded with fraud and conspiracy,* does not conduce to happiness. There is nothing wanting in the shape of tombstone to the Oxindens to record their virtues—gigantic mausoleum, boast of heraldry, pomp of power, vaunting epitaph, and all that sort of thing. There appear to have been four brothers of them, baronets or knights of the shire. But if you read between the lines or illuminate them with the light of history, you will soon

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* "1673, October 30. Love *v.* Oxenden.

"Petition and appeal of William Love, John Buckworth, and William Rawsterne, Executors of Edward Browne, deceased; Thomas Breton, Edward Pearce, Thomas Pearle, Symon Delboe, James Citherow, Judith Sayon, widow, and Nathaniel Setton, Executors of Abraham Sayon, deceased; George Robinson and Thomas Noell, Executors of Sir Martin Noell, deceased; Thomas Noell and Martha, his wife, administratrix of Nathaniel Spemes, deceased; John White and Abigall Bush, executrix of Abraham Bush, deceased.

"Appeal from a decree in Chancery of November 3, 1663, founded on a report of referees touching the accounts of a trading voyage undertaken for petitioners as a joint stock to China and Surat. Petitioners allege fraud and conspiracy among their agents abroad, and pray that Sir Henry and Sir James Oxinden, Thomas Atkins and Sir George Blundell may be ordered to answer.—L. J. XII. 591 annexed.

"(*a*) January 19, 1673–4. Petition of appellants, praying that service of the order to answer on the wife of Thomas Atkins, in lieu of her husband, may be good service, and that Sir Henry and Sir James Oxinden may be required peremptorily to answer.—L. J. XII. 611.

"(*b*) January 22, 1673–4.—Answer of Sir George Blundell. Knows nothing of the matter, not having been a party to the previous actions. Is only administrator *de bonis non* of Sir Christopher Oxinden, in consequence of a debt assigned to him. Has not yet discovered any assets. Prays to be dismissed with costs. (Brought in this day MS. Min. of date. *See* L. J. XII. 615.)

"(*c*) January 23, 1673–4.—Answer of Sir Henry Oxinden and Sir James Oxinden. Sir Henry denies that he is executor of Sir George Oxinden, but Sir James, as such executor and alone, is interested in the estate. The decree was fair and equitable, and was made on merchants' accounts, and according to the customs of merchants in reference to proceedings between them and their agents. The reference was by consent, nor can the petitioners allege fraud. The referees were heard in Court, to give the reasons for their certificate, which cannot now be done, as some of them are dead, and their reasons not expressed on the certificate. Pray to have the benefit of their decree. L. J. XII., 615. (For proceedings on the hearing, see MS. Min. Toby, 5, 9, 11, and 16.")—*Ninth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, Part II., presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty*, 1884.

discover that the Oxindens did not sleep on a bed of roses or enjoy one tithe of the security which is now possessed by the Indian merchant of 1884.

We have spoken of the "Nabobs" and their time. There was no middle class in India in their day to share the loaves and fishes with them, for the Nabobs swallowed up everything.

Matters are now more fairly adjusted. The three or four millions per annum which their greed and oppression wrested from suffering populations or from the princes who had made them suffer, now finds its way in the shape of profits, pensions, or wages honestly earned, and goes to the support of an industrious community, whether it be the agents who assist in carrying on the Government, or the great army outside of it, who are engaged in its commercial or industrial development. The benefits resulting from our connection with India are twofold, for the bargain is not a one-sided one, and may be thus stated. They are first those which concern ourselves, and of which we are the recipients; and secondly, those which have been either created or multiplied by us (and the natives themselves who are now working with us) for behoof of the people of India. India gains more than England. She gets more than she gives, for England did not require to go to India for a good Government; we had it of ourselves; what we had we gave, and it has done more good to the people of India than has ever been done before by any of her administrators. It has raised them in the scale of living and sentient beings, and added a new term to existence. Of all things that a nation can have, the most priceless possession is a good Government; the gold of Ophir or the diamonds of Golkonda are not to be compared to it; nor need we go, like John Stuart Mill, as far as Asia Minor to see what a bad Government can do in converting a garden into a howling wilderness.

The people of India, no doubt, pay for good government, but they do not pay too much. I have read somewhere, for example, that the revenue of Aurangzeb was one hundred millions sterling a year. I have read also that in his days the Dekhan was little else than a howling wilderness.* Is anybody so

* It did not want personal administration, as Aurangzeb was never absent from the Dekhan during the last twenty years of his life.

foolish as to imagine that if the English had not made good their footing in Western India, no other Power would have done so, and all things would have continued as they were? If England had folded her hands as an idle spectator of events in India, many things might have occurred; but of this you may rest assured, that in no event would there have been now a Peshwah in Poona, or probably a single native potentate in Western India. Indeed, the chances were that if the Portuguese had been allowed to extend their conquests in Western India beyond the limits of Goa in the seventeenth century, the Peshwas would never have come into existence, and another Goa would by this time have darkened with its gloomy ruins the Island of Bombay. That was your chance of a Portuguese dominion in the seventeenth century.

And when Napoleon came to Suez in the end of the eighteenth century with eagle eye and an outstretched arm that threatened to embrace the world, that was your chance of another dominion founded by Napoleon, a chance neither remote nor unlikely; but it was the will of God it should not be so, and so it came to pass that an empire was built up as we see it to-day, not without the exhibition of passions and failings which are incidental to human nature, and which have left some ugly marks behind to remind us that we are fallible. But this much may be averred with truth in regard to the settlement of Western India, that whoever were the agents by whom that settlement was effected, or by whatever means it was accomplished, in no single instance has the Government of England assailed liberty of worship, or that principle of free inquiry and private judgment which is the palladium of British liberty, endorsed by legislative enactment a systematic course of violence or oppression, committed the carrying on of its work to bad men or men of bad repute, or either knowingly or wilfully acted with injustice to the people of India.

CHAPTER II.

The Martyrs of Thana.

In or about the year of our Lord 1321 four men suffered death for their religion at Thana. As the Reformation did not take place for one hundred and twenty years after this, Roman Catholics and Protestants may be supposed to have an equal interest in the event. We are indebted for an account of it to Orderic, a Franciscan friar who arrived in Thana shortly after. Four Minorites, whose names were Thomas of Tolentino, James of Padua, Peter of Siena, and Demetrius, a lay brother, were living in the house of a Nestorian, of which sect there were fifteen families in Thana. On being brought before the Qazi and questioned as to their belief, they stated that Christ was the very God, and one of them rashly replied that he believed Muhammad was the son of perdition, and was in hell with his father the devil. The end is easily foreseen. The people shouted out for their death. Thana is a hot place, and they were first bound and exposed bare-headed (we all know what that means to a monk) in the sun from nine till three, the six hottest hours of the day. This had no effect. Then James of Padua was thrown twice into a fire. The result was the same. The ruler of the town then sent them away secretly to a suburb across the arm of the sea. This could not be far from that part where the railway bridge, from Salsette, now joins the mainland. But the Qazi persuaded the Malik or ruler to send men after them to kill them. Thomas, James, and Demetrius were beheaded. Peter, who had not been with the others, was next day tortured and cut asunder. On hearing of this massacre, the Emperor at Dehli, Ghyas-ad-din-Tughlaq, sent for the Malik, and, upbraiding him for daring to inflict death on those whom God had twice preserved, ordered him to be executed.

It is very easy in this age of rosewater to say that they behaved imprudently, and courted martyrdom. The Great Mughal did not think so. The narrative is full of legend and miracle, but the air was dense with these articles of belief, and Thomas of Tolentino, if not a spectator, was certainly alive when the greatest wonder of the age is said to have taken place, to wit, the transmigration of the Holy House of Loretto from the shores of Palestine to very nearly his own door in 1294.

But divested of legend and superstition the facts remain the same. These Italian monks, to whom we owe the first seeds of the gospel in India,* were the earliest Christian missionaries from Europe, of which we have any exact record. That the martyrdom took place, we think there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. Orderic mentions some facts about Thana, casually, which must have astounded the Europe gentlemen of the fourteenth century. That there were flying foxes—that the rats there were so big that the cats could not kill them,—that ants and other vermin were fed by the charitable, and that there did not appear to be a nail or a piece of iron fastening in their boats. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

Their bodies were buried at Supara, about four miles from Bassein, a place identified with the Ophir of Holy Scripture (and famous in 1882 for the unearthing of some fine Buddhist relics); but, be that as it may, no gold-dust in the *Aurea Chersonesus*, was so precious to the early Christians. At the distance of 550 years we may well despair of presenting more than the flimsiest sketch of a voyage from Ormuz to Thana. It lasted 28 days—sailing by day and coming to anchor in some creek or harbour for the night. It was their way in those times, and dispensed with observations during the night and gave a clear outlook for reefs and pirates. The custom still lingers in the bandar boat cruise nowadays. Their longest stretch was from Diu to Daman across the Gulf of Cambay. At length Dhanu, Tarapur, Deravi, Versova, and Mahim were passed—giving a wide berth to the fishing stakes. On leaving

* The vexed question of the Nestorians in India we leave out of sight for the present.

Versova the tall palmyras on the ridge of Walkeshwar came in view on the verge of the horizon. And so working the "Jahaz" round its columnar cliffs fretted by the everlasting surf they made their way into the greatest harbour of Western India. The *buggalow* which brought these missionaries from Ormuz was driven in by a storm. The places visible to the eye on leaving the open sea we shall endeavour to describe by their old names, as they first heave themselves in sight on the page of history. *Khenery Island*, well wooded; *Walkeshwar*, covered with rocks, woods, and long grass amid which were almost smothered the Hindu sanctuary, and tank of the same name with a temple to the triform God at the very extremity. The *Yoni* or famous stone of Regeneration on the water edge. The two Kolabas, mother and daughter, though the sea rushed violently between them, seemed perfectly united, and on *Dewa Dandi*, we will place a beacon light, "impugn it whoso list." * Along the ridge of these islands there grew a thin green line of palms. But palms were everywhere from *Cape Bombaim* to the site of the city destined to arise here, covering it, and the ground far beyond it, in one continued forest ending in the great woods of *Mahim*. Somewhere hereabouts, we may be sure, appeared (say on the site of the Crawford Market) the proverbial fisherman, and the bittern standing on one leg amid his empire of desolation. There were two islands with strange names, *Deva Divi*, the "isle of the gods," and *Chinal Tekri* (Hog-Island), the "hill of the harlots." Between them lay a third—one of the wonders of the world—*Gharapuri*, or the "town of excavations," conspicuous by its black colossal elephant and stone horse, and more famous for its caves, so full of idols and of graven images, that it might have been well called by Christian, Jew, or Saracen the "hill of devils."

So sailing on—but now in quieter water, between *Trombay* with its Neat's Tongue and Pir's Tomb on the left, and on the right *Karnala*, that mighty pillar of basalt which has been for all ages a landmark to the sailor making this port of India,—they reach Thana.

* The modern lighthouse was erected in 1769.—Forrest's *Catalogue of Records of Bombay*, 1889.

If they entered the harbour from the Arabian Sea on a starry night between April and September, they would see over the high land of Thal, a little above the horizon, the "Southern Cross," the symbol of their faith, and a welcome harbinger to this land of heathendom.

Thana was visited by Marco Polo about forty years previously.* The Thana of to-day does not seem to be a pleasant place. In the early days of the monsoon when the tide is out and at sundown, with rain falling, the view from the railway bridge is one of the dismalest a man can cast eyes on. To the young civilian, often sent there on his first outset,

> "The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
> The earth with age was wan,
> The skeletons of nations were
> Around that lonely man."

We cannot rebuild or repeople in our imagination the Thana of Marco Polo, but we may be certain of this, however, that though the town was a very different place, the topographical surroundings are still the same, and in this respect Thana was seen by Marco Polo and these early missionaries very much as we see it to-day. A creek fringed with cactus and palm, up which twice a day the tide rushes with remarkable velocity, converting its dry and rocky bed into the dimensions of a navigable river, the creek widening out gradually into an estuary, now the harbour of Bombay, and beyond—the illimitable sea,—for the flapping of the great sails of Cabral and Da Gama's fleets was as yet unheard on the Indian Ocean.

The land side was bounded by a barrier of rugged mountains clothed with teak and iron-wood, over which could be descried the sharp saw-like edges and peaks of the Chanda and Bhaumalang range,† and the untrodden solitudes of Matheran.

Not far off was Dewa, a scene that has been taken by many painters and found its way to the Royal Academy. Nowadays,

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* See Yule's *Marco Polo*, ii., 385 f.

† "On May 27, 1792, I turned off the direct road, passed under Bawamalang, that inexpugnable mountain fort, in sight of Bombay, which set at defiance and repulsed with loss the British force which attempted to carry it by assault against a storm of granite hurled down the rocky stairs in 1779."—Price's *Memorials*, 1839.

this scene of surpassing beauty bursts upon the eye of the traveller as he emerges from the first tunnel which pierces the mainland of India, one of the magical reaches of this Indian Bosporus which clasps in its arms the islands of Bombay and Salsette,

> "Whose gleaming with the setting sun
> One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
> And islands that empurpled bright,
> Floated amid the livelier light,
> Crags, mounds, and knolls confusedly hurl'd,
> The fragments of an earlier world."

Of the manner of life of these missionaries we know nothing, but we know a good deal about those among whom they laboured. Velvet weavers, buckram weavers, weavers of *Tanna cloths*, vendors of betelnut, artificers of blackwood, leather manufacturers, noisy horse coupers from Arabia, with wild pirates and lawless fishermen (for in those days there was great shipping at Thana), a brawling, shouting, seething multitude, every man of them Muslim or idolater. Such was the hostile population amid whose lot was cast the protomartyrs of Christianity in Western India. It is sad to believe that when the Portuguese took Thana 200 years afterwards there was not a single Christian in it.

NOTE ON THE GOLD OF OPHIR.

But we must now deal with the gold of Ophir which has cropped up in this article. We have a great respect for gold either as ore, bullion, or coin, it does not matter much, and if we can only bring it nearer to Bombay so much the better. We may add that as silver depreciates in value this respect increases all the more, and we will, therefore, endeavour to speak of gold with becoming reverence. Ophir is mentioned in *Genesis* x. 29, and since that time has had a troubled existence; like the dove from Noah's Ark finding no rest for the sole of its foot. In our young days Niebuhr placed Ophir in Arabia. It was soon after removed by somebody across the Arabian Sea to Sofala in Africa. After a consumptive existence in Africa, it died out, and suddenly under the giant auspices of Max Müller,

the lusty child reappears on the banks of the Indus at a place called Patalene, and Sir Charles Napier, if we remember rightly, when living in Clifton (Karachi), amused himself in the belief that the golden cup of Alexander (Ophir no doubt) lay hidden in the Gedrosian sands thereabouts. This belief again was rudely dispelled by the German critic, Lassen, who "conclusively demonstrated" that the Ophir of Job and Solomon was in Gujarat. The *régar*, or black cotton soil of Gujarat, is rather an awkward matrix for gold; but never mind. It is satisfactory so far, our readers will observe, that Ophir is in the right direction, and coming nearer to us step by step on the golden ladder. We have mentioned its arrival near Bassein; and the arguments for its localisation here are neither so flimsy nor so unsubstantial as at first sight may be imagined.

Supara is near Bassein.* It is mentioned by Ptolemy and the author of the *Periplus*. Ophir is spelled in the Septuagint, Sophir, and Josephus says Ophir is in the *Aurea Chersonesus*, which belongs to India. Now where is there another Chersonesus on this side of India except the Bombay group of islands? From Supara comes Sophir—Ophir. But our readers must make their own deductions. Dr. Wilson used playfully to remark that the Scotch were Scythians and were in India ages ago. Had not the letters *Scyt* been deciphered on the dolmens of Upper India? *Scyt, Scoot Scot.* "So runs the dread anathema." We turn up with fear and trembling Smith's *Classical Dictionary*, the highest authority we can lay hands on, and under the head *Scythæ* is this sentence which we confess seems to prove the Doctor's theory correct, and is a damning argument against the non-Scythian hypothesis. "The Scythians had no fixed habitations, but roamed over a vast tract of country at their pleasure." This decides the question. Of course, the Scotch are Scythians. Then as to Ophir.

Men like to deal in generalities and will never come to particulars. Arabia, Africa, Sind, Gujarat are fine names, in which it is exceedingly easy for Max Müller and others to place the land of Ophir, words—

> "Full of sound and fury
> Signifying nothing,"

* *Indian Antiquary*, i., 321, and ii., 96; xi., 236, 294; and xiii., 325.

making of it a geographical expression pure and simple. It is a great matter, therefore, to have Ophir, once for all, localised, identified; moored to one place the latitude and longitude of which can be easily determined. * * * * We had written thus far when an uneasy feeling takes possession of us. After having fixed Ophir on as solid a basis as this terraqueous globe affords, in an evil hour we glanced at the newspapers, where some preposterous individual, we had used a stronger word, writes to a Glasgow paper (of all places in the world) that Wynaad is the Land of Ophir.

This is really too much. We cannot afford to have gold passing us in this way. Gold has always been a welcome guest in Bombay. Norman Macleod dubbed us "worshippers of fire and of fine gold." We therefore protest against it. Take our apes and our peacocks, and even our algum trees, but give us our gold. It is too bad. If this continues, Bassein may become an Irish quaking bog and run away with us. Ophir may drift away from its moorings, and leave us like Pogson at Madras, just in time from our garret window to see it clear our line of vision—a comet of the first magnitude.

We have done all we can to establish Ophir in our neighbourhood. But some men will not believe it. Though we sympathise with their incredulity, we say to all such unbelievers what Waller addressed to the Lord Protector of England—

> "To dig for wealth, we weary not our limbs,
> Gold though the heaviest metal hither swims,
> Ours is the harvest which the Indians mow,
> We plough the deep and reap what others sow."

CHAPTER III.

WESTERN INDIA IN 1583.

"It requires no very intimate acquaintance with contemporary foreign opinion to recognise the abiding truth of De Tocqueville's remark that the conquest and government of India are really the achievements which give England her place in the opinion of the world."—*Sir Henry Sumner Maine*, 1872.

FOR a long time we were a very weakly power in Western India, and our Bombay dominion for a hundred years was limited to such an extent that a good pedestrian in a single day might even walk over it. As for Surat, we were for more than a century merely tenants-at-will of the Great Mughal. When we agreed with his Nawab, all went on well; when we disagreed with him, he put us in irons. But frail and limited as this dominion was, we can now in 1891 aver that we have held it absolutely for a longer term than any of the former rulers of Western India. The oldest native of Bombay, even by tradition from his great-grandfather, knows of no other power than the power of England. It has outlived all the Subadars of the Dekhan. We have been longer here than the Peshwas were in Poona or the Nizams in Haidarabad, and our authority dates to a time when even the names of Holkar, Sindia, and Gaikwar were unknown. We forget the Habshi * of Janjira, who, strange to say, with his semi-African genealogy, has outlived the wreck of nations, and, like Monaco in Europe, may protest against the Republic. It is true we are an alien race. But will you point to us in the history of India a race of sovereigns who were bound to the soil by community of birth, religion, and language? † Who was Timur the Tartar and his house, which for generation after generation from the Peacock Throne lorded it over India?

* "Habshi," or "Abyssinian," is the title given to the Nawab of Janjira to the south of Kulaba.

† Or indeed anywhere. In Russia it is German. "The fact is too common to excite remark, the first and most liberal countries in the world, as far as

From Tartary, from Rūm, from Georgia, from Khorasan, from regions beyond the Satlej, Tartars, Arab mercenaries, and slaves who were themselves bought and sold, built up crown and kingdom from Mount Everest to Malacca. Our vanity is rebuked, however, when we begin to realise that there was a time when the face of an Englishman had not been seen on the shores of Bombay, nor its name on the map of India; and yet there was such a time. When Shakespeare was alive, when Elizabeth reigned, when Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned, when Knox thundered in St. Giles, when Drake and Raleigh ventured their ships to compete with the galleons of Spain into unknown seas, no man of woman born had yet used English speech within our island. The first English bungalow had not been built, for the first Englishman had not yet jumped ashore amid huzzas. The first bargain had not been struck, and consequently the grave of the first Englishman had not been dug. The grass on Malabar-hill was a cover for the hare, and a shelf on the cliff a nest for the sea-eagle.

We have been led to these reflections by the perusal of Jean Hugues of Linschoten's great work *Histoire de la Navigation.* The author came out to India in 1583 with the Archbishop of Goa, and the copy of his book now before us, the third edition, was published at Amsterdam in 1638. It is in old French, through which we stumble with difficulty, and is full of engravings of scenes and costumes in Western India, taken with the accuracy and executed with the art which distinguished the Dutch in those days, for in these things they were then far ahead of us. It is a large folio in which the author, a Hollander, seems to give an impartial account of the countries through which he passed, and where the pictures become doubly valuable, as they represent the condition of things before the Englishman had put in an appearance on this side of India.

The Portuguese, our readers are aware, had taken possession of our island in 1532, but fifty years after, when our author

they have kings at all, being governed by princes of alien blood. In London the dynasty is Hanoverian; in Berlin it is Swabian; in Paris it is Corsican; in Vienna it is Swiss; in Florence it is Savoyard; in Copenhagen it is Holstein; in Stockholm it is French; in Brussels it is Coburg; at the Hague it is Rhenish; in Lisbon it is Rohany; in Athens it is Danish; in Rio it is Portuguese."—Hepworth Dixon's *Free Russia*, 1870.

was at Goa, it seems to have been of no account. He gives a full account of Goa in many pages and half-page descriptions of Cambay, Ormuz, Diu, Daman, Bassein, Chaul, Dabul, and Onor, commercial emporiums of some note; but Bombay, or *Mumbai* as we may then call it, had not even made itself so far known that an intelligent European coming to Goa and describing Western India should take any notice of it. A stranger on the *bourse* at Amsterdam might as well ask for Uran or Trombay. That it was an outpost in which a few Portuguese from Bassein were stationed, round whom had clustered the kajan huts of Koli or Dongar, we believe. But no indication of such a site is given, and as ecclesiastical annals and Xavier's letters are equally silent on the subject of even a missionary being sent to us, we have come to the conclusion that our infant metropolis had at that time such a small nucleus, that it was not even worth looking after, and was nothing in comparison of, say, Bandara or Mahim,—a sufficient rebuke to our vanity or pride of place, if we have any. There is ample evidence, we think, that the shrine of Walkeshwar is of great antiquity, as on our very first contact with those shores, in 1662, it was a place of pilgrimage, and had doubtless been resorted to for ages by the natives along the coast. Of the harbour itself I am reminded that from remote times it has been a place whence the products of this region found an outlet, and at the same time an inlet for the produce and handiwork of other countries,—a commerce manipulated by the merchants of Thana, and previously by Kalyan, before Bombay comes before us on the page of history; and though there is no evidence on the subject, it is highly probable that for the protection of that commerce a beacon fire was kept burning on Kolaba point at night.* But let us see something of Goa by the help of Linschoten's pictures.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

It was during the time when Akbar reigned in Dehli, in 1583, that I entered the city of Goa, which was then in the

* "To-day I went to Colaba. On the southern extremity of this island stands a lighthouse, where fire is kept during the night as a signal to ships which come into the Bombay harbour."—*Dr. Hove*, 1787.

GOA MARKET PLACE, 1583. (*From Linschoten.*)

acme of its glory. The Portuguese had been here seventy-three years, and being an idle man, I was resolved to have a look at it. The name *griffin* is not yet invented, so I am nicknamed *reynolo*. But I do not mind this, and plunge at once into the heart of the city, feeling rather hotter than in Antwerp. All the races of Asia, even the Chinaman, are here bargaining with, or cheating, or amusing each other. Amid bags of pepper, bales of silk, and boxes of opium I take my stand, and see what I have come to see. The first thing I observe is that the Portuguese are our masters, and that every man among them is armed, riding, walking, sailing, or palanquin-borne, and every retainer is armed, down to the veriest *chokra*. It seems to me that this does not imply much security of life or property. It is now early in the morning, and there is a great fair every day between seven and nine, a kind of *bourse*, where men from all parts of the world make their market. The tongues are of Babel, and the noise deafening. Nobles or Hidalgoes swagger, with ostrich-feather stuck at one side of their wideawakes. Here negro slaves, Arab horses, and dead men's effects are sold by auction. Men die here, even the Viceroy, and if he dies, his bed is sold from under him at once, and the amount credited to his executors; the rights of creditors, widows, and orphans must be respected. I observe that the Dekhany men who have come in are all sandalled: other natives, except beggars, wear shoes. We stand for a moment at a marriage procession. The musicians and their native instruments are familiar to us. And there at her curtained windows, by the lattice-work appears in all her glory and debasement—*Inda meretrix saltando et canendo victum quæritans.* She hath cast down many wounded, yea, many strong men have been slain by her. A Lusitanian swell is hovering about; and we are told the reason why these gentry are so well clothed is that they have one suit only among three, and that when the lucky turn comes for one to go on promenade, the other two go to bed, or rejoice in nether garments suitable for indoors in hot climates. Equestrians are numerous, and the horses are gaily caparisoned in kincob and velvet. The harness, saddle, and horse-cloth are fringed with small bells, which make a mighty jingling and savour of Lyon or Paris. The inevitable man with the whisk

follows suit. To see the ladies I have to go to church and stand an amazing amount of incense. One now emerges from her closed palanquin like a bride from her curtained couch. She has downcast eyes, and her hair brushed back from her forehead *à la mode*. A rosary is in her hand, and a jewelled crosslet on her bosom. A maid stands expectant with a book, another with a fan, a third with a cushion, and a fourth with a Persian carpet rolled up. She alights, steadies herself on *terra firma*, for there is a mystery about her feet which is only explained by cork pattens six inches high, on which she has to move gingerly enough. Two *cavalieri serventi*, one on each side, support this angel of the church to her seat. The locomotion up the aisle takes her ten minutes.* I find that this is a terrible country for jealousy, and that the ladies, married or single, are guarded by a gang of slaves. I call at the house of a rich Portuguese and as soon as my name is announced I hear a clapping of hands, and I know that this is a sign in Turkey for the women to fly to the dim recesses of the harim. When a man comes into your bungalow, offer him at once a seat as good as you have yourself, hear what he has got to say, and bow him politely out. If a man comes into church, rise and salute him at once. Otherwise, if you do not attend to these maxims, you may, when out unwittingly on a stroll, get a bamboo on your back, or have a fillet filled with sand swung mercilessly on your head by some ruffian hired for the purpose.

The gentlemen wear peaked beards and moustachios turned up at the ends. The ladies float along *en boddice* on ornamented open palanquins; and over the head, half seen, rises an Elizabethan canopy (this is the age of Elizabeth), the green folds of which fall gracefully, supported on each side by a tassel as much for ornament as for use. The palanquin here is not a wooden box, nor a tonjon, but exhibits the harmony of form to perfection, and the bearers themselves are Portuguese, nearly as well clothed, to all appearance, as their masters. Ladies, indoors,

* What appeared to be wooden boxes, where the feet of the ladies ought to be, were a perfect enigma to me. The explanation, however, is given by Mr. Fonseca in his *City of Goa*.

wear shoes without stockings.* Nunneries have not yet been established. There will be plenty of them by-and-by.

The *entourage* of the European bungalows differs little from our own. A native climbing a toddy-tree with knife in his waistband, a woman drawing water, a parrot in a cage, and a pet monkey hanging on to the verandah by its hind legs, with a church in the distance, constitute an amusing and suggestive picture.

KING OF BALAGHAT.

I hear the sound of horns: there is a sudden rush of the crowd, and aloft in awful state borne upon a palanquin comes an ambassador from one of the Dekhany kings. I know these sturdy bearers from beyond the mountains, as they pass into the city at a swinging trot, and now near the end of their journey, take their "canter up the avenue" or a last spurt as they breast the hill. A sombrero-wallah has enough to do to keep the sun from the dusky countenance of His Excellency, who stolidly contemplates the strange manners and costumes of the *Feringi* † which they have brought in their caravels, across the *kala-pani* from the other side of the world. His retainers are armed with bow and arrow, with spear and javelin, and shield of rhinoceros-hide from Africa; dusty and wayworn from some far off city in the Dekhan—Bedar, or Bijapur, or Golconda and its diamonds. Bijapur was now in all its glory, its citadel a crown of joy and rejoicing to it, and the architect of the big dome of Mahmud Shah will soon be busy at his work.‡ He frowns with contempt upon the Lusitanian and his works of *Shaitan*. Even his ships, are they not the works of the devil? A land of

* Spaniards, *i.e.*, mestizoes, credesit re al Quito, capal of Ecuador. "Gloves are never worn, and stockings are unknown, shoes being slipped on the bare feet."—Stanford's *Geographical Compendium, Central and South America*, 1882.

† *i.e.* European, from the Persian *Firangi*, a Frank, and now applied to the English.

‡ *The biggest dome in the world.*—Pantheon, diameter 142 feet, height 143 feet; Duomo, Florence, diameter 139 feet, height 310 feet; St. Peter's, diameter 139 feet, height 330 feet; St. Sophia, diameter 115 feet, height 201 feet; St. Paul's, diameter 112 feet, height 215 feet; Bijapur, diameter 124 feet over a square, height 198 feet.

monks and monasteries, where their men are women; and their women children: Kafirs, every one of them!

THE MASTER-MARINER.

Before the Portuguese conquered the land here, they had to conquer the sea on the way to it. Hence these were the great days for the Master-Mariner.* To be the captain of a ship was next door to being a prince. To round the Cape of Storms, to wrestle with the spirit of the storm like Da Gama in the *Lusiad*, to wield dominion of the seas like Cabral, was to be a king of men and crowned with acclaim by your fellows. Your name was written in letters of gold and colours on the portals of the Viceroy's Palace, where the wondering stranger beholds with awe and pride the name of every ship and the date of its departure from Lisbon, with the date of its arrival, the New Jerusalem of the storm-tossed sailor.† Henceforth your ship was among the immortals more famous than any one in the long catalogue of Homer's fleet. High over the rest shone the mighty name of Albuquerque, date 1510, for though he was not *primus in Indis*, no man until his time had ever heard the flapping of European sails in the waters of Goa, for

> "He was the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea"

that lies beside the island of the thousand-and-one palm trees.

DECLINE AND FALL.

It is interesting to note that the causes which un-made Goa and made Bombay are apparent at a very early stage of their existence. It would be unfair to contrast the colonial policy of Portugal in 1580 with that of any European nation in 1680, but we are fairly entitled to place it side by side with the

* "Magellan (Magelhaens) served five years in India under Alfonso d'Albuquerque and Tristan da Cunha, and there is every probability he was at Goa."—See *Prince Henry the Navigator*, page 422. "He joined the expedition of Francisco d'Almeida, the first Viceroy of the Indies, which left Portugal in 1505 and arrived at Quiloa. This seems certain."—*Prince Henry*.

† Vessels were then few and far between.

attitude assumed by our own first settlers towards the surrounding peoples in Western India, after making allowance for such progress as had been made in the century between 1580 and 1680 in the art of colonisation and the doctrine of toleration. Goa and Bombay are islands of about the same size; they both have magnificent harbours. Upon the one the Portuguese sat down to exploit, and on the other the British. But the Portuguese were first in the race; they were stronger than we, by virtue of military conquest, and they had a wider area on which to exploit. The Colonial Empire of Portugal in the sixteenth century was a great empire, quite as great to the then known world as the Colonial Empire of England is in the nineteenth century. Their enemies were fewer in number, and less formidable by sea and land. They had the Dutch to oppose them. So had we. And what were the Muhammadan kings who had then established themselves in the Dekhan compared to the daring of Sivaji or the might of Aurangzeb?

When we sat down to our work of government, the same difficulties that confronted them confronted us. There was a community made up of the same materials, a number of people drawn together of the different races, languages, and religions of Asia. Taking our stand, we appear both going to the same destination; but the point is a kind of reversing station, for though we set off together, the means which each takes to accomplish his government drives us in different directions. We both mean to govern, and we both do it in a different way. The evil that was bound up in the existence of the Portugal of these days was Church and State, not the one without the other, but the one *with* the other. If you accept my jurisdiction, you must accept my religious belief.*

Hence pagodas, tanks, mosques, synagogues, and a whole jungle of unbeliefs from their point of view, were cleared out of the cities of Western India, which presented the appearance of a compact form of Christianised communities with one aim and serving one master; but it was merely in appearance. The

* "Hundreds, perhaps thousands of Hindu families, now settled in Bombay, were originally natives of Goa, who emigrated long ago to other countries, to save themselves from the rigours of the Inquisition."—Dr. J. Gerson Da Cunha, *Journal, Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1887.

device was a hollow sham and make-belief, as every traveller who visited these cities in the 16th century testifies. Their own Camoens says:—"This land is the mother of great villains, and the stepmother of honourable men." The outer framework and policy of it was a sham. Human nature will not stand this sort of thing; so one day a priest is shot outside of Bassein, another day a monk is poisoned in a buggalow, and on a third news comes that four missionaries are massacred at Cuncolim. They are claimed as martyrs by the church, but they are martyrs to the stupidity and misgovernment of mankind.

We have touched in the first chapter on the policy which was inaugurated by the English founders of Bombay, that all religions should have fair play. A later chapter will show how Aungier dealt with the Banyas, and that he induced them to settle here by allowing them their religious rites, marriage processions, and burning of their dead. It was only after our occupation that the first Tower of Silence was erected on Malabar-hill; * synagogue, mosque, and fire-temple, all make their appearance afterwards. We began by proclaiming Bombay an asylum for all, and this was the corollary. The silk weavers came in a body from Chaul, and we had to build houses for them. Then came the Parsis, who could build their own houses and ships as well, one of which fought at the battle of Navarino, and on board another was written "The Star-spangled Banner." But whether it was the Banyas of Diu or the Bhatiyas of Kachh, all were welcome. We hailed also the Jews from the rivers of Babylon. And this is the reason why Bombay now contains 777,000 inhabitants, and is not, like Goa, a huge grassy tomb. We were not, and it is as well to remember this, *Societa propaganda Fide*, but "the United Company of Merchants of England trading in the East Indies."

We need not, however, lay the flattering unction to our souls that we brought this doctrine of toleration to Asia. We found it here when we came, and wisdom will not die with us. For centuries, aye to the most remote times, there had been a most

* The Modi Ghandy Tower of Silence—on the Pedder Road; there seems to have been only about a dozen Parsis in Bombay when application was made by them to the Governor in 1669 for permission to erect a Dukhma on Ghandy's piece of land, which was granted. See note, p. 147.

extensive commercial intercourse carried on by various nationalities along the sea board of Western India, so it had become pretty generally understood that if you wished to trade with a man, it was not necessary to knock him down, if he differed from you in religious belief. So the question had been very much solved in the maritime towns.* For example, Saimur or Chemul was very near Bombay. The site of it is still disputed. There were 10,000 Muslims in it. † The Hindus could not have been very intolerant here. Then at one time there were seen in the harbour of Ormuz 400 Chinese junks. ‡ There must have been toleration there for the disciples of Confucius.

Sivaji neither burned mosque nor pagoda, and allowed dissent in his army, for there were many Muslims in it, and they had their own butcher.§ And when Aungier took in hand the mongrel community of 10,000 vagabonds who swarmed round the Castle of Bombay, he found the *panchayat* ready to his hand ‖,—an institution native to India, which gave to every caste the elements of self-government, or, as Elphinstone ingeniously hath it, gave to the people justice when they could not get it elsewhere.

THE INQUISITION.

We learn from Mr. Fonseca's *History of Goa* that the horrors of the Inquisition have been much overrated. It is pleasing to think that it was a mild and beneficent institution, and that the dreams of childhood from Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* and Willie Lithgow's *Travels* ¶ are a delusion. We may now die happy, so far as the Inquisition is concerned. It was a great enemy of rich men, for their property was confiscated. But for a poor man? Why, he had a cell of his own, and, if a European, bread and meat to his dinner twice a week, with a bed and coverlet to protect him from the night dews. Not that the

* "It seems to have been solved at Elura, where Brahman, Jain and Buddhist Temples are carved out of the rock alongside of each other, which shows that they all lived in harmony."—Sir Monier Williams' *Buddhism*, 1889.

† Abulfeda, par Reinaud.—Yule in *Ind. Antiquary*, i., 320.

‡ W. S. Lindsay's *Merchant Shipping*, 1875.

§ Fryer. ‖ Bruce's *Annals*.

¶ In Spain, but nearly of the same date as Linschoten.

place was open—only the cells had windows and doors. There was a great air of peace and tranquillity about the place, which arose from the fact that the warders in the galleries, who saw everything, would allow no noise. And they were right, for noise and tranquillity are strange bed-fellows. It must have been something of this kind that fascinated Ralph Fitch, an English merchant, who at Ormuz was kindly offered a free passage to Goa to explain matters, and is now here in free quarters in this year of grace 1583. If we remember rightly, he—like Baron Trenck elsewhere—found the place so comfortable, he wouldn't come out. "If I only once got to England, how happy should I be to come out again. Oh, gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, you little know the comforts of the Inquisition."

I read further that the ailments of the inmates are carefully attended to, that the Inquisitor with his secretary and interpreter—how considerate!—comes twice a month specially to inquire about them. I marvel at the ventilation of the cells. The doors are kept wide open to every breeze that blows every morning from 6 to 11. Sanitation is a perfect model. The etceteras are cleared out once in four days. Remember this is 1583. The eating hours are far in advance of any other town in India. Breakfast at 6 a.m., dinner at 11 a.m., and supper at 4 p.m. No wonder people who have been in the civil jails prefer the Inquisition. Then *autos da fé** are not numerous; sometimes one did not occur for several years. Besides, there was no reason for your being burned alive. The alternative was always open to you, to confess Christianity, in which case you were only strangled, justifying the old saw, "confess and be hanged." The business afterwards was merely secondary and a matter of form, perfectly painless, and required no display of fortitude, for fire or water is all the same to a dead man; and it did not matter if your shinbones, carried by a lot of guys in wooden boxes, rattled at the tail of processions for a century to come. I know Dellon† tells differently to all this, but he

* The last Goa *auto da fé* was in February, 1773.—*Murray's Magazine*, November, 1890.

† The Sieur Dellone's *Account of his Voyage to the East Indies*, Eng. transl. London, 1698.

lived a century later, and I do not believe Dellon in many things.

To speak seriously. At the trial there was no exhibition of the rude instruments and coarse enginery of persecution to harrow the poor soul. Some fools in Scotland in the seventeenth century tried this, but it only turned out, to use their own language, "an indulgence to tender consciences." You remember *Old Mortality* and the never-to-be-forgotten scene when Hugh Macbriar, *alias* Mackail, stood before the judges in the High Court of Commission. A crimson curtain was withdrawn and revealed the grim manipulator at an oaken table, laid out with the horrible apparatus of torture, rack, boot, and thumbscrew, and that, as Sir Walter tells us, though a touch of nature brought the blood to Macbriar's cheek, he gazed at the apparition with composure. So clumsy were these old workmen, Lauderdale and Mackenzie, in dealing with heretics. They had not learned their lessons at this school. Here we act differently. We draw aside a green taffeta curtain and reveal —the cross. It leans against the tapestry on the walls, looms big, and stretches away up to the groined roof.* It is a black cross. Yes, under this holy emblem the work is done. The High Court of Commission and the Inquisition are nearly convertible terms. But Portugal or Scotland, it is all the same, no matter under what sky the deed is done; the palm-tree groweth here, and "the broom with its tassels on the lea" yonder, but it does not alter the eternal nature of things. Soon or syne the end of these things is death—death not only to the victim, but death to the political system which first caught him, then incarcerated him, now tries him, and will burn him. No Government, be it Catholic or Protestant, be it Muslim or Brahman, can engage in this warfare with impunity. To rid herself of it was the salvation of Scotland, to continue in it was the doom of Portugal.

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* "According to a tradition current among the inhabitants of Goa, every individual charged with witchcraft or any offence against the Catholic religion was placed before the crucifix, when all of a sudden a thrill appeared to pass through his whole frame. He trembled from head to foot, and at last dropped senseless on the ground, incapable of fixing his eyes on it any more."—Fonseca's *City of Goa*, 1878.

On the yesterday of 1583 Portugal was a first-class power, and might have stood against the world; now none so poor as do her reverence.

MISCELLANEA.

Linschoten tells us that the non-Christian inhabitants of Goa had to leave the town every evening at sound of tattoo, and dared not practise their *superstitions diaboliques* under pain of death. He argues bad consequences to the country that every man serving under Lisbon, from the Viceroy downwards, has a tenure of only three years of office, and hastens to make the most of it.

The Gujaratis and Banyas are the most subtile merchants in the whole of India. The climate and coast thirty miles north and south of Chaul (which embraces Bombay) are more salubrious than elsewhere. He states that the labourers and peasants who have made profession of Christianity are little better than the pagans, and that they practise pagan rites by connivance of the Inquisitors.

In 1583 concubinage and bastardy had already done their work, for the offspring of Portuguese fathers and native mothers are named *mestici*,* and that of Indian fathers and Portuguese mothers *castici*.

On the cultivation and trade in opium he states that while much of it comes from Aden and the Red Sea,† the greater part comes from Cambaia and the Dekhan, meaning no doubt from the Malwa districts through the Dekhan.‡ He is silent, as far as we can gather, on its export to China, or of its being used by the Chinese.

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* "The development of European civilisation in Central and South America has been hindered mainly by these mestizoes, who have tended rather to degrade it to the Indian level."—H. W. Bates in Stanford's *Geographical Compendium, Central and South America*, 1882.

† "For ages past Thebes in Egypt has witnessed the production of opium. Six centuries ago the substance was known in Western Europe as *Opium Thebaicum*. De Quincey considers it the *Nepenthes* of Homer."—*Macmillan's Magazine*, October 1887.

‡ "Duarte Barbosa, 1501–17, gives opium as one of the products of India. In the year 1773 the East India Company took the monopoly of opium into their own hands."—*Life of Lord Shaftesbury*, 1887, p. 249.

The following sentence, written in 1583, may have significance for Scotsmen on the eve of St. Andrew's Day, for we have seen the antiquity of tartan gravely disputed. Describing some cloths he says they are "bizarre et semblable aux draps d'Écosse;" so the Tartan beats them yet, and we shout *Doh an dorus!*

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTE ON LINSCHOTEN (p. 23).

The binding and about 100 pages of letter-press, with the engravings, are in good preservation, but our "mortual enemies," the white-ants, have made fearful havoc of the *Cartes Géographiques* at the end of the volume before us. The book boards at first sight look in capital order, but inspection discloses the fact that in the end one, two dozen holes have been bored, as if with a gimlet, through the book board, which is one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Once through this outer work, they have literally run riot, and round holes deftly cut out, the size of a sixpence, are perforated through the maps and a hundred pages of letter-press. The *incisori*, if there is such a word, have apparently burrowed and littered here for a century;* their final achievement being a chasm about two inches in diameter and half an inch deep. In a print about two feet long, representing a morning scene of the Goa Crawford Market of these days, they have spared neither age nor sex, and performed decapitations on hildalgos and their wives which would have astonished the Inquisition. So fragile and tindery was this portion of the work, that we dared not touch it. But the advent of the chief of the Archæological Department, who is much accustomed to deal with ruins in their last stage of decomposition, relieved us of this responsibility, and he boldly disintegrated the shattered sheets which have been so riddled by the shot of the enemy. When the great map was spread out by the Indian antiquary, it looked like the flag of Drumclog, or let us say, as it is the work of a Hollander, like the English ensigns taken by Van Tromp, which are hung up in Rotterdam Cathedral. Our zeal was rewarded. There on

* Since this was written we learn that the mischief was all done in six months.

the faded and battered surface lay the name of our dear old *Bombaim*, not itself dim or tarnished, but strong in the vigour of perpetual youth, her castellated battlements looking out on the Arabian Sea. With half the kingdom of Bisnagar eaten up, this was something to be thankful for. There is no confirmation here of the Portuguese name of *Buon-Bahia* ever having been given to our city. The date is 1594 on the margin of this map, which describes the geographical knowledge of 1583, and is the earliest record of the city we are aware of. The towns along this coast are Damaom, Danixno, Baçaim Maim, Bombaim, Chaul, Danda, Quelecim, Dabul, R de Vitere, Zanguizara, Debetele, Cintapore, which we leave our readers to identify. Bharoch and Cambaia are north of Dehli, but it does not matter.

In the pictures, we may add that, while there are many Europeans and Natives consuming strong drinks, there is not a single trace of *tobacco* * or other smoking indulgences,—confirmation if any were needed, that Raleigh's discovery came afterwards, and found its way from America.

APPENDIX. †

In 1626 the English, with the Dutch, seized the island of Bombay on the Malabar Coast from the Portuguese, but for some unexplained reason immediately abandoned it.

Among the *Ships' Journals* preserved in the Military [Marine] Department of the India Office are the *Journals* of three Englishmen present on the occasion above referred to; and, as they are the earliest English notices of Bombay, I extract at length the entries relating to this obscure and long-forgotten, but, to all "Ducks," deeply interesting event:—

A. *From Andrew Warden's Journal in the William*:—"1626. Oct. 15. In the moringn stood in and ankred and landed of y° Eingles and the Duches sum 400 meane at the leaste and tocke the forte & casell and the towne, and sett fire of it and all the towne, and all the howesem [housen, *i.e.*, houses]

* "Tobacco was introduced to Europe about 1560 by a Dutch merchant, who offered the plant to John Nicot, French envoy to Portugal."—*Notes and Queries*, November, 1887. It came from Europe to the Dekhan, and from the Dekhan it was introduced at the court of Akbar about 1604; see a curious account of this by Asad Beg in Elliot's *History of India*, vi., 165–167, also conf., *Ind. Antiquary*, i. 164.

† From Sir George M. Birdwood's *Reprinted Report* (1890) *of Old Records at the India Office*, pp. 214, 15.

theraboutes, the pepell being all run away that night and ded caray away all the best cometeies [commodities] levein nothein butt trashe.

"Oct. 16. In the moringen we sete sayle."

B. *From John Vian's Journal in the Discovery*:—"1626. Oct. 13. This 13th daye we and the whole ffleete both of English and Duch went into Bumbay and came to an anckor in 9 fatham, one pointe beareinge W.N.W. p compasse, the other S.S.W., the one 3 mile of, the other 3 leagus of; this was in the ꝯtringe of the harbor.

"Oct. 14. This daie we went with the whole ffleete in further, neare a small towne or village, where there were Portingalls. Wee anckored and rode a mile of, in 6 fadd., one point p comp. beareinge W.S.W. 5 mile of the other S. @ b W. some 5 lea. of. Wee came soe neere the Towne with two of our shipps that wee droue them all awaye with our great ordnance, viz. the Morrice of the English, and y° Mauritius* of the Duch. In safetie we landed our men on shore, whoe pilladged the Towne, and set their houses all on fire with their ffort neere the water side. Yea, we staide there the 15th daye doeinge all the spoyle that possiblie we could, but we gott nothinge to speake of but vittuall. Soe when wee had done all the harme we could, the 15th daye in the euening wee gott our men aboord leaueinge the Towne on fire, and

"The 16 daye in the morneinge when the winde cam of shore, wee wayed anckor, and went of to sea again."

C. *From David Davies' Journal in the Discovery.*—"1626. Oct. 13. The 13th we went into the Baye and Roade w^th^out the stakes, as you maye see in the draft following.

"The 14th the Moris & ij° Dutch shipps went in neere the greate howse to batter agaynst it, in wch batterie ij° of the Moris ordnance splitt; the same daie we landed 300 men Englishe and Dutch and burnt all their kittjonns [citizens'] howses and tooke the greate howse wth ij basses [some denomination of cannon unknown to me] of brasse & one sakor [saker, *i.e.*, literally, 'a hawk,' † a denomination of cannon] of iron.

"The 15th all our men embarkqued aboorde the shipps being sonday in the evening, and lefte the greate howse wch was boath a warehowse, a friory, and a forte, all afire burning wth many other good howses together wth two nywe frigates not yett frome the stockes nor fully ended; but they hadd caried awaye all their treasur and all things of any vallue, for all were runde awaye before our men landed."

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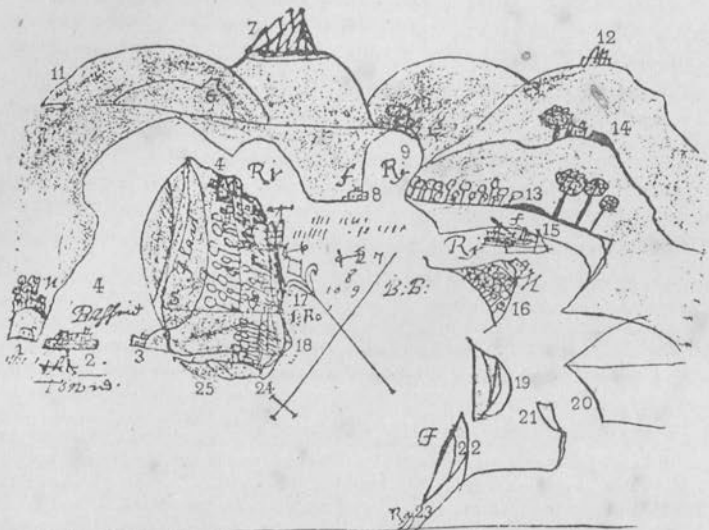
* After Prince Maurice of Holland.

† Professor Max Müller has pointed out in his *Lectures on Language* [2nd series, 1864, p. 229] how on the decline of falconry the names of the birds used in that sport were transferred to firearms. Thus, the "musket" took its name from the dappled ["muscatus"] sparrow hawk. In Italy this bird [*terzulo*] gave the name of *terzerulo* to the pistol, and in France to the *sacre*, or, in English, saker, a gun of which there were three denominations, carrying shots weighing respectively 4, 6, and 9 pounds.

David Davies's plan of the island and harbour, just referred to, is given below * with Sir Henry Morland's identifications (indicated by type numerals) on the Map, viz:—

1. Bandara: Bassein is twenty miles away, and in his small vessel he would not be able to see it.



"The letters *B B* is the Bay; *t* is the Town; *Ry* is the three rivers; the *Ro:* (Road) is two rocks, one both sides (? one each side). Where the stem (?) of the anchors (is), we rode before the great house without (outside) the stakes. Where the wood (is), is the island. The higher great pyramid is a castle, as we think, up in the land. The letter *C* by the great tree is a hermitage. The letter *M* is a monastery, and the little town of cittjohn (? citizen) houses betwixt it and the wood. Where the letter *f* (is), there were a dozen frigates riding. The letter *N* over Bassein is a nunnery."

* The accompanying map is reduced from one kindly supplied by Sir George M. Birdwood, but to it are added references to the identifications supplied by the late Sir Henry Morland and James M. Campbell, C.S., C.I.E.

2. Mahim Fort. 3. Worli Fort. 4, 4. Mahim Bay and Creek.
5. Byculla Flats. 6. Navara Hill. 7. Chandni Hill—"Queen of Marathas' Castle."
8. Pir Point. 9. Thana Creek to Bassein.
10. (Davies' C.) Trombay old Church; may have been a Hermitage.
11. Line of Persik Hills. 12. Funnel Hill. 13. Butcher's Island.
14. Elephanta Island (may have had a building on it; some ruins remain, but the sketch is exactly the same as the tower and tree on Butcher's Island).
15. Panwell River. 16. (M) Karanja Hill; ruins still exist.
17. Oyster Rock. 18. Kolaba Point, Prongs Reef. 19. Great Karanja.
20. Pen River. 21. Thal Knob. 22. (F) High land of Thal.
23. Kandari or Khenery Island. 24. Malabar Point.
25. Mahalakshmi and Breach Candy.

Sir H. Morland's letter to the author, dated April 3rd, 1891, may be here given:—

"To one who has looked at the surroundings as I have for the last thirty-nine years, the several views come quite familiar. David Davies must have made his sketch, partly from two spots, viz. at anchor in the harbour and when sailing off the Port, a little north, and principally from the latter point, probably at anchor off Worli or Mahalakshmi, for this part of the view is exact. I send you a modern chart with marginal sketch, to compare the two, and it is exactly as I saw it from my yacht a short time back. The interpretation of the MS. is excellent. I think, however, in the first paragraph the author's words should be 'where ye flues' (the word usually employed amongst sailors for *flukes*) 'of ye anchors.' The *flukes* of the anchors are also termed the 'palms,' and are close to the points. . .

"I quite agree with you that 'F lands' is the Byculla Flats. There is no doubt that the creek from Mahim Bay came out to the west of Salsette and between it and Sewri. Sion must have been an island—in fact a part of the Thana Creek formerly came down to the west of Salsette, between Pir Point and Green Island, and was only stopped by the Chimbur causeway—this current scoured the Bombay foreshore, and its having been stopped accounts for the annual silting up in the north-west part of the harbour, now and for years back occurring between Mazagon (correctly spelt 'Much-gawn'—a fishing village) and Pir Point.

"It has been a very interesting study, now that I have had time to go into the plan thoroughly, and I am quite satisfied you may depend on the accuracy of my deductions. "HENRY MORLAND."

CHAPTER IV.

Bombay Marriage Treaty.

"The Portugalls have choused us it seems on the Island of Bombay."
—*Samuel Pepys.*

The train of circumstances which ended in the establishment of the English in Bombay is certainly as wonderful as anything on record. A group of grey-headed sinners living in London, and another group living in Lisbon, decree that the island of Bombay shall constitute part of a dowry of a Portuguese girl who shall marry Charles II., King of England. The island is 12,000 miles away, and none of them have seen it, except on the map.* It does not matter. The deed is done, and, as sayeth the clown in the circus—"Here we are!"

What we were bound to receive was Tangier, Bombay and £500,000. Tangier nearly fell into the hands of the Moors. We ultimately received Bombay without its dependencies, and the money payment dwindled down to £200,000 in bills, with some bills of lading of sugar and coffee cargoes to be realised in London. It is related that shortly after this time a gibbet was

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* "One or two ineffectual attempts were made in 1654, during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell to get possession of it (see Oliveira Martins, *Historia de Portugal*, Lisbon, 1879, p. 112). It is therefore strange that the Earl of Clarendon, who was Lord Chancellor, and in fact King's Prime Minister, but whose geographical attainments do not seem to have been of a high order, should write thus:—'and for ever annex to the Crown of England the island of Bombay, with the town and castles therein, which are within a very little distance from Brazil' (Clayton's *Personal Memoirs*, London, 1859, vol. ii., p. 189.) In spite of the secret article of the treaty, of which I shall speak hereafter, which promised the aid of Great Britain against the Dutch, the opposition of the inhabitants to the cession is ascribed by Teixeira Pinto (*Memorias*, Nova-Goa, 1859, p. 103) to the difference of religion. But this was not the only reason."—(Mr. Da Cunha at Bombay Asiatic Society's Meeting, 11th March, 1887).

erected at Lord Clarendon's gate by the populace of London, on which was printed—

"Three sights to be seen—
Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren Queene."

For anything we were the better they might have added "Bombay Green," without injuring the rhyme or reason of the innuendo. And had the public known as much as we know now, it would have been there. The whole business was a pure swindle. At this very moment there lay in the strong box of Clarendon a secret article of the marriage treaty, the existence of which was carefully concealed from the public, by which, in consideration of these forts and the gold that fell into the lap of Barbara Palmer, we were bound neck and heel to fight the battles of Portugal through thick and thin in India. In this way, without our consent being asked or given, were our lives and liberties signed away. Hume and Macaulay doubtless knew of this secret article, but neither they nor James Mill allude to it, and it is strange that Mackintosh, whom we claim as a Bombay man, passes it over in silence. We are indebted to Bruce, the paid and painstaking annalist of the East India Company, for searching out the details which we now give, with the regret that such a disgraceful document should smudge one page of the History of England. Had the statesmen of Portugal been strong enough to exact its stipulations (they soon became effete), or had our relations with Holland remained the same as they were when the treaty was signed, we would have seen a new and startling evolution of events. The Portuguese in India apparently soon knew of it. When hard pressed by the Marathas at Bassein, in 1739, they sent a wail across the water. But our tender mercies were cruel. On the security of some old brass guns and church plate, a unique collateral security, we advanced them Rs. 15,000. Governor Hornby knew of this *secret* treaty, and refers to it, for in 1780, when they again asked assistance, he refused it, and told them to pay us the money already due to us. We are indeed told by a recent historian* that this bond of alliance or marriage treaty is the foundation of all our

* Agnes Strickland—*Lives of the Queens of England*, 1851.

territorial possessions in the East Indies, and remains unbroken to the present day. We are sorry to hear it, and don't believe

BOMBAY CASTLE GATEWAY, 1891.

it, as far as this secret article is concerned. Both lawgiver and historian unite in common to treat it as a dead-letter and consign it to oblivion.

The foundation of English dominion in Bombay lies in the 11th article of the *Marriage Treaty*, concluded 23rd June, 1661, between his Majesty Charles II., King of Great Britain, and Alfonsus VI., King of Portugal. Here it is :—

ARTICLE XI.

That for the better improvement of the English interest and commerce in the East Indies, and that the King of Great Britain may be better enabled to assist, defend, and protect the subjects of the King of Portugal in those parts, from the power and invasion of the States of the United Provinces, the King of Portugal, with the assent and advice of his Council, gives, transfers, and by these presents, grants and confirms, to the King of Great Britain, his heirs and successors, for ever, the port and island of Bombay, in the East Indies, with all the rights, profits, territories, and appurtenances whatsoever thereunto belonging, and, together with the income and revenue, the direct, full, and absolute dominion and sovereignty of the said port, island, and premises, with all their royalties, freely, fully, entirely, and absolutely. He also covenants and grants that the quiet and peaceable possession of the same shall, with all convenient speed, be freely and effectually delivered to the King of Great Britain, or to the persons thereto appointed by the said King of Great Britain, for his use, in pursuance of this cession, the inhabitants of the said island (as subjects of the King of Great Britain, and under his sovereignty, crown, jurisdiction, and government) being permitted to remain there, and to enjoy the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, in the same manner as they do at present. It being always understood, as it is now declared, once for all, that the same regulation shall be observed for the exercise and preservation of the Roman Catholic religion in Tangier, and all other places which shall be ceded and delivered by the King of Portugal into the possession of the King of Great Britain, as were stipulated and agreed to on the surrender of Dunkirk into the hands of the English ; and when the King of Great Britain shall send his fleet to take possession of the said port and island of Bombay, the English shall have instructions to treat the subjects of the King of Portugal, throughout the East Indies, in the most friendly manner, to help and assist them, and to protect them in their trade and navigation there.

The *Treaty of Surrender and Delivery* to Humphrey Cooke on the 18th February, 1665, was unearthed a quarter of a century ago from the archives of Goa by Major T. B. Jervis. This treaty was signed in a large house of the Lady Donna Ignez Miranda, widow, elsewhere designated the lady proprietrix of Bombay, and possessed of the manor right thereof. It was never ratified by the sovereigns of England or Portugal, but constitutes the public deed by which before witnesses we took

possession of the port and island of Bombay. It is a document of antique phraseology, and guards against the possibility of mistake as to who Cooke was, by informing posterity that Humphrey Cooke's name in the Spanish and Portuguese language would be *Inofre* Cooke.

Dominion absolutely, *i.e.* to hold and to have, does not exist in it, for its first right, the right of taxation, we mean beyond what the Portuguese thought proper, is denied to us. We only give the

INSTRUMENT OF POSSESSION.

Possession was accordingly given and delivery made of the port and island of Bombay, which comprehends in its territories the villages of Mazagon, Parell, Worlee, &c., and the said Governor Humphrey Cooke accepted and received the same in the name of his Serene Majesty the King of Great Britain, in the manner and form laid down in the instructions from the Viceroy, Antonio de Mello e Castro. By all and every declaration, clause, and condition in the said instructions, which are fully expressed and declared, he promised (in the name of his Majesty the King of Great Britain) to abide: and, saying, assuring, and promising so to do, he took personally possession of the said port and island of Bombay, walking thereupon, taking in his hands earth and stones thereof, entering, and walking upon its bastions, &c., and performing other like acts, which, in right were necessary, without any impediment or contradiction, quietly and peaceably, that his Majesty the King of Great Britain might have, possess, and become master (also his heirs and successors) of the said island.

And the inhabitants thereof, gentlemen and proprietors of estates within the circuit and territories of the said island, who now pay foras to the King our Master, shall pay the same henceforth to his Majesty the King of Great Britain. And the same L. M. de Vasconcellos, S. Alvares Migos, and the Governor Humphrey Cooke, have ordered this instrument to be drawn up, and copies thereof given to parties requiring it, and that the same shall be registered in the book of the tower of Goa, and in that of the chamber of the city of Bassein, and of the factory of the said city, and at all other suitable places; and that the necessary declarations shall be recorded in those books that at all times may appear the manner in which this possession was given and delivery made. And as they thus ordered this public instrument to be prepared, they, the said L. Mendes de Vasconcellos, &c. &c., have put their names thereto in testimony of their having made the said delivery, and the Governor Humphrey Cooke, his, in testimony of his having accepted possession, &c., &c.—(Signed) ANTONIO MONTIERA DE FONSECA,

Notary Public of the city of Bassein, &c.*

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* *Proceedings of the Bombay Geographical Society, Report on the Landed Tenures of Bombay*, by T. Warden, Esq.—Communicated by Major T. B. Jervis.

The *Secret Treaty* was of course an article of the Marriage Treaty. It is thus described by Bruce, in his *Annals of the East India Company*, vol. ii., page 105: "By the secret article of this treaty the King of England obliged himself to guarantee to the King of Portugal the possessions of that crown in the East Indies; and to mediate a peace between Portugal and the States-General, with the object that the respective possessions of the two nations in that quarter might be ascertained, and then explained that *should the States-General refuse to accept of such mediations, the King would employ his forces and fleets to compel the States-General to accede to these conditions and to obtain restitution to the Crown of Portugal of such Portuguese settlements in the East Indies as the Dutch might subsequent to this treaty become possessed of.*" The italics are ours.

Our readers from this will see that if we have occasion to deal hardly with the Portuguese in the seventeenth century, the English Government of the same period is not a whit behind them in this: that they knew the right and did the wrong. When we came in 1662 to take over this precious dowry the Portuguese would not give it to us. We expected the islands, but they held on to them like grim death; we asked for Kolaba, but it was then an island, and we dare not touch it. Salsette, Trombay, Karanja, Elephanta, Butcher, and Hog Islands were all in the same category.* We all know that in consequence of this obstinacy 400 Englishmen were left to rot on the barren isle of Anjidiva. This was the first price, the original purchase-money of Bombay. It was a ghastly infeftment. The island of Bombay was really then of very little value, and an idea may be formed of its resources from the fact that we had a difficulty in raising at first an annual revenue out of it of £2,800, and so late as 1728 we let the whole of Malabar Hill on lease (to a cow-feeder we presume) at a rental of Rs. 130, and the island of Kolaba at a proportionate amount. It was *the harbour* that attracted our attention, and the vain attempts we made in Cromwell's time to get possession

* "We have reason to conclude, Salsette, with the small adjacent isles, was ceded to the Crown by the Marriage Contract between King Charles the Second and the King of Portugal."—William Hornby to Governor-General and Council, Dec. 31, 1774. *Bombay Selections*, page 204, 1885.

of it show that there were men even then, with no Suez Canal looming in the distance, who foresaw that Bombay, from its geographical position, was destined to become the key of India. What is now the city must have been a very poor place when the Portuguese came to it in 1532, for our late Chief Justice, Sir Michael Westropp, tells us * that it is not even mentioned in the Treaty of Bassein, made that year in favour of the Portuguese, and Dr. Da Cunha tells us there was only one native village, that of Kalbadevi, on the island.† We presume he excepts Walkeshwar, which must have had a gathering of holy men round it for centuries and accommodation for many pilgrims who came to it from the Malabar Coast, and it is not mentioned in Humphrey Cooke's Treaty of Surrender.

The head-quarters of the Portuguese in the Konkan was at Bassein. It was there the General of the North resided and not in Bombay, where we will suppose there was little room for colonial enterprise or few incitements to it. Be that as it may, the dominion of the Portuguese over Bombay, when we came to it, had lasted one hundred and thirty years, a period ample enough to see what stuff they were made of. The world knows that it was not a good dominion. It produced nothing and has left us nothing, except a portion of that wreck of humanity that still lies stranded on the shores of Western India. So far as Bombay is concerned there is nothing to show that the Portuguese, armed as they were with all the rights that sovereignty implies, were here. Neither road, nor bridge, nor aqueduct, nor tank.‡ The vestiges of their dominion have passed away as completely as did those of the Vandals in Africa.§ What we fell heir to by the Treaty of 1661, when Cooke took over the island in 1665 on his own responsibility,

* 24th June, 1875.

† At Asiatic Society, July, 1881. "Bombay Castle (1634) consists of a bastion, nothing more than a platform, the fortified place being four-sided, about ten walking paces each side. The village of Bombay is a small thing; has eleven Portuguese families and with the blacks make up a force of seventy mosquiteers."—*O'Chronista de Tissvary*, iii., 259, 60, quoted by Dr. Da Cunha.

‡ We must except part of the gateway and a portion of the lower part of the adjoining wall at the arsenal.

§ The same in Africa. "The Portuguese have occupied extensive settlements along hundreds of miles of coast on each side of Africa for more

and with all the hampering conditions which we afterwards repudiated, we will endeavour to show. Here is the inventory from authentic sources of what we actually received with the island of Bombay :—

1. A four square house, some part of the walls of which may still exist in the arsenal, and which afterwards became our Government House. 2. The garden which surrounded it, verdant with slippered pantaloons, fardingales of frowsy women from Europe, and the *sáris* of "the pampered jades of Asia." 3. Four brass guns. 4. A few houses, interspersed among palm trees, kajaned (*i.e.*, roofed with the leaves of the palmyra palm) where the fort now is. 5. A population of 10,000, mostly fugitives and vagabonds. 6. Renegade Jesuits who fomented rebellion and endangered our lives. 7. A new chapter in the physical history of man, consequent on the rulers "levelling" down and not levelling up. 8. Half a dozen rickety forts, such as we see to-day the remains of on Thana creek. They crowned the knolls of Mahim, Reva, Worli, Sion, Sivri, and Mazagon. 9. A colonial Government from Europe, but without the law, the police, or the education of Europe. 10. 40,000 acres of the best land partially submerged by the sea, and growing nothing but samphire.* 11. A few fishermen's huts on Dongari Hill, and the villages of Parel, Mahim, Worli, and Mazagon. 12. The ruins of an old stone causeway between Parel and Sion, a veritable "Bridge of Sighs," built as the annalist hath it "out of penances." 13. A climate three-fourths of the virulence of which was owing to the inability of the settlers themselves to comprehend the first principles of sanitary science ; a climate which literally devoured every man and woman from England, and sacrificed some of

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than 300 years. . . . Remove them from Africa to-morrow, and, with the exception of a few fine buildings, not one beneficial trace of their 300 years of rule will they leave behind them."—Bosworth Smith, *Nineteenth Century*, Dec. 1887, page 810.

* "Half way downe,
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade."—*Shakespeare.*

The samphire of Fryer and the flats, as also that of Suakim on the Red Sea, which is turned to profitable account, must be a different species from Shakespeare's samphire, which is saxifrageous, fleshy in the leaf, and makes an admirable pickle. It is still found on some of the most precipitous rocks on the sea coast of Scotland.

the noblest lives that ever came to Western India. 14. A huge quantity of fish and fishbones. "They gathered them together in heaps and the land stank." This expressive sentence is taken from the revised and unrevised Old Testament, and describes the condition of the Land of Egypt after the great plague of frogs. Such was the Bombay portion of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza.*

Having now taken the gilt off the bridescake, we fear that few of our readers will be able to recognise in this picture what Bombay has since become, the brightest jewel in the diadem of the Empress of India.

It was in 1675 that Dr. Fryer, a member of the Royal Society, suggested that out of all this scum there might arise another Carthage. He was a far-seeing man, for among the long bead-roll of illustrious names on the page of Bombay history or books of travels, not one among them all ventures to forecast the greatness of the city or even hazards a conjecture thereon. Xavier,† Heber, Wilson?

"I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me."

And it was ever thus. Not Aungier,‡ not Wellesley, not Elphinstone, nor the eagle eye of Mackintosh which scans the destiny of nations, vouchsafes a single glance to revive the flagging courage of the plodding servant of Government, or animate the hopes of the merchant or the missionary, who had

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* "Bright black eyes and a cheerful expression."—*Saturday Review*, Jan. 1889.

† Xavier sailed three times from Goa *viâ* Chaul to Bassein, once in 1544 and twice in 1548. Most likely he sailed up our harbour and Thana Creek; but whichever way he came and went—this route or by the open sea, he was bound to see Malabar Hill and Kolaba Point, by whatever names they went in his day. If he saw anything of Mombai, it could only be a stick and red flag on some pîr's tomb fluttering in the breeze—

"Where shepherds once were housed in homely sheds,
Now towers within the clouds advance their heads,
They viewed the ground of Rome's litigious hall,
Once oxen low'd where now the lawyers bawl."—*Virgil.*

‡ Aungier certainly worked well for the future greatness of Bombay. See *Our Great Governor*, chap. xxviii., pp. 371, f.

cast his lot on the dreary shores of old Bombaim. To him Bombay is "the most obscure corner of India."

But from first to last it was all the same; we sowed the seed

FRYER'S MAP OF BOMBAY, 1675.*

and awaited patiently the harvest. In spite of the blundering and villainy of Cooke, the rebellion of Keigwin,† and a climate

* From Fryer's *New Account of East India and Persia* (London, 1698). The numerals indicate—1. Mendham's Point. 2. Malabar Hill. 3. The Great Inlet or Breach. 4. Veruli. 5. Magatam River. 6. Bassain City. 7. Henry-Kenry. 8. Thana. 9. Creek. 10. Ditto near Bassein. 11. The Agoada or Watering Place.

† "Keigwin, we believe, was a triply courageous and honest, but misdirected man. On May 15, 1673, he landed with 200 men at a place still called

that mowed us down before the reaper's sickle, we held our ground by sending out fresh men to repair disaster. In the dullest and most discouraging of times there was always some advance. Sometimes floundering, but never despairing, our powers of endurance and administrative ability were tested to the very utmost. The work, however, killed seven Governors in one generation—we mean in thirty years. We may also tack on to this, one ambassador and one admiral. These were the days of darkness, when men's hearts failed them for fear, and when the tumults of the people were like the noise of the sea and the waves roaring. It was then we saw the sun set behind the Dutch fleet, which blocked up the view seawards and hung like a black thunder-cloud at the mouth of Back Bay. It was then that the great Mughal, or the Sidi for him, was battering at the gates of Bombay Castle. Though the Dutch and the Mughal are now of little account, they were then about the strongest powers respectively in Europe and in Asia. The Dutch in the generation we speak of were the terror of the seas, had burned Sheerness and entered the Medway and the Thames; and Aurangzeb had insulted the majesty of England by tying the hands of our envoys behind their backs and sending the Governor of Bombay about his business.

But we survived it all. There was a providence that watched over the infancy of Bombay, and well did she stand her baptism of fire. By-and-by the great Augean stable was partially cleaned out and the Bombay climate became tolerable. Either good or bad, strong or weak as the party is that useth it; like the sword of Skanderbeg. She chased the pirates from the

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'Keigwin's Rock' on St. Helena, which was then in possession of the Dutch, and by scaling-ladders made a most perilous ascent over a bluff still called 'Holdfast Tom.' Captain Munden advanced from the other side of the island and joined Keigwin. On seeing them the Dutch surrendered. Captain Munden left Keigwin as governor of the island. He soon after, at his own wish, resigned."—Mellis's *St. Helena*, 1875.

Keigwin was in Bombay in 1674. In 1680 he was sent to command the military at Bombay, with a small reinforcement; he was to have six shillings per diem and to be third in council. On December 27th, 1683, the fort was seized by the troops under Captain Keigwin, in consequence of retrenchments and reductions, and held in the King's name, renouncing the authority of the Company. It was forcibly retained for nearly two years, and then given up, the insurgents having stipulated for pardon.—Bruce's *Annals*.

sea and the Pindaris from the land.* By opening up roads Bombay unlocked the granaries of Western India for her starving children, and by clearing the sea of desperadoes the Indian Ocean became the property of all the nations of the world. She did not wait for the trumpet blast of the Anti-Corn Law League, but quietly on her own account inaugurated Free Trade in 1812 during the Baroda Famine.†

In terms of her first proclamation she became an asylum for all: many men came from the West with the seeds of religion and civilisation, the blessings of which are now apparent. They were welcome. Not one of them was injured. During the long period we have held this island—and it is a blessed fact to be able to record—no man has suffered death for his religion. So perfect was the security of life and property that many of the settlers slept with open doors and windows.‡ At length walls were found to be no longer necessary. They were a hundred years in building, and were demolished not by the hands of an enemy, for no enemy was ever seen within her gates. The same men (or their descendants) who erected them, levelled them to the earth, and let him that rebuildeth them beware of the curse of Hiel the Bethelite. Little by little, as from the slime and miasma of some geologic era, an island city rose slowly from the bosom of the sea, fair to look upon, green with the verdure of an eternal summer, beautiful as Tyre, and more populous than either ancient Carthage or Alexandria—crowned not only with the monuments of human industry, but

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* "The last of the Pindaris was killed near Asirgarh, 1819. Chetu was wandering about in the neighbourhood seeking rest, and finding none. Determined, if possible, during the negotiations with Yeshwant Rao, to destroy this last and most determined of the Pindaris, Malcolm sent out eight or nine detachments in pursuit of him. Flying from one, the wretched man well-nigh fell into the hands of another; and at last, driven to the jungles, was attacked by a more remorseless enemy than the British. We found his horse and his sword, his bones and his bloody garments. A tiger had fallen upon and devoured the last of the Pindaris."—Sir John Kaye's *Life of Malcolm*, 1856.

† Basil Hall's *Fragments*

‡ "Many had mistaken views of India, and thought it was not a safe land to travel or reside in. He could tell them from a long life of experience that life and property were more secure than in England. (Laughter and applause.)" —*Lord Magdala after Dinner*, 10th July, 1876.

with buildings to teach men the art of being industrious; with a Government India had never known before, that protects the weak from the oppression of the strong, and measures out equal law to everyone irrespective of his colour or his creed.

"Clear innocence her shield; her breastplate prayers,
Armour of trustier proof than aught the warrior wears."

CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA, QUEEN OF CHARLES II.

CHAPTER V.

BOMBAY BEGINNINGS.

"The city which by God's assistance is intended to be built."—*G. Aungier.*

THERE was one man in Bombay in 1674 who read the account of the barbaric splendour of Sivaji's coronation, and had time to turn a philosophic eye on the infant colony*—"The people who live here are a mixture of most of the neighbouring countries, most of them fugitives and vagabonds"—And then he adds, as with the blast of a prophetic trumpet—"licensed out of policy as the old Numidians to build up the greatest empire in the world." † Who knew what would become of Bombay? Where are now the rich towns of Dacca, Malacca, or Macao? It is true that it was given to us, and that no man can cast in our teeth that we took this part of India. But everything was against it, and when we got it, it was not worth the having. Charles II. soon found out that it was a white elephant and handed it over to the East India Company, in free and common socage at ten pounds per annum in gold. From the 8th January, 1665, when Humphrey Cooke took "the earth and stones" of Bombay, from Fonseca, Notary Public of Bassein, by public document, and for the next thirty years, it was surrounded by a blazing conflagration, the whole neighbouring continent being in a ferment. How it came out of its troubles is a perfect mystery. Our readers will recollect that its rise was contemporaneous with that of Sivaji, and that he held every stronghold on the coast for four degrees of latitude except Goa, Janjira, Chaul, and Bombay. Then there was the Mughal of Dehli with whom we were often at war, the Dutch, the French, the Portu-

* "Bombay Island is called Mahim in the patent of Mazagon, June 3rd, 1637"—Forrest's *Selections*; see p. 86, note.

† Fryer.

Wee the President & Councill for affaires of the Hon.ble Company of Engl. Merchants trading to East India &c.a doe acknowledge our selves to have rec.d & borrowed Bugwondas Morardas the sum of ffourty five thousand rupees w.ch we have borrowed of him at Interest at y.e rate of ¾ p.r Cent p.r month of 30 daies w.ch we obliged our selves in behalfe of y.e said Company to repay on demand Witness our firme with the said Company's seal this eight day of September, one thousand six hundred & seaventy eight.

Rup.s 45000.-

Tho: Rolte

Charles James

Cesar Chamberlan

John Penning secr.

J: Child

guese, and last, though not least, the Sidi from Janjira, "that damned train, the scum of Africa inhabited by straggling runagates." There was mutiny, famine, and pestilence.

The mutineers held Bombay for one year; the Sidi held Bombay, except the Fort, for one year, and twice (in 1691 and 1702) the plague appeared and reduced the English garrison * to seventy-six men. Once the standard of rebellion was hoisted among the Jesuits of Salsette, Cooke, the first Governor, becoming the first rebel. Once the Dutch appeared at the mouth of the harbour, and Sivaji's fleet once entered Back Bay. Bombay was at the mercy of the Sidi for those great necessaries, beef, mutton, grain and firewood, and he could, by a *hukum*, put the city on fish diet. Once it depended upon the island of Khenery for its supply of firewood; with the society of a *very* few English ladies, without gas, without firewood, without ice or tramways, with the certainty of not receiving a reply to their letters for two years from England, with their houses glazed with oyster-shells, and the *Pulla* or Apollo Bandar (not our one), nearly impassable with mud, we need not wonder if during the dark days of the monsoon the citizens took to drink and divination. When would a ship arrive with news? Ah, that was an important question which necromancers (and Time) alone could answer, and wonderfully correct answers they gave, from the fate of a Governor down to that of the first *spin* who jumped ashore in hoop and farthingale. Then there was the dread of being poisoned. As an antidote they drank out of a cup made out of the horn of a rhinoceros, and wore as a jewel the marvellous snake-stone to shield them from the deadly bite of the cobra. Unfortunately, as we should say, drink remained. To a people who had no clocks and who measured time by the dropping of water, drink was convenient. There was first beer, and the *sack* that killed Tom Coryat on the banks of the Tapti. Then there was Bombay punch, a mixture of brandy, rosewater, and lime-juice, "that accursed Bombay punch, to the shame, scandal and ruin of religion;" † there was jaggeri arak, distilled

* See *Harper's Magazine*, February 1890, for a picture of an officer of the Guards, in their first African Campaign (Tangier), 1686. Half of this regiment came to Bombay. He has a pike thirteen feet long.

† Governor Aungier.

from sugar, mixed with water and the bark of the babul tree as hot as brandy; there was "fool rack" made from the blubber or caravel of the sea, and so called from its making fools of all who drank of it.* Everything came "ready as the handle of a pint-stoup." In their "gay humours" they quaffed a glass of *datura* and water, which had hitherto been only used for the killing of infants in Kathiawar. *Bhang* and *hashish* did the rest. After drinking toddy rapidly, they took a disease called *barbieri* or *beriberi* † in which a man tottered in his gait like a dying sheep or span round like a teetotum. On fish diet, and amid stinking fish, in constant alarms and drunken debauches, it was no wonder that the Angel of Death descended and the plague held Bombay in its grip, reducing its English population from 800 to 80. After this there was a goodly show of tombstones at Mendham's Point, which the sailors caught sight of on entering Bombay harbour.‡ Verily "two monsoons were" more than "the life of man" in those days.

There was no daily newspaper in Bombay, or it might have had fine sensation placards:—

"*Plague Bulletin.*—Only three Civil Servants now alive, 1692. Angediva: 381 English soldiers dead out of 500."

"The Seedee lands at Sewree with 20,000 men."

"Bartholomew Harris and the whole factory at Surat put in prison."

"Vaux, Governor of Bombay, found in traitorous correspondence with the French."

"Sir John Child, Captain-General and Admiral of all the forces by sea and land in Northern India, bones the Building Fund of the Cathedral, Rs. 50,000."

"The brother-in-law of Child, one Ward, tampers with Sivaji to effect a landing on the island."

"Child sends a Banya to Surat to poison one of his Council."

Another Member of Council flies and dies among the San-

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* From *phul*, a flower, and *araq*, spirit.—See Fryer's *Travels*, pp. 68, 69.

† "A disease of dropsical symptoms."—C. Marchant, *Bom. Med. and Phys. Trans.*, 1852–4. See also Yule's *Hobson-Jobson*, s. v. and Royle, *On Hindu Medicines*, p. 46.

‡ This was the first English burying ground. The tombs were all demolished when Sonapur was opened in 1760.

ganian pirates.* "Dead and gone to the devil," wrote Child pathetically.

A man is hanged on Tuesday, and on the following Friday the judge summons him to appear! Not at that bar I ween. The judge forgot all about it, but the Recording Angel doubtless took a note of it. The hour in which the judge awaited that dead man's appearance must have been the darkest hour in the history of Bombay. But it is one consolation to know or believe that when these wicked men were in power the voice of flattery was unknown. "He that sayeth to the wicked, thou art righteous, him shall the people curse, nations shall abhor him," so the wretched race, if it ever existed, of panders and parasites, has been consigned to oblivion, while their masters have been "hung in chains" for the benefit of posterity.

The question may now be asked, why was Bombay not snuffed out like the settlements of Anjengo, Onor, or Gombroon?† Why does the traveller not now seek out its ruins like those of Ormuz, Chaul, Goa, or Bassein, overgrown with the sacred banian or religious fig? It was clearly the will of God that Bombay was not to perish, and to this end, he gave to the men who founded it noble resolutions maugre many defections which we have not failed to enumerate. For we shall observe that amid all this dissolution of morals, never more conspicuous than in the end of the seventeenth century, there were among the English (and we use the word in the generic sense) who first

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* Sanguicer, Sangaça, Sanguseer, is frequently mentioned in the 16th and 17th centuries as a nest of pirates. Yule supposes it to be Sangameshwar, on the Shastri river in Ratnagiri district. A. Hamilton says the Sanganian or Sindanian pirates came from Sangania, a district in Kachh, of which the port was Bét, *i.e.* Sankhodar. Tod's *Travels*, ch. 20; Hamilton's *New Account*, ch. 12; Anderson's *Western India*, p. 178.

† "The *Bulldog of Onore*.—An English factory, subordinate to Telichery. In 1670 the chief of the English factory got a fine English bulldog from the captain of a ship. After the ship was gone, the factory, consisting of eighteen persons, were going a hunt and carried the bulldog with them, and passing through the town the dog seized a cow devoted to the pagoda and killed her. Upon which the priests raised a mob, who murdered the whole factory. But some natives who were friends to the English made a large grave and buried them all in it. The chief of Karwar sent a stone to be put on the grave with an inscription, 'That this is the burial-place of John Best with seventeen other Englishmen who were sacrificed to the fury of a mad priesthood and an enraged mob.'"—Hamilton's *New Account*, 1720.

colonised Bombay, men who knew the right and did it, men who kept alive the spirit of just acts, the spirit of forbearance and toleration, and above all the spirit of liberty and ancient freedom inherited from their ancestors.* We have given above a sentence from Aungier. It is brief, but reveals the noble character of the man. England gave her best blood in the foundation of Bombay, for when the sword, famine, and pestilence had done their work, fresh supplies were forthcoming, to carry commerce and civilisation into distant regions and to subjugate by their influence the beastly and barbarous habits of swarthy races of men, and to show by their example that the principle of free inquiry and private judgment was a surer title to dominion than the sword of Philip or the Inquisition of Torquemada.

Hence men of every nation, as they still do, flocked under the standard of Bombay Castle, and the population rapidly increased from 10,000 to 50,000. Even her enemies did not hesitate to entrust their lives and property to her protection. To many people these may seem wild assertions, but we can give a reason for the faith that is in us, and here it is. Khafi Khan, to whom we owe the best history of these times, was in the service of Aurangzeb, was a bigoted Muslim, and a hater of the English. He came on a visit to Bombay in 1694 after the first great plague. He came from Surat, where the English Governor had been put in irons for months by Aurangzeb. English pirates had just seized the richest pilgrim ship from Mocha with fifty-two lakhs under circumstances of horrible barbarity, two events calculated to produce great exasperation on both sides. He did not come as a diplomatist, simply as a merchant carrying piece-goods to the value of two lakhs to Raygarh, that hot-bed of political discontent. He might have well paused on the frontier, and the Portuguese advised him against coming. But he says:—"I, however, put my trust in God and went to the Englishman." He was right: we did not burn either mosque or pagoda. The Governor of Bombay gave him a public reception, a kind of *Darbár*. There were 7,000 soldiers, Native

* "Even the mutineers we have alluded to handed over to the East India Company the treasure they captured in the Fort to the last rupee."—Hamilton's *East India Gazetteer*.

and European, youths and grey-haired men, and some fair-haired children with blue caps with pearl and tassel, the men and women of the next generation. Khafi Khan was not a coward; on the contrary, he was decidedly cheeky and told the Governor some most unpleasant things, true and untrue; told him he was a rebel for coining money in the name of his impure King (he could only have heard of Charles II.), denounced the seizure of the big ship by Englishmen, and gently reminded him of the cruel fates of the Kings of Bijapur and Haidarabad and the ghastly sight at Tulapur, where the son of Sivaji was executed.* The lesson intended was that what Aurangzeb had done he might do again. The Governor listened patiently. It was dignity and impudence, *à la Landseer*, with dogs converted into human beings. We give his own words, "On hearing this the Governor laughed loudly." And Mashallah! after a few words in season Khafi Khan was allowed to depart in peace, with his oxen and his sackcloth† and his inner man no doubt replenished with *kabob* and *pilau*.‡ As he walked out of the fort gate he felt that his head was on his shoulders.

The English laughed. Long may they do so. It was the laugh of conscious strength, of men made great by hardship. Mere levity to Monk and Muslim! But every reader of these dismal times will thank God for such noble courage and right good cheer amid unparalleled disasters, and re-echo the prayer of Burns appropriate to every age and every islander—

> "Then, however crowns and coronets be rent,
> A virtuous populace may rise the while
> And stand a wall of fire around our much-loved isle."

MORTUARY RETURNS.

Humphrey Cooke, Sir Gervase Lucas, Sir George Oxinden, Gerald Aungier, Henry Oxinden, Sir John Child, and Bartholomew Harris, are the names of the Governors of Bombay (either independent or subordinate to Surat) during

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* See below, p. 104.

† All English cloth then so called.

‡ Elsewhere, though offered entertainment, he would accept only *atr* and *pán* from the English.—Elliot's *History*, vii., 354.—B.

the first thirty years of its existence, say from 1665 to about the end of the century.

They all died here or in Surat. Our Admiral, Sir Abraham Shipman, died at Anjidiva,* and our Ambassador, Sir William Norris, died on his way home. Vaux, who acted *pro tem.*, was drowned with his wife in the Tapti. Gray, who was to have succeeded Aungier, died. Of their immediate successors, one, Sir John Gayer, was imprisoned by the Mughal, and another. Sir Nicolas Waite, was dismissed by the English.

They did not find Bombay an *El Dorado,* for the days had evidently not yet arrived when men amassed fortunes quickly and returned to spend them in England.

We mention these names to show who were the men to whom we are indebted for laying the foundations of Bombay in tempestuous times, and organising the basis of the polity on which the government of this island was afterwards conducted. We say *Island,*† for our interest in Western India for ninety years was concentrated within that sixteen square miles which lies between Sion Fort and Kolaba Point. Among these giants of early Bombay times, we shall meet with all varieties and shades of character. Cooke was a most wretched man. He was not a *pakka* Governor. He made himself Governor, and a most *kachha* one he was.‡ He purloined the revenues, he accepted bribes, he manufactured title-deeds, he became a rebel against the Government he had sworn to defend, and worst of all, when poor old Shipman died, leaving £4420 after his three years' service, Cooke, who had been his secretary, charged his widow fifteen per cent. on the estate. Child, the brother of the Chairman of the East India Company, while in Bombay was the governor-general of India,§ and while

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* Anjidiva has almost disappeared from our modern *Gazetteers*; Thornton, however, has it—a small island near Karwar, 51 miles south of Goa.—B.

† Acquisitions.—Bombay 1665; Bankot 1756; Salsette, Trombay, Elephanta, Butchers' Island, Karanja, and Hog Island 1775; Kulaba, Angria's Territory, 1840.

‡ Cooke's having taken over Bombay without its dependencies involved us in fearful trouble for more than a century.

§ Bruce's *Annals*, ii., 552. By the orders from home in 1685, Sir John Child was made a Baronet, and appointed Captain-General and Admiral of all the Company's forces, by sea and land in northern India. Child, however, does not appear to have borne the title of Governor-General (but

his character has been defamed by his enemies, it has been lauded by the Company, by whom he was presented on one occasion with one thousand guineas. Aungier, without title or distinction of any kind, seems to us to have been the greatest of them all. He saved Surat and Bombay, not only from capture and disgrace, but from utter destruction. Without Aungier we are safe in saying that Bombay would have been lost to the English nation. It would have fallen a prey to the Sidi or Sivaji, or the Dutch, or some other nation, European or Asiatic; and for the fact that it did not do so we have to thank Aungier.

There is something touching in the old's man's request to resign and go home, and then—the inevitable.

"There is a tomb in Surat," says Mr. Campbell in the *Gazetteer*, "without an inscription, supposed to be that of Aungier." He does not need it. *Si monumentum quæris circumspice.* We may well pause and drop a tear on the grave of Aungier—

> "No sculptured marble here, nó pompous lay,
> No storied urn, nor animated bust."

for, no martyr, who ever died by stake or fagot, has left a fairer name or a more unsullied reputation than Gerald Aungier.* Why do we recall these facts to the memory of the reader? Why do we bring forth forgotten lore from dusty recesses? To keep alive the memories of our great men—precious nowhere else, if not in Bombay.

These were the early Governors, but we must remember that a Governor then was Commander-in-Chief, Chief Justice, Port Trust, including the Fortifications, Chamber of Commerce and Municipal Corporation all rolled into one. He was liable to great temptations. This was the age when the King of England sold his country to France and French mistresses. If

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see Bruce's Annals, ii., 611, and Campbell's *Bombay Gazetteer*, ii., 98). The point is discussed in Sir G. M. Birdwood's *Report on the Old Records of the India Office* (2nd reprint, 1891), p. 228. Warren Hastings was the first Governor-General. "The new council in 1774 consisted of Hastings as Governor-General (a title substituted for that of Governor, in order to mark the superiority given to Bengal over the other presidencies), and four councillors named in the Bill."—Sir James Stephen's *Story of Nuncomar*, 1885.

* Died 30th June, 1677.

the master is not a model of virtue, we need not look for much in the servant at one of the outposts of civilisation. Some men seem to begrudge them their very tombstones * as if they had enriched themselves at the expense of the nation, when, in truth, it was they who enriched England. The Americans are wise in their generation, and do not dive too deeply into Paul Jones, who first unfurled the flag of their freedom on the Atlantic Ocean.† Let us follow their example. The men who built up the fabric of Bombay's greatness on Rs. 200 per mensem ‡ may well be excused when they occupied their leisure hours in making out invoices of pepper and cardamoms, or in looking over account sales of Golkonda diamonds. At all events the voice of calumny may be hushed for ever by the verdict, "*Died at their post.*"

EXCHANGE

is a tough subject, but is easier to deal with in the past than in the future. We may presume that *hundis* or inland bills were in circulation in India as bank-notes were in China centuries before we touched these shores.

> "Blest paper credit! last and best supply
> That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.
> Gold imp'd by thee can compass hardest things
> Can pocket states, can fetch and carry Kings."

Tom Coryat in 1616 valued his rupee at 2*s.* 6*d.*, and in 1664 Bernier wrote "a rupee is about twenty-nine pence." Gilchrist in his *Vade Mecum*, 1825: "There have been instances of some

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* Eastwick in Murray's *Guide*, p. 443, Ed. 1857.

† *Our First Century*, Devens, Ontario, 1878. The "Stars and Stripes" was ordered by Congress June 14th, 1777. Soon after its adoption the new flag was hoisted on the naval vessels of the United States. The ship *Ranger*, bearing the Stars and Stripes, and commanded by Captain Paul Jones, arrived at a French port about December 1st, 1777, and her flag received on February 14th, 1778, the first salute ever paid to the American flag by foreign naval vessels. Paul Jones was born at Selkirk, 1736, and died in poverty at Paris, 1792.—B.

‡ £300 per annum at exchange of 2*s.* 6*d.* Even making allowance for the difference in the value of money in these times, and adding all perquisites, this sum is a small salary for such an office.

firms declining to offer 2*s.* 6*d.* for a Sicca rupee, bills being payable at six months after sight in Europe, while others whose stability appeared equally solid offered 2*s.* 9*d.* for the same accommodation." There were no exchange banks in Bombay until the Oriental Bank Corporation opened in 1842.

It would thus appear that exchange during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and first quarter of the nineteenth centuries ranged from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 9*d.* We have seen even 3*s.* mentioned. It is not however all gold that glitters, and remitters need not envy those times.

The Sicca rupee, which was the current medium until 1835, had eight per cent. more silver in it than the Company's rupee, and a thirty days' sight bill in 1694 really meant a bill at thirteen months' date. Ships then took twelve months, and, in 1825, four to six months to make the passage to England. Besides money in Bombay was then worth twenty per cent.

PROFITS OF TRADE.

Civilians at this time, after paying natives 20 per cent., made large profits, trading with China and other places. The two following extracts show what profits were common. They are from the Company's Records :—

1675.—Pepper was 7*d.* per lb. in England, and here 2½*d.* They write that unless 30 per cent. profit can be made "the Indian trade would become unproductive."

Now for diamonds. The period had not yet, if it ever, arrived, described by Pope, when

> "Asleep and naked as an Indian lay
> An honest factor stole a gem away."

But the demand for diamonds was very large in Europe at this time. Our readers will recollect that this was the showy age of Charles II. and Louis XIV., when worthless women in a blaze of diamonds flaunted on the glacé floors of Versailles and Hampton Court, and when nothing was esteemed

> "More precious than Golconda's gems
> Or star in angel's diadems."

The Court write in 1680: "If the profit on diamonds sold in England should exceed £60 per cent. (including interest and insurance) such excess was to be equally divided, one moiety to belong to the Company, and the other to the President, Agents and Councils by whom the diamonds had been obtained, in equal proportions, *but not to be paid till their return to England.*" Cautious Court!

THE COTTON TRADE.

There seems to have been a forecast of a cotton export. The Company in 1684 sent out the first cotton screw, but the earliest notice we meet with in the East India Records is dated 1693, when instructions are sent to Sir John Gayer "always to have in readiness a large quantity of pepper and *cotton-wool*, to meet the arrival of the shipping."

These are the initial letters of the Bombay cotton trade, which has grown into an export of one million bales. It had been an export from Thana in Marco Polo's time.

THE IMPORTS

in the first years were greatly in timber, iron and iron-work for the fortifications, and cotton cloths or "sackcloth" as it was called. Amongst the earliest imports is beer, which always accompanies the Englishman.* The story is told that a wealthy Indian expressed his surprise at the opening of a bottle of beer. "It is not," he said, "the sight of the drink flying out of the bottle, but how such liquor could ever be put in." We observe that there is no notice of the now favourite drink in Bombay—whiskey, for the substantial reason that it was not known in Scotland until 1745, claret having been the safer drink of the Caledonian previous to this time.†

Having exhausted our commercial circular we turn to

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* "1792. The signor, with a priest and two Portuguese merchants, passed the afternoon with us at Damaun, and were highly delighted with some excellent pale ale, with which we regaled them."—Price's *Memorials*, 1837.

† We think that Burns' testimony on this point will be held all sufficient. In *Tam O'Shanter* it is "ale." In *Dr. Hornbook* it is "ale." In the *Whistle*, or great Bacchanalian contest, 1789, at which Burns was a spectator among the landocracy, it is wine.

"To finish the fight turned ower in one bumper a bottle of *red*,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did."

FREIGHTS,

and regret that we have only one morsel to communicate under this important branch. Mr. Aungier took the King's ship, "Leopard," down to the Viceroy of Goa in 1662, and offered her at the rate of £21 3*s.* 6*d.* per ton. The Portuguese merchants offered £8 per ton. The transaction, therefore, was "broken off." Mr. Aungier was otherwise a most estimable man, and in an evil hour had undertaken the duty of being his own broker, to which may be attributed the non-success of the negotiations.

JOVIAL TIMES.

Dr. Fryer is our great authority on this head. He was a member of the Royal Society, recently instituted, and was a Royal Drinker. He says with an evident relish: "The Dutch at Vingorla treated us with dancing wenches * and good soops of brandy and Delf's beer till it was late enough." We can still see from his portrait that Fryer had a "jolly nose," fruit of imbibing much liquor. At those long "nautches," where there is so much weariness of the flesh to Europeans, he felt woe-begone. At a Muhammadan entertainment the *sherbet* palled upon him, and he relates with much satisfaction that he obtained the necessary stimulus from the flask he had no doubt quite accidentally brought in his pocket. This exhibits great presence of mind, and when he reached home, so far as the flask was concerned, or we give him too much credit for his sobriety, he would no doubt

"Whistle ower the lave o't." †

He was asked on a medical mission to the monks of Bandara —foreign territory—and they were very kind to him.

"The monks of Melrose made gude kale
On Fridays when they fasted." ‡

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good,
'Let him drink port,' the English statesman cried.
He drank the poison and his spirit died."—*John Home.*

* Nachnis, or bayadères.

† Free translation: "Whistle over the leavings of it."

‡ The old version had "And the Friars of Fail they made gude kale," &c.—Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, i., 360.

So did those, whilom of Bandara; and Fryer, no doubt, challenged them in the spirit of the quaint old ditty:—

"I cannot eat, I'll have no meat, my stomach is not good;
But I do think that I can drink with him who hath a hood."

He recrossed the frontier in a boat in perfect safety. The great drinkers of this period were the Dutch, and, we believe, that when their "Sweet William" in 1688 went over at the Revolution to govern England, one-half of them in India got very merry. They are the only nation except the Scotch who ever carried their drink into the churchyard, and the Scotch have done this very rarely, and then only in their own country, when a legacy was left to drink to the "pious memory" of the deceased. "In Surat cemetery there was the tomb of a great Dutch drinker, a relation of the aforesaid Prince of Orange. At the top was a great cup of stone, and another at each corner. Opposite each cup was the figure of a sugar-loaf. Dutch drinking parties used to frequent this tomb, brewing their punch in the large stone basins; remembering their departed companion they sometimes forgot themselves." *

This may be a delusion, as there is no such thing in the Surat cemetery nowadays. The Dutch went there for quietness no doubt, and to carry out the solemn, but absurd, injunctions of the defunct toper.

The reader will not thank us, if after bringing him so far, we do not take a saunter into

BOMBAY GREEN.

But before doing so, we may as well ask him to take a map of Bombay in 1880, and wipe out with a brush nineteen-twentieths of all the streets and buildings thereon. Clear away the whole palatial structures on the Esplanade, and substitute cocoa-nut forest, such as you see on the road to Mahim, a stray panther depicted here, as in old maps, sprawling over the paper, will lend an interest to the scene. Knock down Forbes and Medows† Streets, leaving untouched the old Portuguese country

* Ovington, 1688.

† So named from Major-General Sir Wm. Medows, Governor of Bombay 1788–1790, and of Madras 1790–1792.—See *Memoirs of a Field Officer*.

church (now Convent School) standing alone among cocoa trees. "Take away the bauble" fountain that spouteth water to the memory of the Duke of Wellington and place a few English graves near the Cooperage. Make one conspicuous by rude lettering. *This is the grave of Thomas Mendham, the first Englishman who died in Bombay.* It will look well under one of the big banian trees. Sprinkle a few tombs in the earliest style of Sonapur, evidently copied after Muhammadan originals. Place here Mendham's Point, and on the ground hereabouts "fill in" with old wells, pitfalls and stone heaps, and in lieu of Kolaba Causeway reopen a tideway* rushing violently into Back Bay or *vice versâ*, separating you, except by boat, from the "Old Woman's Island" which runs like a spit into the sea and is well stocked with antelopes and other "beasts of delight." Serve imaginary warrants of ejectment on Rampart and Hornby Row, and pull the whole blessed mass to pieces. Have no respect for antiquity. Place a tank on the site of the old Secretariat, where Jonathan Duncan died, and a *free coup* full of dead dogs and cats on the sea-beach where the Mint now stands. We fear also that the Town Hall and St. Andrew's Kirk with all the buildings between them will require to go by the board. People Mody Khana Street on the sea face with crimps, land-sharks, budmashes, pirates, and bandar gangs. Demolish all the Parsi and Hindu five-storey architecture which came in with such force after the English occupation. It is no doubt very picturesque; but never mind. Don't even think of the Fort walls of your early days with their Apollo, Bazar, and Church Gates. You will find them fifty years later. Dot here and there, amid the green mass of jungle, a few Portuguese-built houses, such as we will describe farther on, and high above them all "paint in" the frowning bastions of Bombay Castle, mounting 100 guns and leave a wide open space covering fifteen acres (in or about the centre of which now stands Elphinstone Circle) for the

* There is a story told of a French corvette having been enticed into Back Bay by a Bombay buggalow by the deep water channel which runs alongside of Malabar Point. The corvette gave chase into this Kolaba channel, from whence the buggalow escaped into Bombay harbour, but the corvette is said to have stuck fast in the mud somewhere near the present position of the Bombay tramway stables.

grand old Bombay Green, which for one hundred and fifty years was the scene of so many balls, reviews, and theatrical displays to the generations which have passed away.

This work of demolition will prepare the way for an imaginary inspection in which we shall see a little of the internal economy of the place. A pleasing picture of the Bombay of this period might be constructed, but we cannot do it. The dirt and stench are too great; and over all, an overpowering odour of fish and fish-oil, Bummaloes * here, there, everywhere.

"All flesh is fish" here with a vengeance.† You leave Bombay. It's no use, merely getting "out of the pot into the fire," for Bandara, Mahim and Thana are fishy, fishier, fishiest, a region of blue-bottle flies where the land is manured and the trees also with fish, and where pomphret, seer fish, and pulla, take their place at dinner in one eternal round. The eggs and milk taste abominably of fish, and the tea as if a red herring were boiled in it. The Mazagon mangoes are suspicious. We are sorry to say this of a fruit that was devoured with relish probably under the peacock throne of Dehli by Shah Jahan.‡ Still the people here are not quite so bad as those in Hadhramaut, on the opposite coast of Arabia, genuine fishyophagists, who fed their horses and cattle on fish. On the contrary, they gave their horses a meal of sheep's head. We suppose minus the trotters.§

A town of 20,000 inhabitants, consisting mostly of Gentoos ‖

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* A small fish (*Harpodon nehereus*), a delicacy when fresh caught and fried; when dried it becomes the famous "Bombay duck."—Yule.

† Hugh Miller's *My Schools and Schoolmasters*.

‡ Plantains. Every traveller in India relates to me (1887) that there are no such plantains in India as are to be found in Bombay.

§ "Another strange thing is that they feed their horses with boiled rice and boiled meat."—*Marco Polo*. "Rice is frequently given by the natives to their horses, and a sheep's head occasionally to strengthen them."—*Note by Dr. Caldwell*. "The sheep's head is peculiar to the Dekhan. It is told of Sir John Malcolm that at an English table where he was present a brother officer had ventured to speak of the sheep-head custom to an unbelieving audience. He appealed to Sir John, who only shook his head deprecatingly. After dinner the unfortunate story-teller remonstrated, but Sir John's answer was only, 'My dear fellow, they took you for one Munchausen; they would only have taken me for another.'"—Colonel Yule's *Marco Polo*.

‖ A corruption of the Portuguese *gentio*, "a gentile" or heathen, formerly applied to the Hindus generally, and more especially to the Telugu people.—Yule.

(a horrible word, which even Burns makes use of), with a street about a mile long, stretching from the Castle to Dongari Fort, of small houses surrounded with gardens. You may see a representative of this style of Bombay houses, not now with oyster shells instead of panes of glass, in Cawasjee Patel Street, still standing in line with the Cathedral High School at the back of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation Building.

The huts in which the servants lived were thatched with palmyra leaves, but so was the old Kolaba Church until very lately. A curtain and one or two bastions of the Fort may still be seen on the way to Bombay Castle. Comparatively, and to *us*, these "auntient ruines" are quite as interesting as the Tower of David is to Jerusalem, or the old walls to the City of Chester; and these words may be written on them—

NEVER TAKEN,

which cannot be said of Jerusalem or Chester. Some of the Sidi's shot lies embedded in the walls. But let us walk into "the Green," and first of all inspect the Cathedral walls. They still stand unfinished, fifteen feet high, as they have done for the last dozen years. Half-decayed plaster and stones have always a lowering effect on the spirits, so we instinctively enter a victualling house, where some commanders of the East India Company's ships have gone before us and are lounging about. They are very fine men, and their dress contrasts with the "hodden gray" of the newcomer—blue coats, black velvet lappets with gold embroidery, deep buff waistcoats and breeches, cocked hat and side arms and gilt buttons. Their talk is of dogs, bull-dogs, sleuth hounds and gray dogs. A coursing match was being made up for Malabar Hill, where the long grass afforded ample cover for the hare,* but some griffins had run the greyhounds at midday, and the sun, which respects neither man nor beast, had destroyed several of them.† There is much uproar in this hostelrie and some heavy jokes to which "the landlord's

* "On our return from Malabar Hill we started a hare as large as an European one."—Dr. Hove, 1787.

† "Greyhounds and hounds if they chance to hunt with them about noon, the ambient air mixing with the natural, when it is fermented and chafed, commonly proves too strong for their constitutions."—Ovington, 1688.

laugh is ready chorus." But we are not going to be deprived of our drink, so we call for what we believe to be the orthodox refresher of the time—

A SNEAKER OF BOMBAY PUNCH,

and showing at the same time that we are quite *au fait* at the manufacture, we ask for a quart of the best Goa arak, half a pound of sugar, and half a pint of good lime water, and compound the liquor forthwith. As things go it is a long drink and a satisfactory drink, and we carry it discreetly. We may remind you that this is 1694, not 1890.

On handing the publican the reckoning, half a rupee (it does not seem much), one of the aforesaid commanders snatches the wooden bowl * from our hands and examines it minutely. And then, as if he had been a Chinaman taking a great oath, he dashes it in pieces on the ground. We ask a reason for this strange conduct, and are informed that an order of the Bombay Government, dated 13th August, 1694, has just been promulgated, "that if the clerk of the Market's seal is not on any bowle, it may be broken and payment of the Punch lawfully refused!" "Drink, weary traveller, drink *and pay*," so we hand Boniface a rupee, and doffing our *topi* to the naval men make our exit. We can aver that there is a wall here and a gate, for we pass the sentries, who are busily grabbing a fourth fish (you see that it is still fish) from each basket for the Fort Adjutant's lucrative perquisite. We peer out of the gate and beyond it. The Mahim cocoa palms and toddy trees come right down to the very walls, a clearance for the *Maidan* not having been effected for many years. A pelting shower, our reader will be glad, drives us home, and ends the day, so far as our stroll is concerned.

A HOME IN BOMBAY IN 1694.

At our domicile we close the day by a stroll on the house top, from which we can observe the Mody Parsi Tower of Silence, the

* Bernier speaks of *bouleponge* as "a drink composed of *arak*, . . . mixed with lemon-juice, water and nutmeg, pleasant enough to the taste, but most hurtful to body and health." *Travels* (Constable's ed.), p. 441.—B.

smoke of burning bodies, and two or three well-known citizens in wig and breeches taking their three miles' walk on the sands of Back Bay. All night long, varied by the beating of tom-toms and the unearthly yells of jackals, we hear at intervals above the eerie sough of the Indian Ocean and the rustling of dry palm leaves, the watchmen calling to each other, the night watches and the morning hours, while from our charpoy we can descry fires blazing away on Thal, Karanja, Khenery, and Funnel Hill, showing us that the Sidi is abroad. In the grey of the morning or false dawn, and long before other people are awake, a sound comes faintly on the ear, women grinding at the mill, a sound as old as Ur of the Chaldees, and the lilt or music which accompanies it may be older still. The women ply their task, and the prayer of millions, "uttered or unexpressed," continues the same from age to age, "Give us this day our daily bread." The day ends :—

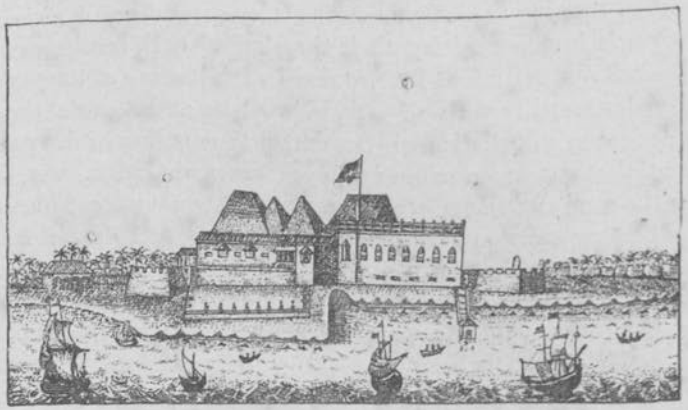
"So when the sun in bed
Curtain'd in cloudy red
Pillows his chin upon the western wave,"

we bethink ourselves of home, hie to the Dongari Kila, resign ourselves to sleep, hearing familiar voices from the fatherland, "low and sweet," like the voice of "Annie Laurie,"

"Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise
Or plaintive Martyrs worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame."*

Perhaps.

* Burns' *Cottar's Saturday Night.*—This is no wild fancy. A Scotch minister, Mr. Stirling, was in Bombay, which argues a following of "Brither Scots" in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. All Scotsmen did not "leave their religion at the Cape," and those who were then here were less likely to do so as they came from the brunt and fire of the "killing times" of Charles II.



BOMBAY CASTLE, A.D. 1666.—SEA VIEW.

CHAPTER VI.

GERALD AUNGIER, GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

WHO HE WAS.

HIS first appearance in Bombay was on the 18th of September, 1662, when, deputed by the Surat Government, he stood side by side with the Earl of Marlborough to claim this island for the King of England.* He thus saw the first of us in this quarter. By his name we take it that he came from Angers in France,† and that he was a Huguenot whose forefathers had fled

* "In James Duke of York's instructions to Admiral Shipman and the Earl of Marlborough, of date 24th January, 1661, the town and fort are called, in two places, Bon Bay."—Birdwood's *Selections from Records in the East India House.*

† There is no such name as Aungier in the Paris *Directory*, but several of the name of Angers. Almost all French names, since the Norman conquest, have been slightly altered on their introduction into England. We observe also that Mr. Campbell in the *Gazetteer* spells it Angier. People of this name were settled in Bedfordshire in Bunyan's time.—Brown's *Life of Bunyan*, 1887. In Burke's *Armorie* there is only one family of the name of Aungier. The arms are "ermine a griffin segreant per fesse or and azure. *Crest*, an escarbuncle or."

to England after the religious massacres in that place (1562–72). He was of good family. His shield of arms, blazoned on the chalice in the Bombay Cathedral, shows a demi-griffin and a boar *passant*. No likeness or description of him that we are aware of has been preserved, and we know the man only by his acts. On the death of Sir Geo. Oxinden, 14th July, 1669, he succeeded him as President of Surat and Governor of Bombay, to which he paid a short visit early in 1670. He came again to Bombay in May 1672, and resided here until 1675, dying in June 1677. "General Oxinden was the first Governor under the Company's rule, but he never resided for any length of time in Bombay. Under President Aungier Bombay became the established seat of the Company's rule, and the rest of the factories in Western India, including Surat, were placed in subjection to it."

During these sixteen years Aungier was the contemporary of Sivaji. They eyed each other across the narrow boundary of English and Maratha dominion, and though sometimes in conflict were never mortal enemies, never bosom-friends.

WHAT HE DID.

1. He it was who first among the English people, and long before the name of Calcutta was ever heard of, was confronted with the problem of how to govern an assembly of Muslims, Hindus, and Parsis. He found the element within themselves, and never refusing the good from whatever quarter it came, which he quickly saw in the *Panchayat* or representative five men from each section, worked it up into the fabric of self-government, and made this institution responsible for the good behaviour of their respective communities,—something, he says, like what is known in history as English incorporations.*

2. The fortifications engaged much of his time: bastion, hornwork, curtain, and embrasure, attempted, continued, or

* The "Panchayat," or five men, is an essential part of the village system in India. Mountstuart Elphinstone, who does not mention Aungier in his *History of India*, has this significant note. Writing in 1820 on the "Panchayat," he says: "The Government, although it did little to obtain justice for the people, left them the means of procuring it for themselves."

finished. A dock was made. A town laid out on the site of a few fishermen's huts. A judge was settled. A court house was established in the most frequented part of the bazaar, convenient for all litigants, "*char darwaza kola*" (four doors open).* The Militia was embodied, 600 in number; police was established; and, finally, a Mint was authorised to commence operations.†

3. He was called in 1674 to quell a mutiny among the English soldiers, and the first execution by martial law, or any law as far as we can learn, in Bombay as an English settlement, was ordered by him. That execution took place on the 21st October, 1674, when Corporal Fake was shot. The first man who suffered death by the law under English administration was a white man,—evidence surely enough of the unswerving impartiality of the English Government, when we offered up one of ourselves on the altar of Law and Justice.

4. Our right to Kolaba is founded on a deed which he, this same year, wrested from the Portuguese, and his far-seeing eye pointed it out as specially adapted for a military cantonment (a judgment which has since been endorsed by Lord Magdala), so that not one inch of it, for a century, was alienated by Government.

5. It was in his day that Bombay was declared an asylum to all merchants and manufacturers. Whoever you are that are oppressed by Mughal or Pathan, Sivaji, Sidi, or Portuguese, come here and enjoy the fruits of your labour. This is a city of refuge; your lives and property will be protected; our arms are wide enough to embrace you all. The judgment of the Indian Council at Surat on his death, might have been appropriately inscribed on his tomb: "Amid a succession of difficulties he preserved the English trade for sixteen years."

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* "My room is a thoroughfare from morning to night; no moonshis, diwans, dubashes, or even chobdars, but *char darwazah kolah*, that the inhabitants of these countries may learn what our principles are at the fountain head."—Sir John Malcolm.

† "In 1670 was established a Mint in Bombay, which was confirmed by Letters Patent in 1676. Mr. Smith arrived in 1681 as Assay Master and Mint Master at a salary of £60 per annum. In 1672-3 some bright genius recommended the coinage in Bombay to be as follows:—Gold, *Carolinas*; silver, *Angelinas*; copper, *Copperoons*; and tin, *Tinnies*."—Bruce's *Annals*.

Tavernier, writing in 1676, says:—"Formerly the English never coined any Silver or Copper Money; for . . . they find it more profitable to carry Gold from England than Silver. . . . . But since the present King of

6. The population which he found in Bombay consisted of vagabonds and fugitives for the most part, and he waged war with their excesses in every form. He had been bred in the school of Cromwell, and not in the soft and silken manners of Charles the Second. Hence he was the declared enemy of Sabbath profanation, drunkenness, duelling, gambling and prostitution. He saw that native concubines and mixed marriages with the Portuguese would drive the colony to destruction, and he sent home for English wives for the factors and others.

7. On the 3rd of October 1670, Sivaji invaded and pillaged Surat of immense treasure, but Aungier secured the lives and the property of the Company. He was asked when at Surat, to lower the flag of the Company to that of the French fleet, and he did not do it. The Dutch fleet (with whom we were at war) hovered over Bombay with 6000 men, but was filled with terror by his army of *Bandarines*, those fierce fellows who tap the toddy-trees, whom he armed with clubs and bill-hooks.*

England married the Princess of Portugal, who had in part of her Portion the famous Port of *Bombeye*, where the English are very hard at work to build a strong Fort, they coin both Silver, Copper, and Tin. But that Money will not go at Surat, nor in any part of the Great Mogul's Dominions, or in any of the Territories of the Indian Kings; only it passes among the English in their Fort, and for some two or three leagues up the Country, and in the Villages along the Coast, the Country people that bring them their wares being glad to take that Money; otherwise they would see but little stirring, in regard the Country is very poor, and the people have nothing to sell but *Aqua Vitæ*, made of Coco-Wine ('tody') and Rice."

The earliest known coins of the Bombay mintage are the four rupees in the British Museum, dated 1675, 1677, 1678, and again 1678 respectively. The first has stamped on the reverse the arms of the "Old" India Company and the remaining three the Royal Arms of England of the date, viz., quarterly, the three Lions of England, the Lion of Scotland, the Harp of Ireland, and the three *fleur-de-lis* of France. In a Bombay rupee of 1687 the Company's arms reappear on the reverse. See "The Coinages of the East India Company at Bombay," by the late Edward Thomas, in *The Indian Antiquary*, xi., 313.—Birdwood's *Old Records*.

* See Fryer, p. 68; *S. Botelha Tombo*, p. 203; the Bhandâris are a Maratha caste. Spenser must have had something like a vision of these Bhandârins from his fine description of the men of our coasts:—

"And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Moores of Malabar he wore,
With which his locks, as black as pitchy night,
Were bound about and voided from before.
And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore."

The Faery Queene.

When the Dutch saw them they quickly sailed away. Orme says that on this occasion Aungier "exerted himself with the calmness of a philosopher and the courage of a centurion." Manuel de Saldanha, the Portuguese General at Bassein, made a vow that unless we complied with his conditions he would invade Bombay and take it by force. He was actually on the march, but when he saw the attitude of Aungier he beat a retreat, and the English laughed.

8. But he was more than stubborn—he was wise. The English at this time never could have held together by mere courage without brains. To "temporise" and return evasive answers, in these days, was the highest wisdom. His constant reply to Mughal and Maratha, Sivaji and Sidi, was: we are merchants; we can take neither one side nor another. Hence we find him one day sheltering in the harbour, and another day refusing to admit the Mughal fleet. Thrice he sent envoys and made treaties with Sivaji, on the third occasion sending ambassadors to be present at his coronation; and you may be sure that his "weather-eye" was constantly open to every movement of Alamgir, the "Lord of the world."

9. The glory of Aungier, however, was that of an administrator, and exhibits him in the light of one of the most far-seeing, and one of the most liberal-hearted men of his age, making us believe, without any other evidence, that he was bred in the school, if he did not actually sit at the feet of John Milton. If so, the disciple is above his master.* We are sure our Aryan brethren will rejoice in the man who first in India, ages before Queen's Proclamations, recognised the equality of all religions before the law, and first granted to them the precious boon of toleration. What follows, though it refers specially to the Banyas, may be held to apply to all sects. In the engagement with the Banyas of Diu (when this flourishing caste first made their appearance in Bombay history) the Company stipulated that they were to enjoy the free exercise of their religion without molestation, to be allowed to burn their dead, and to perform all their ceremonies in peace. "Lastly, it was engaged that none who profess their religion, of whatever age,

* Of course on the question of toleration.

sex, or condition he might be, should be compelled to embrace Christianity." * The date of this is the 22nd March, 1677. These are marvellous words, and they were not idle words. The Banyas, from that day to this, have burned their dead on the edge of Back Bay, and have performed their ceremonies without let or hindrance. It was reserved for the natives of this island to enjoy privileges, which were then, owing to the violence of party, denied to many of our own countrymen in the land of their birth. We may well, therefore, claim for Aungier the character of a statesman, though he was the Governor of an island only sixteen square miles in extent.

TRAITS.

You ask me if he was a religious man? Yes, severely religious —a Puritan. But it is a curious fact that your religious men very often, when emergencies occur in national affairs, come to the front. He *phrased* religiously, and the man was not ashamed. So when the plague was raging and men were dying like flies, he wrote:—"It hath pleased God to let us see what we are by the frequent mortalities that have happened among us." On handing over the business of Surat to his successor he gave him this parting salute: "We recommend to you the pious order observed in our family, to wit, morning and evening prayer."

In these dim old times, of how many a ship it might have been said—

> "On India's long-expected shores
> Their sails were never furled;"

so when a vessel was signalled at Walkeshwar or Dewa Dandi there is a *Laus Deo*, "Thanks be to Almighty God." On the death of his chief surveyor, Colonel Bake, and just three months before his own decease, he wrote:—"We desire Almighty God to prepare us all for our last change." We are not going, as some men have done, to carp, cavil, or make light of all this. Read Carlyle's *Cromwell* aright, and you will not quarrel with Aungier.

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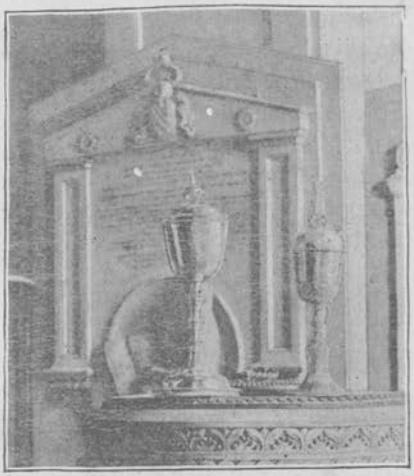
* Anderson's *Western India*, 1854, p. 128.

HIS SILVER CHALICE.



AUNGIER'S CHALICE, AND THAT OF THE CITY OF YORK IN BOMBAY CATHEDRAL.

Two years before his death he presented to the Christian community of Bombay a silver chalice. This was in 1675. The Cathedral was not opened until 1718, the congregation having previously met in a room within the castle-walls. There is now lying in the Cathedral this oldest tangible memorial of our existence as an English settlement. Deeply indented, in somewhat rude lettering, but as clear as if it had been cut yesterday, is the compact inscription:—

HUNC CALICEM
EUCHARISTÆ SACRUM ESSE
VOLUIT
HONORABILIS GERALDUS
AUNGIERUS, INSULÆ BOMBALÆ
GUBERNATOR, AC PRO REBUS HONORABILIS
ANGLORUM SOCIETATIS INDIJS
ORIENTALIBUS MERCATORUM AGENTIUM PRÆSES,
illustrii
æræ Christianæ
anno 1675.

It redounds greatly to the credit of the ecclesiastical authorities in this city that this priceless heirloom, amid all our vicissitudes and fluctuations of population, has been handed down to us from age to age. There is no harm, however, in the gentle reminder specially in the last clause: "Rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal." If Bombay were Venice, it would appear in the Reliquary of St. Mark's, with candles burning before it night and day. It weighs 137 tolas, so it can never "be sold for much." Nevertheless such a memorial

as this in Bombay history should be placed beyond the reach of all accidents whatever.

WHERE HE LIVED.

Few of our readers have been in the Bombay arsenal, but more, we daresay, would go if they knew what it contained. It is a step from the Cathedral, but people do not go there. Somehow the Mint and Townhall seem to block up the avenues to it and debar all progress; and yet the sentries ask you no questions.* You pass under a lofty gate, which was built before "the well of English" either defiled or "undefiled" was poured forth in this quarter; in other words, before the English occupied Bombay. The two figures which look down upon you are manifestly Portuguese soldiers, in their trunk-hose, the knickerbockers of those days.† Each bears aloft the great globe itself, significant emblem of an inflated idea of dominion by sea and land. The folding-gates are of massive teak, scarred and blackened with round holes made by the Sidi's shot, smooth and glistening with countless coats of tar, and the hands of generations of men passing in and out, and sorely wizened and weather-beaten by two hundred monsoons. You now ask, where is Bombay Castle? You are already in it—a fact which the soldiers, who mount guard day and night, know to their cost, and the place where you now stand is that delectable garden, "voiced" with so many pleasantries, which you have often read of, belonging to the Portuguese, and which the English soon filled with "bold ramparts."

On one of these, the "Brab" Bastion, grows a brab or palmyra tree, shooting up seventy or eighty feet high, the last of a family-group which once stood together, and are laid down in the oldest charts of Bombay harbour, and which of yore gladdened the hearts of our sea-sick progenitors. They used to be the landmarks first seen by the sailor making Bombay

* See p. 43. This is altered since the Russian scare. You now require an order. 15th July, 1890.

† "An examination of engravings this year in Holland from A.D. 1600 and several decades after, proves that these knickerbockers were the Dutch fashion at that time."—Mr. Minling, 19th Oct., 1890.

harbour, but time and the cyclone of 1854 have reduced their number to *one;* * and the new clock-tower, or the tower where the clock should be, is now the highest point seen from a distance. We never knew what *towers* Heber referred to in the lines,

> "The Towers, Bombay,
> Gleam bright, they say,
> Across the dark blue sea."

"They say," It is reality now. There are some big banian trees here. Do trees make a garden? At all events Milton did not think the Garden of Eden perfect without planting a fine banian tree in the midst of it. Wherever he got it, from Strabo or Pliny, we claim it as one of ourselves.

> "The fig tree, not that kind for fruit renowned,
> But such as at this day to Indians known,
> In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms."

You see this is a quiet shady place, suited for reflection.

> "These auntient ruines we never tread upon them,
> But we set our foot upon some reverend historie." †

There are guns lying about of all sizes and ages, 1679, 1681, some of them with beautiful ornamentation, from small six-pounders—regular "spit-fires"—up to the great gun weighing seven tons, captured by Lord Wellesley in 1803 at Ahmadnagar. You now understand from all these munitions of war, that though the date of Bombay Castle in the *Government Gazette* is a fiction, the Castle itself is no more a fiction than the *Castle of Otranto*.

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* March 25th, 1890. I missed the palm tree for a month or two, and Dr. Codrington tells me that it was pulled down. It was exhibiting marks of senility, and I observed in December 1889 one of its big fronds, yellow, tattered, and torn, and swaying aimlessly in the breeze. It must have stood alone in 1850. Read this passage—a voyager has just entered Bombay Harbour, and passed the inner and outer lightships—"View the stumped flag-staff on the south-eastern bastion of the Citadel, and straight before it the aged cocoanut palm writhing with a grand solitude, but remarkable for both its lofty site and very isolation."—Bombay *Monthly Miscellany*, 1850, page 53. The others may have been blown down in the great storm of June 15, 1837. Finis! The group may be seen in Forbes's view of Bombay from the sea, about 1775.

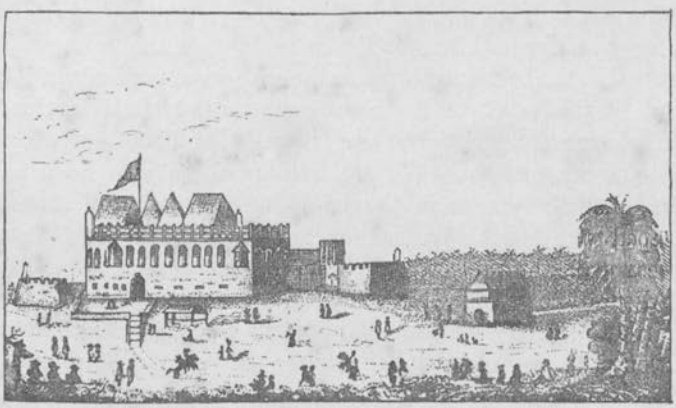
† Webster.

HIS HOUSE.

This section is archæological, and may be skipped by the uninterested. As soon as we enter the gate, we see, right before us, in the middle of the open space, a four-square house with the words, "Pattern Room," printed on it. If this is the house you are in search of, it verily is an example of the *res angusta domi*. One or two extracts may help to clear up matters. Ovington was here in 1689, and his book was published in 1696.

"In this Fort one of the Company's Factors always resides, who is appointed Governor."

Hamilton was here in 1690. "Cooke built a fort round an



BOMBAY CASTLE, 1666.—LAND VIEW.

old *square house*, which served the Portuguese as a place of retreat."

Fryer was here in 1673. "Cooke found a pretty well-situated, but ill-fortified *house*."

Ovington gives us, "*A delineation of his Majesty's Citadel and Fort of Bombay, taken 2nd April*, 1668." It is partly perspective, and shows us exactly how the place stood in Gerald Aungier's time. There is a sea-view and a land-view. It is a picture of great value, where you may even now easily identify some of the lines of circumvallation. The artist has taken his view from the land side of the large tank opposite the Mint,

now on the road from Elphinstone Circle to the Prince's Dock. In his view the tank appears as a pond with ducks swimming in it: no doubt the tank has been stone-faced later on. Taking our position to-day on the artist's view-point, looking across the tank, and obliterating the low tile-roofed houses, dykes, and trees which have cropped up since 1668, we easily catch in the perspective our slightly transmogrified friend, the "Bombay Citadel," *alias* "Pattern Room," and the truthfulness of the artist's view bursts upon us. It is a strong building, still in use, and not what Burns calls

> "A houlet-haunted biggin,
> Or kirk deserted by the riggin."

That the walls of this "house" in the picture slip right into the sea goes for nothing, for Bruce in his *Annals* tells us distinctly that the bastions "towards the sea" were not built in 1668, which, by-the-way, must have been our very first "Reclamation."*

The lower storey of this house is vaulted and bomb-proof; the upper storey, modern. We are told by those who have seen them, that the stones in the jambs of the door are strongly clamped with iron.† We have collated such passages in history as bear upon the subject, and personally inspected the building, but though the strongest evidence we can now avail ourselves of is in the affirmative, we prefer for obvious reasons (with the usual caution of our countrymen) to assume the position of a querist.

Is this the house in which Aungier resided, and several of his successors—the Government House, in fact, of Bombay in those early times, the "*house*" we took over from the Portuguese, —our citadel, ark, *Bala-kila* or Acropolis if you please; and, if so, the cradle from which emerges our Bombay history as an English settlement? We have initiated the question which may be left for others to answer.

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* "But towards the sea, batteries only were erected, as *bastions* would be the work of *the subsequent years*."—Bruce's *Annals*, vol. 2, page 288, 1670–71.

† Lord Edward FitzClarence's body was laid out in this Pattern Room on its way to England. He died at Purandhar, and like his brother (the Earl of Munster) was full-brother of Lady Falkland, the wisest and wittiest woman of her day (Bombay 1848 to 1853), children of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., by the celebrated actress, Mrs. Jordan.

CONCLUSION.

The first great work which Bombay had to accomplish was to fortify herself, so that like a strong man girt in armour, she could look her enemies boldly in the face.

"The Marathas are upon thee," was the first cry; but as time wore on the English settlers found that they had more formidable enemies to cope with even than the Marathas. They came by sea, and they came by land—not alone from the narrow boundaries of Western India, but from far off countries in Europe, with one of whom England was at war—threatening to swallow up this little outpost of commerce in the Indian seas; and though the cry was "still they come" from great nations—Holland, France, and Portugal—Aungier, with "the soul of a stubborn old Roman" in him, bared his arm on those bastions which he threw up between Bombay Castle and the sea, and defied them all. It is to men such as these that we owe almost everything we have and are. The reply, of course, is, that if we had not had the luck to get Aungier we would have obtained men quite as good. Did Onor or Anjengo, places of importance in those days, have as good men? If we are to believe the stubborn facts of history, were they not nearly annihilated as trading stations, the one by the ignorance and the other by the folly of the man who conducted its affairs? *

Providence, as a rule, does not raise up men like Aungier twice in a generation. When we had "the luck" to lose Aungier did we find such another? We are safe in saying that England was never so low before or since, in this island or in India, as she was at the close of Sir John Child's administration, when the Emperor of Dehli raised the siege of Bombay on condition of Child's expulsion from India. It was

* Onor, the Honâwar of our maps, in N. Kanara, on the estuary of the Shirâvati, was a large place when the Portuguese built a fort at it in 1505. It was still in their possession, but much decayed when P. de la Valle visited it, in 1623. Anjengo, or Anjutenga, in Travankor, was granted by the local raja in 1684 to the East India Company, and its "Factor" was second in Council at Bombay. At the close of the seventeenth century the English chief of Anjengo *insisted* on paying the queen of this country a personal visit to pay his dues or taxes, against all remonstrances. The chief and factors were murdered.

a new thing in English annals to have our envoys' hands tied behind their backs and laid prostrate before Indian Royalty. * But so it was. "He did the disgrace," and we had to lick the dust. It is by comparisons such as these that the figure of Aungier stands out in bold relief on the page of history—the first man in India who taught us the art of self-government and the wisdom of dealing with our neighbours—sage in counsel and bold in action—the Moses, if you like, of our English exodus whose last words were,—"be strong and of good courage." †

Alexander Hamilton the sea-captain, sailed and traded in the Indian seas for thirty-five years, 1688 to 1723. He was an "interloper," but the shrewdest of them all. This was the judgment of the late Dr. Wilson, and that of the *Bombay Quarterly Review*. Forty-six years *after* the death of Aungier he penned these words: "*The name of Mr. Aungier is much revered by the ancient people of Surat and Bombay unto this day.*" Remarkable words when we consider that they were written by an avowed enemy of the Company, and by a Scotchman, of an Englishman, in the year 1723.

Of how many Bombay men, during the last two hundred years, could such words have been written, where reputations have sprung into existence, like Jonah's gourd, in a night, and withered in a day? We erect statues to our heroes—to Aungier we give a nameless grave.

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* "Mr. Child, who did the disgrace, be turned out and expelled. This order is irreversible."—*Last words of Aurangzeb's Firman, dated 27th February*, 1690. "Harris and the other factors were released from prison on the 4th of April, 1690; but the Seedee, who had remained more than a year in Bombay, did not withdraw his army until the 22nd of June, when the property captured by the English had been restored and the fine paid to the Mughal. He then departed, having first set fire to the Fort of Mazagon, and the same day William and Mary were proclaimed in Bombay King and Queen of England."—Anderson's *Western India*, p. 248.

† "And no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

CHAPTER VII.

AUNGIER'S CONVENTION.

THE facts of the land question at the date of the cession of the Island of Bombay in 1661 to Charles II. are briefly these: As the Portuguese was an aggressive and military Government, the ancient (that is, as far back as 1532, the date of the conquest) constitution of the Island was feudal, *i.e.*, leases were granted in perpetuity at a quit-rent—in this case of one-fourth of the produce, with the reservation, that the landholder should perform military service when called upon. The growth of the land was cocoanut woods and other palms, miles in length, of which Mahim wood was the chief, interspersed with jack and mango trees; also, on the low grounds, rice or paddy fields. The rest of the Island was swampy, covered occasionally by the sea in the lower portions, or barren and uncultivated on the higher ridges, such as Malabar, Worli, and Chinchpugly Hills.

The waste lands preponderated in extent greatly over the cultivated lands. The cultivated land was settled by over a hundred proprietors. They were either Portuguese or Indo-Portuguese. They were very poor.* The population was estimated at 10,000. Fryer calls them "fugitives and vagabonds," and another "outcastes;" but there was an industrial element among them. The most of them were fishermen—a race that have perpetuated themselves to our own day—besides (and the same remark applies to) Bhandaris, Kulambis, and Kolis who worked the soil and superintended the cultivation of the fields

* They were so poor in 1674 that, when it was proposed to have their lands measured and their boundaries defined, they objected because they could not afford it.

and tree gardens—*oarts* they called them, from the Latin word *hortus*. The bulk of the population clustered round the Forts of Bombay, Mahim, and Mazagon for protection in view of inroads from the neighbouring predatory Marathas and Sîdis, and here their cattle were driven in during the night. The country was a governed and a settled country, and the Portuguese had already created an ecclesiastical organization by dividing the island into districts, for long ere this churches had been built at Mahim, Mazagon, Parel, Salveson, and Bombay. Some of the estates on the island had been granted by the King of Portugal, through his Viceroy, to military and naval officers who had served their country well in the infant days of the colony.* Bombay Island was an outlying province of Bassein, and was as often called Mahim as Bombay. Our title to it was clear and indefeasible. It was a clearer and much more perfect title to dominion than that of the factory of Surat, or any other on the coast of the Hugli extorted from Nawab or Great Mughal.

Bombay had been gifted by the King of Portugal to Charles II. (as already mentioned), who again gifted it in 1668 to the East India Company pure and simple, *tale quale*, as it came to his hands, a crown rent of £10 in gold a year alone excepted. We may add that Cooke's Treaty of surrender and delivery in 1665 has never been held of any account whatever, either by the English Government or the East India Company, and is not worth the paper it is written on except as a literary and historical curiosity. The greatest question we had to deal with when we took absolute possession in 1666 of the Island was the land question. "Landed estate is an animal with its mouth always open," and it was not long till we verified this adage to

* "The Manor of Mazagon had been leased in 1571 by Sebastian, King of Portugal, to Lionel de Souza, a great sea captain who had served him faithfully; and in 1637, Philip, King of Portugal, granted it by charter and letters patent to his grandson, Bernardin de Tavora, and to his heirs in perpetuity, subject to a small quit-rent. This was the principal private estate on the island, and when Aungier, in 1672, came to Bombay, Signor Alvarez Perez de Tavora was lord of the Manor of Mazagon."—*Sir Michael Westropp*; see p. 54, note. In Mazagon, at this time, we know for certain that there were a manor house, described as the largest house on the island, two stone houses, one of which was ruinous, and a church.

the full. The news from Europe of the gifting away in 1661 of the Island to its new masters was duly noted by the Portuguese inhabitants. Those who held land by any kind of tenure, in the dread of its being taken from them, would try to make it surer, and those who had even a faint shadow of ownership would at once resort to such expedients for establishing their claims to landed estate as men of ready resource are sure to find in times of change. The question we had to deal with was this—what land, at the date of the cession in 1661, belonged to the inhabitants, and what to the King of Portugal, for the land that belonged to him became ours by virtue of the cession? By the Marriage Treaty the Portuguese were allowed to remain, and we did not ask them to go away. Our readers will remember the disastrous effects to us of the refusal of the Portuguese authorities on the Island, in 1662, to hand over to us that for which we bargained in 1661; for there can be no manner of doubt, we think, that Salsette was included in the arrangement, as it was distinctly traced out in the map submitted to the commissioners as part of the territory to be ceded when the Marriage Treaty was being drawn up. One most disastrous result of this refusal was the creation of an interregnum until 1666, during which period Cooke assumed the Government of Bombay. It was then that our interests were prejudiced, for we have only to turn to Bruce's *Annals*, a work to be depended on, to discover that a sheaf of fictitious title-deeds and forged documents, the manufacture of which was connived at by Cooke* himself, and for which he had taken bribes, were made to do duty with wonderful alacrity, in the interests of this new proprietary who were now so anxious to foist their claims on the English. These were circumstances that added enormously to the difficulties of the situation, for what was apparently plain sailing in 1662 had become full of shoals and sunken rocks. There was found, however, a pilot to take us

* Humphrey Cooke had succeeded to the command of the English troops on Shipman's death, but his conduct at Bombay so dissatisfied the English Government that he was deposed, and his place supplied by Sir Gervase Lucas in Nov. 1666, who died in May 1667. Captain Gary was then appointed deputy-governor. Cooke, who had retired to Goa, now returned to Bandara and tried to assert his right to succeed Lucas, but was denounced.—B.

safely out of this sea of troubles*—in other words, grapple with the entire question, and settle it once and for ever; and the solution of it is to be found in the subject of this sketch.

HIS CONVENTION.†

We have already passed in review Gerald Aungier and his career. He was Governor 1669 to 1677, and had come down to Bombay from Surat in 1672, when he was confronted with this great administrative problem. There had been grave dissensions and discontents, and lands had been seized by the English, for the validity of many of the titles of the best estates was disputed. They had the semblance of reality, but were believed to be fictitious. A meeting of landholders was called for the 12th November, 1672, and one hundred and twenty of them obeyed the summons. The Lord of Mazagon was there, but many others who could not show such a substantial title, from the *kunbi* squatter on a few wretched

* Sir George Oxinden, on receipt of the royal charter transferring Bombay to the East India Company, sent Mr. Goodyer, Streynsham Master and Cates, to arrange the business, which they effected 23rd Sept. 1668. Next year the President visited Bombay, and five Commissioners were appointed, the Scottish minister Mr. Sterling, Colts, Capt. Burgess, Lieut. Houghton, and James Adam, chairman, to manage the affairs of the island; but Sir George died soon afterwards, and the place was left in a state of anarchy.—Anderson's *Western India.*

† We cannot enter upon this subject without recording, what we believe to be the fact, that the man to whom we are indebted for bringing Aungier's Convention before the public was F. Warden, Chief Secretary to Government, in his *Report on Landed Tenures*, in the year 1814. He observes that this "very important proceeding" was not noticed by Bruce in his *Annals*, who otherwise does every justice to the merits of Aungier. He was probably not aware of it. It is stranger still that Dr. Fryer, who was here during the time the Convention was opened and ratified, should be equally silent. Warden's discovery, if we may call it so, was not, however, allowed to pass unnoticed. The two highest legal officers of their day, the Chief Justice, Sir Erskine Perry, and Sir Michael Westropp (died Jan. 14, 1890, aged 73, at Cannes), saw what an important bearing it had on the land questions which came within the sphere of law, subject to their decision; and the one by his lucid explanations, so welcome to all who are outside the ken of legal phraseology, and the other by statements equally lucid, but showing a vast deal more of erudition and historical research, have made, we venture to say, the judgments in which these explanations and researches are contained a standard and text book on the land question in Bombay to the legal student for all time coming.

bigas of barren soil to the supposititious owner of a thousand acres dotted with the eternal palm trees of the East. The meeting was held in Bombay Castle, and I have no doubt that the room in which it was held still exists. The general sense of the assembly was taken, and it resolved itself into this, that rather than that any scrutiny should be made of their title-deeds, they would willingly pay 20,000 xeraphins annually. It was a mere bagatelle, about £1200 of our money. Who the suggestion came from I know not.* Aungier accepted the proposal, and the inhabitants were secured in their possessions; for all who now hold property subject to the payment of what is called *pension* † possess it by a tenure of which the Government cannot deprive them except for building "cities, towns, or fortifications."‡ The deed was perpetual and irrevocable—a kind of Domesday Book from which there should be no appeal—and it was ratified by a public assembly on the 16th July, 1674. It is an amusing circumstance that the only section of the community who refused to close with the Convention were a few English proprietors, for at this early stage a sprinkling of our countrymen had been smitten with "earth hunger." But Aungier was inexorable, as every English landholder knows to this day by his tax-papers. We cannot make fish of one and flesh of the other. Pay like your neighbours. And it is still more amusing, the reasons he gives to his masters, the Nabobs of the India House, for his insisting upon bringing in the English into the Convention. He reasons thus, good easy man, that the English, one day, might come to hold the fee simple of the entire island, and where would be our feudal superiority then? We all know, now, how much he was astray in this

* "It being an affair of their (the *poro* or estate holders) own request and seeking after."—Francis Day, Secretary, 16 July, 1674.

† "*Foras* is derived from the Portuguese word *fora*, a door, signifying outside. It indicates the rent derived from outlying lands. The Foras bore the still older name of *Pensio*, and since, the Convention has been known by the name of pension. It was payable in respect of the ancient settled ground only."—Sir Michael Westropp.

‡ Warden, *On Land Tenures*, 1814. Railways, &c., have no doubt been introduced into this exception. *Land Acquisition Act*, 1870, for acquiring land for public purposes and for companies, with sanction of Government, at market value with 15 per cent. compensation.—*Act X. of Government of India.*

expectation. Strange, doesn't it seem, that Aungier should have made an arrangement like this to barter away lands at a quit-rent of £1200 per annum upon which are now erected buildings of the value of thirty to forty millions sterling? Yes, it looks as if in an evil hour Aungier had thrown away the pearl and kept the oyster-shell—parted with the Diamond of Catherine of Braganza, leaving the hollow and empty socket in his hands. But not for anything that it could produce from the soil was Bombay of consequence to us, and in no sense could it ever become a plantation like Rhode Island or Massachusetts; that is, a place for men to live, settle, marry, and beget children in from generation to generation as they did in America. From the moment we touched these shores, the design of the Crown, and afterwards of the East India Company, was clear and manifest—to make of

BOMBAY A SEAT OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISE,

and Aungier here sounds the keynote from which there was never to be any departure; and yet I marvel not that the Company neither confirmed nor repudiated the charter. That they did not confirm it is evident by their own records, that they did not annul it is proved by the fact that the *pension* is levied to this day. But the spirit of their acts and of ours (we now speak of the men who begun and continued our Bombay history) was the same throughout. To this end we made every exertion that the inhabitants we found on the Island should remain in it, and we did everything we could to attract people to it from other places. We retained the "Gentoo" soldiers in our service, and assigned lands to them for their maintenance. To the English soldiers we offered half-pay after seven years' service, and land to settle on if they gave their labour in return for the cultivation of it. We did everything we could to induce wealthy natives to settle on it, and wherever they were to be found in Kachh, nay even on the coasts of the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, our ships were told to give the immigrants a free passage to the Island of Bombay.* And now by

* "Great numbers of Hindus fled to Bombay, from Goa and other places, dreading the Inquisition."—Da Cunha, *Asiatic Society Lect.*, March, 1887.

the Convention we send the sons of the soil, unfettered by all but the slightest taxation, back to the duties to which they had been accustomed, and who were more fitted for the task? First and foremost, therefore, the land must be drained and cultivated. The truth seems to be that in 1672 Bombay was unfit for habitation.* It was the grave of the Englishman, and decimated the colony; that is, did not take one-tenth—left one-tenth. For these reasons, and this other one, that it was a mighty thing at the outset of our career to spread far and wide a just knowledge of our liberality and good faith, we have come to the conclusion that, instead of being a bad bargain for us, the Convention of Aungier was a great, a wise, and a statesmanlike measure; that it is not only the basis upon which the lands affected by it rests, but that upon it rests a goodly part of the wealth, population, and commercial greatness of our city. Its immediate effect was that in regard to fiscal arrangements the Portuguese landholders of the Island were in a better position than they had ever been before; that is, the burden of the impost was lighter in the amount, and much less troublesome in the collection of it, both to the giver and the receiver. It may be asked what else could we have done? Yes, there are a number of things that Aungier might have done. He might have put a series of those quasi-proprietors on their trial for falsehood, fraud, and forgery, and evicted some of the smug gentlemen who had put in an appearance with their cooked title-deeds at Bombay Castle. He might have constituted himself into Sidney Smith's Court of Chancery that devoured gentlemen's estates, and digested them at its leisure. He might have made a clean sweep and clearance from the earth of the miserable squatters and their usurped dominion. He might have framed a tenure full of idle, petty, and vexatious rites and ceremonies to keep alive for evermore the might of England and the weakness and subjection of Portugal. Our late Chief Justice hesitates to say whether the Lord of the Manor of Mazagon, prior to our arrival, could have held a baron's

* "We arrived in Bombay before the beginning of the rains, and buried of the twenty-four passengers which we brought with us ashore, twenty before the rains here ended, and of our own ship's company above fifteen."—Ovington, 1688.

court. What he could not do we might possibly have done, for if we had established baronial courts, with powers of pit and gallows and leases full of bondage days and personal servitude, we should have been merely applying in one part of the British dominions what was the law of the land in another part.* But no temptation of human passion or ambition could seduce Aungier from his allegiance to the one path of duty on which he had entered, and no accusation can be brought against the English for using their authority unjustly. Had Aungier followed any of these courses Bombay would have become a desert.

OUR FEUDAL SUPERIORITY

remained untouched by Aungier's Convention, but our territorial acquisitions, being the crown lands of Portugal, were of trifling value, though of considerable extent. If the whole had been put up to auction they would not have yielded £2000 a year. A great part of the island was utterly worthless, being totally unproductive. By some it was called a "barren rock," and by people who had explored it, it was described as full of "drowned lands" upon which the sea made inroads, now and again leaving an incrustation of salt. We were left heir of entail to this barren remnant outside of all cultivated land. We got whatever paid no rent; that is to say, we paid nothing and got nothing for what Ricardo calls the use of the original and indestructible powers of the soil. This being the case you may be sure that we got the Flats without difficulty (40,000 acres in these days); and the original and indestructible powers of the soil there were manifest in foul and pestilential exhalations. We got the foreshore, and that was not much, as the Convention articles remind us, and those who were deeply interested in the fact at the time, that forty yards above high-water mark was the inalienable patrimony of every crowned head in Europe. But it gave us room to bury our dead and burn our dead, as Sonapur and the Ghats still testify. What was lately bought up by the Government for the Port Trust in all its now magnificent proportions for nearly a million sterling

* Heritable Jurisdiction, with power of pit and gallows, was only abolished in Scotland so late as 1747.

—the rights of the foreshore (with the buildings and works thereon)*—was then the most worthless territorial acquisition that came to us by the Convention of Aungier, and in some respects has turned out the most valuable. We had of course received the Castle long before, and its environs. Of its outer cincture of 28,000 yards, we did not receive everything, for I find we were perpetually buying bit by bit back what originally ought to have belonged to ourselves. From 1760 to 1812 we expended Rs. 7,37,927 in such like purchases.

But we had almost forgotten Colaba†—Kolaba with its present population of 17,132. If for nothing else Aungier's Convention deserves to be remembered, as it is by it we hold Kolaba. Kolaba being an island, we presume, was the reason we had not received it at the cession. Some shanties had been erected on it, and we agreed that the first annual payment of the pension should be devoted to the buying out of the proprietors, so that it might become a cantonment. The English had no right or title in Kolaba till 1674. There was then a grove of cocoanut trees on it,‡ of which only five now remain. The population around the Castle and in Kolaba were mostly fishers, and the first thing we had to do was to remove their *kajan* huts which clustered around the Castle like so many wigwams, and provide them dwellings elsewhere. The next thing was to build a street, a mile long, from the Castle gates, of lowish houses, now our Bazar-street, so at first called

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* 1888 Revenue Port Trust—

Rents	17 Lakhs.
Dues	18 „

Estimated value of Port Trust Property now (1888) over two crores.—Honble. Forbes Adam, June, 1888.

† The tenth article of the Convention reserves to the Company "the little Isle of Colio, reaching from the outer point westwardly of the isle to the pecary called Polo." On which Sir Michael Westropp remarks: "Colio is probably derived from Coli, or Koli, fishermen who had a village or hamlet on the isle, which would appear to be that known as Colaba, or Koolaba, Arabic for a strip of land running out to the sea (*Pakhadi*—Marathi for a paved path or an alley, literally a wing of a village). *Polo*, a corruption of Palwa, a kind of boat frequenting the locality. In a memorial of a grant of land, in 1743, the *Pakhadi* in question is called Pallo" (*High Court Reports*, 1866–1867). Hence, we presume, our Apollo Bandar. Malabar Hill was Crown land, but it was not worth Rs. 100 a year at the time of the Convention.

‡ *See* James Forbes's picture of Kolaba, in whose time it could not have altered much.

because the bazaar was at the end of it. This was our town, at all events the only town we had for many years. Most of this town was burned down in the great fire of 1803, and many of the lofty erections date from that and subsequent years.

THE LAND OF BOMBAY

since 1674, the date of Aungier's Convention, has experienced great changes—in its tenure, in its condition, in its proprietary. The ancient constitution of the island, which was feudal, has been entirely changed by the substitution of the so-called "tax" for military service which was established in 1718. The feudal system lasted under the English fifty-seven years. This military service was more than a name, as we will endeavour to show, for in 1676 a hundred of the landowners raised and maintained a body of militia, 600 strong. Moreover, up to 1718 if a man refused military service, his land was liable to be forfeited; and ecclesiastics were not exempt, for in 1690 the Jesuits of Parel coquetted with the Sidi, who was thundering at the gates of Bombay Castle, and forthwith Parel was confiscated. We did the same with Sion, and their lands were never restored. One word for the Jesuits by way of parenthesis. Let us reverse the picture. Suppose that Sebastian Cabot had conquered this Western India for England in the sixteenth century and Bombay had been thrown into the dower of one of the young ladies of the House of Stuart to some Alfonso or Roderigo of Portugal, and suppose further that we had settled here for a hundred and thirty years under the shadow of our Thirty-nine Articles and Shorter Catechism—do you think that we would have tamely submitted to the tender mercies of Portugal? I trow not. It is all very well, at this distance of time, to denounce the conduct of the Portuguese, and wonder how people could be so foolish as to dispute and resist our authority.

But, as has been said, there is a good deal of human nature in man, and the Portugal had his share of it. Our course was plain all the same, and having put our hand to the plough we could not look backward. Then, again, in 1720 we tried Rama Kamathi for treason and conspiracy with Angria to seize the Governor at Parel. He was a man of prodigious influence, had

built the modern Temple of Walkeshwar about 1715. But it did not matter. The higher the man the more conspicuous his punishment.* His land in the Fort was confiscated and sold for Rs. 20,000; he was imprisoned for life and died in 1728. This was an unfortunate case, both for him and for us. The man was convicted on what seemed the clearest evidence at the time. One of the witnesses was put to the torture, a method which had been long abolished at home by Act of Parliament,† and after Rama's death it was discovered that the letters which were put in evidence against him, and which were considered to be written by himself, were forgeries, and that some one had made use of his seal to blacken his reputation!

As much was almost admitted by a succeeding Government, and a sum of money paid over to his son by way of reparation.‡

It was in 1718 that Government took upon itself the defence of the town, and surrounded it by a wall, which was not very substantial at the first. Down to our own day, though not always, land has been leased by Government in perpetuity, and the gross revenue therefrom is moderate, if we may judge from the statement of 1881.

One is apt to view all the buildings in the Fort as of much greater antiquity than they really are. There were men living in Warden's time, 1814, who recollected the best portions of

* "Rama Kamath was a Shenvi by caste. (The Shenvis belong to the Pancha-Gauda Brahmans.) Rama Kamath's ancestors came originally to Bombay from Goa in the time of the Portuguese, and held high position under the English Government after the Island was ceded to the latter. Rama Kamath was in some way connected with or in command of native troops under the English, and served chiefly in wars in or about the Madras presidency. He built the temple commonly called Walkeshwar (from '*vâluka*,' meaning sand) or god made from sand, but its real name is Lakshman Shivar. Rama Kamathi had a son named Chimnaji, whose son's name was Narayan; and the latter had a son named Babu. After Babu the male line became extinct, but he had left two daughters and Mr. Gauroba Narayanji, who married a descendant of one of these daughters, is still living. He is trustee-manager of a temple built by Rama Kamathi in the Fort, at the north end of Parsi Bazar-street. The Car procession from this temple takes place every year. I have gathered the above information from Mr. Narayanji and from a Maratha book called *Bombay, Past and Present*, published in 1863."—The Hon. Sorabjee S. Bengallee, C.I.E., 23rd July, 1883.

† "Irons were screwed upon his thumbs, the smart of which brought him to a confession."—Perry *from MS. Record*. The last case of judicial torture in England was in 1640, though declared illegal in 1628. It was used in Scotland during the reign of Charles II., and abolished in 1709.

‡ *Bombay Quarterly Review.*

the Fort overgrown with plantations of cocoa trees, Forbes Street, the site of Sir Charles Forbes's house and what we now call the Old Secretariat in Apollo Street, and other streets besides. In Grose's map, constructed about 1760, some of the streets there laid down must have been still unbuilt upon. This was the period (about 1760) that witnessed the creation of private property to a very large extent. Until about this time the population had not swelled beyond 100,000. It now went forward by great and successive bounds.* Until 1760 the Portuguese landholder of Aungier's Convention had managed pretty well to hold his own; but idleness, extravagance, native proclivities, and the Marwari had now done their work.

The great bulwark of Salsette, with Thana and Bassein, had, in 1739, been knocked away from under his feet by the Maratha; and his enemies the Hindu, the Muslim, and above all the Parsi, came in like a flood, and occupied his shoes, so that among all the Vereadores of Aungier's Convention, it would be difficult now to find one descendant on the lands included in that document and once occupied by his forefathers. And let the truth be told; apathy on the one side and encroachment on the other during the eighteenth century lost the English a great part of their proprietary rights in this island.†

We may here remark that until the town was surrounded by a wall in 1718 the name of "The Fort" was only applied to the Castle and the ground within its walls and bastions, and it was only after the above date that the name was given to the more extended enclosure, and which has ever since been applied to it.

It is curious to note how persistent have been the forms of enfeoffment. 1665 was an age barren of solicitors in Bombay, and yet the man who presumed to take possession of Bombay hedged himself round with the customary acts (delivery of seisin, I think they call them) of taking "earth and stones" from the bastions of the Castle in the presence of witnesses;

* Population of Bombay.—In 1661, 10,000, Fryer; in 1673, 60,000, Fryer; in 1715, 15,000, Cobbe; in 1744, 70,000, Niebuhr; in 1764, 140,000, Niebuhr; 1806, 200,000, Mackintosh; 1812 to 1816, 243,000, Dickinson; in 1816, 161,550, census; in 1872, 644,405, Census; in 1881, 773,196, Census; and in 1891, 804,464, Census.

† Warden.

and in 1743 we meet with the time-honoured, but now dispensed with, "earth, straw, and a green branch" in the transference of a toddy field to its new occupant.

Again, from the copies which we give of the first Revenue Statement of the Island in 1668, and the Revenue Report of the same submitted to the Bombay Government for 1882,*

					Xeraphins.
* Rs.	6,438	2 13	rent of Mazagon	=	9,300 0 40
„	3,321	1 69	„ Mahim		4,797 2 45
„	1,645	3 54	„ Parel		2,377 1 56
„	1,203	1 20	„ Vadella		1,738 0 40
„	547	0 40	„ Sion		790 0 60
„	395	1 48	„ Veroly		571 1 34
„	4,392	1 80	„ Bombaim		6,344 2 61
„	6,611	2 16	„ Tobacco Stank or Frame .		9,555 3 0
„	1,661	2 16	„ Taverns		2,400 0 0
„	12,261	2 16	the accts. of Customs		18,000 0 0
„	12,261	2 16	„ of Cocoanuts		18,000 0 0
„	50,740	0 88	Xeraphins		73,870 1 18
„	801	3 58	more may be advanced	=	1,129 1 62
Rs.	51,542	0 46	Total .. .. Xeraphins		75,000 0 9

which at thirteen xeraphins for 22*s.* 6*d.* sterling, amounts to £6,490 17*s.* 9*d.* —Warden's *Tenures.*

ISLAND OF BOMBAY AND COLABA.

Fixed Land Revenue.

	Rs. a. p.
Toka of Government Villages	206 15 10
Pension and Tax, Bombay	5,144 15 10
Pension and Tax, Mahim	8,040 15 11
Quit and Ground-rent	27,770 4 4
Rent of Land newly assessed under Bombay Act II. of 1876	3,394 2 3
Foras Land settled under Act VI. of 1851	3,875 4 11
Leasehold	13,661 9 11
Fish-ponds in the Island of Bombay	40 6 1
Rent of the Clare and Carnac Bandars	—
Miscellaneous Land Revenue	1,60,927 13 6

Fixed Abkari Revenue.

Tree Tax	2,76,833 4 0
Distillery License Fee	6,289 0 0
Shop License Fee	—
Farm of Drugs	—
Miscellaneous Abkari Revenue	2,50,809 8
Total	7,56,994 4 10

Bombay, Collector's Office, 21st Dec., 1882.—Jacomb's *Reports.*

it will be found that the tree tax is the largest item in the first, as it is in the last. We found this tax in existence when we came, and to-day the Mahim woods are still the backbone of the revenue.*

So also in the tax-paper sent out to-day, to each proprietor of land (registered under Aungier's Convention) by the Collector of Bombay, you will find printed the words "Pension and Tax."

Tax dates from 1718, and here means commutation of military service, and *Pensio* is the premium paid for the fee-simple on the compromise of a doubtful tenure, and carries the legal reader back to the days of Bracton, the English jurist of the thirteenth century, and far beyond, as the late Sir Michael Westropp has reminded us, to the age when the soldiers of Italy held fiefs on the frontiers of the Rhine and the Danube, of the Roman Empire. The "pension and tax" in 1882 does not seem a whit larger in amount than the pension which was stipulated for by Aungier's Convention, 215 years ago.

There is no stronger passion than the passion for land once it subjects a man to its influence, and it is no wonder, for land is the source of subsistence and the foundation of all wealth. But even when there is no wealth in it, nor likely to come out of it, how often do we see some wanderer from America or the Isles of the Pacific concentrate all his happiness on the possession of a few worthless acres! If it has anything ancestral about it, he will cross stormy seas and deserts, even as Hastings did, and extend the boundaries of an Empire so that he makes himself master of Daylesford. And it is not necessarily an ignoble passion. The simplicity of the Three per Cents has no attraction compared

* Norman Macleod's conversation on the Tree Tax, on the morning after his arrival in India, was, as nearly as I can remember, "What sort of a tree is that?" "A palm tree." "Yes, I know it's a palm tree, but what kind of palm tree?" "A toddy palm tree." "Yes, I think I've heard the name before; and what are these letters painted white upon it?" "For taxation." "You don't mean to say the trees in India are taxed?" "Yes." "Oh, India! the very hairs of your head are numbered."

The total number of trees from which toddy is drawn in the island, 1881-82—17,471 cocoanut, 231 brab, 4,392 date.—*Land Revenue Returns.*

with "my foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor."

I see a man, now, from Australia with shaggy eyebrows whitened by the sun and storm of the bush. When he goes home, what will he do? Buy land, very likely. Some graceless "Heire of Lynn" will be leaving the old roof-tree, and "John o' the Scales" will very soon sing out, as sayeth the ballad:—

> "The gold is thine, the land is mine,
> And I am now the Lord of Lynn."

Sir Walter Scott used to say an hour's walk before breakfast was a good thing, and if practicable—on your own land. The "earth hunger" is developed nowhere so strongly as in England. But in former days Bombay could furnish a goodly show of English proprietors. In 1814 Leckie drew £3000 a year from house property, and nearly a hundred years ago Henshaw erected his "Buildings" near the new Bank of Bombay at a cost of over two lakhs. They are still in possession of his heirs, but the circumstance is unique, as the native property in Bombay may now be counted by crores, the English by lakhs. In fact, nowadays Europeans rarely acquire a permanent interest in land in Bombay. English property is more in vogue in Calcutta, but even there the same process has been going on, and English interest in houses and lands is being rapidly supplanted by a large and extending native proprietary.

The population of the Island of Bombay by the census of 1881 was 773,196; cutting off that of Parel, Sivri, Mahim, and Sion, leaves for the city 717,151. The island is twenty-two square miles in extent. Appropriating ten square miles for the space occupied by the city, gives 71,715 to the square mile.* What would Warden, who wrote in 1814, have said to this?

He estimates 11,250 to the square mile, and then adds, "An almost incredible population; in England the computation falls

* A fact which has, no doubt, something to do with the very heavy mortuary returns of the present sickly season.

short of 200 to every square mile." * The present population of Bombay is quite as great as was that of Scotland at the time Aungier's Convention was signed, and now exceeds by two hundred thousand souls the population of London at the same time or during the closing years of the reign of Charles II.

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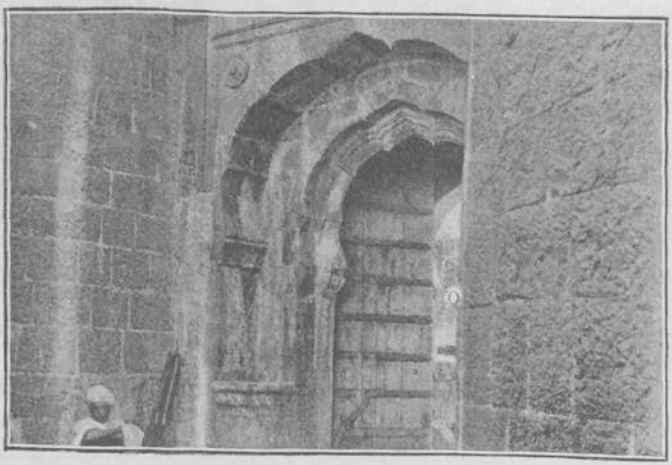
* "Mr. J. A. Baines estimates there are 777 people to the acre in some quarters of Bombay city, and in 39 per cent. of the whole population the density is double that of the most thickly populated parts of London."—*Imperial Census of* 1881.

"The density of London according to the census of 1881 was 51 to the acre, Glasgow 84. Localities are not few where single acres in Glasgow contain 1000 people."—*Century Magazine*, March 1890.



THE NANA GATE, SINGARH.

CHAPTER VIII.

POONA AND THE PESHWAHS.

A Retrospect.

"Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not wisely enquire concerning this."—*Ecclesiastes* vii. 10.

WHEN Sir James Mackintosh died those who knew him best and were most capable of judging said that he was the most learned man of his age. During the present century we have had living among us—one great general, one or two celebrated statesmen, and one divine, *ultimus Romanorum*, and many eminent men in almost every department of human labour, but never before or since have we had a man of so much learning, and endowed with such a gift of communicating it to others

He arrived in Bombay in May, 1804, and resided here seven years.

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On several occasions in his correspondence he calls Bombay "the most obscure corner of India." This surely could not have been the case when we find Lord Nelson (just five years previously), a few days after the battle of the Nile, and while still suffering from a wound in his head, sitting down to pen to the Governor of Bombay the following lines :—

"I have Buonaparte's despatches now before me. Bombay, if they can get there, I know is their first object, but I trust the Almighty God in Egypt will overthrow these pests of the human race.

"Dated mouths of the Nile, 9th Aug. 1798."

Bombay was then a city of 150,000 inhabitants, and so great a centre of military operations was it that Mackintosh himself mentions the fact that it contained an army of 25,000 men.

Sir James paid a visit to Poona in 1805. When he arrived at Khandala he felt, as every man has done, a sense of relief from the unmitigated heat in the plains below. It was the same old road (now remodelled by Malcolm) by which so many European pilgrims have found their way to the Dekhan during the last two hundred years. And Berkeley, in a range of two hundred miles of the Sahyadri Hills, could find no better opening for the railway than through the gorges and rocks of this Bor Ghat.

He was now at the watershed. It is recorded that a traveller near the sources of the Amazon ascended a spur of the Andes and descried therefrom the waters of the Pacific.

A similar phenomenon may be witnessed near Lanawli, where you may see the Bombay group of islands, and the Western Ocean shining like a silver band of light beyond them, while adjacent to you is one of the sources of a great Indian river. This is the Indrayeni which becomes the Bhima, then the Krishná, but call it by what name you please, every drop of surplus rain which falls beyond Lanawli goes into the Bay of Bengal. But we proceed to Poona.

Mackintosh was presented to Baji Rao (the man who died at Bithur in 1851, the last of the Peshwahs), then in the ninth year of his reign, and he afterwards made an extended tour in the Dekhan. His journals are exceedingly instructive as to the condition of the Dekhan question, and as to the rule of the

Peshwahs, and we would advise any malcontent who is not satisfied with things as they are to ponder well his "firm conviction that the first blessing to be wished to the inhabitants of India was that a civilised conqueror might rescue them from their native oppressors, and that they would find better masters in the worst Europeans than in the best of their own countrymen," and he will discover that his verdict is framed in strict accordance with the facts of history.

For in truth the Peshwahs, excepting perhaps Balaji, had never done anything for the advancement of mankind. To have large feet and long arms and not to be able to sign your name were qualities of the first mark among the Peshwahs. To see a man dragged to death at the foot of an elephant was their amusement. There is not one book, one piece of architecture that can be called great, or even one notable work of utility, that we can remember except the Kampoli Tank, and that was constructed by Nana Fadnavis, their Prime Minister.* The Khatraj aqueduct still conveys some water for six miles to Poona and fills an artificial lake at the base of Parbati, which would do no discredit to a second-rate German watering place.

Baji Rao planted a million of mango trees. His father, Raghunath Rao, built a lofty tower on Malabar Hill in which he lived in 1776 when Poona was too hot for him. But it has long since disappeared. The remains of the Palace of Parbati and the Budhwar are very meagre specimens of architecture; the one was struck by fire from heaven in 1817, the other was lighted up by the torch of an incendiary in 1879. A solitary gateway is all that remains of the Somwar Palace, and a few pagodas complete the list. There is an architecture in the Dekhan which piled up the battlements of Singarh and Purandhar. But the men who crowned the scarps of Maharashtra with curtain loophole and embrasure were of a previous generation. Why the Peshwahs did nothing in the way of architecture it is difficult to understand, except on the supposition that the Maratha Government was made to be taken and destroyed, for

* Khopawli in Karjat Taluka of Thana district, wrongly written "Campoli" in our older maps. "The tank was constructed by the father of Nana Fadnavis about 1752."—Price's *Memorials*, 1839.

there never was a city more favourably placed than Poona to profit by skill and design in architecture, and none, we venture to say, has done less by its opportunities. Some of those works which have delighted so many generations were staring them in the face right and left. The kings of Bijapur had left them a dome larger than St. Sophia or the Pantheon, and the Sultans of Ahmadabad minarets which surpass those of Cairo in beauty of outline and richness of detail.* There was certainly no want of money, and money then had twice the purchasing power it has at present. The sack of Golkonda alone in 1687 netted to Aurangzeb in hard cash 6¾ krors, a sum that would pay the cost of all the buildings, private and public, in the Elphinstone Circle and Esplanade of Bombay, with the fee-simple thereof. The question has been asked why Aurangzeb did nothing for Poona. He had come of a family great in architecture. His father had erected in Agra one of the architectural glories of the world, a perfect "dream in stone and lime," and it is the mother of Aurangzeb whose bones are ensepulchred in the Taj Mahall. To whom much is given, of him much shall be required.

He was essentially a man of the Dekhan, if anything can make a Dekhany man. He was born at Dohad (while his father, Shahjahan, was Subadhar of the Dekhan) in the Panch Mahals, died at Ahmadnagar, and was buried at Rauza, near Daulatabad, the key of the Dekhan, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day. He spent the last twenty years of his life in the Dekhan. He had been at, if not in, Poona. He had executed the son of Sivaji within 16 miles of Poona.† His grandson had died in Poona and he had changed the name of it.‡ A wife is buried at Bijapur, another wife at Aurangabad, and a daughter at Begampur, and his youngest and favourite son was slain in battle at Haidarabad in the Dekhan.

* *Ante* p. 28. Fergusson's *Indian and Eastern Architecture.*

† At Tuiapur, a village 16 miles north-east from Poona, at the junction of the Indrayeni with the Bhima. The Indrayeni is the river which the traveller sees from the railway on his left at Khadkale *en route* to Poona, conspicuous enough during the monsoon (see *ante*, p. 59).

‡ "Prince Mu'in-al Mulk, son of Prince Kám Bakhsh, died here, so the name of Poona was changed to Muhiábád."—*Khafi Khan*, in Elliot's *Historians of India*, vol. viii., 373.

The truth is, he looked upon Poona as the home of that "hell dog Sivaji," "the mountain rat," and his infernal Mawalis who embittered his existence and hastened the downfall of his empire.

To bribe Singarh, to batter Purandhar, to escalade Torna, to knock down (or attempt it) every Maratha fort in his way was his meat and drink. He had no time to build. If he erected anything it has fallen to pieces, and Torna and Rajgarh are as gaunt and weird as on the day they defied the "Lord of the World." Useless as they are—

> "Time that doth all things else impair,
> Still makes them flourish strong and fair."

Poona is described in these days as "situated on a treeless plain." Not altogether on a treeless plain now, as any one may satisfy himself by ascending the heights of Khadki * or the tower of Ganeshkhind. Poona on a treeless plain. So are some of the most renowned cities of the world: Damascus from Lebanon has been compared to an emerald. But who cares about Poona, the Nira, the Krishna, the Muta and the Mula? And yet Abana and Pharpar themselves do not fertilise so much land nor feed so many people.

Men have raved for ages about Damascus, but given a history from the days of Abraham and a few gilded domes and minarets, and Poona from Singarh, just after the monsoon, might vie in beauty with Damascus from Mount Lebanon. And there is no want of roses.

Seventy years ago you might travel a whole day without meeting a man, woman, or child on the high road to Poona. It was the days of Shamgar:—"The high ways were unoccupied and the travellers walked through byeways," and you might go over a thousand miles of country without seeing a detached dwelling or an unwalled village. You can still see marks of this insecurity stamped in uneffaceable lines on the broadlands of the Dekhan. Why is the ground better cultivated at a distance from roads? Why are the dwellings of substantial men like the meanest huts on the side you approach

* *Bombay Postal Directory*,—formerly, and often still, misspelled Kirkee.

them? Simply to evade the Pindari and the freebooter—the custom having survived long after the object has passed away.* Seventy years ago more rent could be obtained for land in the secluded glens of the Nîra, than at the gates of Poona, where it was worthless, the executive being insufficient to protect an occupant from plunder and devastation.

Life and property had no security.† Seventy years ago there was not a court of judicature nor a judge in the whole Maratha dominions.‡

Education like their alphabet at school was not only written in but built upon sand, and there seemed a curse on their social system from its basement to its topmost storey.

"The havildar"—we adopt the Muslim names—"plundered the villager and was himself plundered by the Zamindar,—the Zamindar by the Faujdar, the Faujdar by his Nawab or Diwan, and the Diwan by the Peshwah. The mechanic only worked to the measure of his necessities. If he saved money it was taken from him. If he possessed skill he was seized by some men in authority and made to work night and day. When this gradation was interrupted it meant bloodshed."

Sivaji when importuned as to the condition of the common people said with contempt, "give them a *dhoti*, it is enough," and the historian of the Marathas has left this sentence on the proudest period of their dominion, a "system of plunder and violence had been universal for a period exceeding the life of man."

The age of Sivaji has been glorified by ignorant and designing men, and certain it is that in his time, no man or woman suffered death for religion—that the mosque was inviolate and the *Qoran* respected,—facts which redound to his eternal credit, at a time when toleration was neither practised nor understood in civilised Europe. But on the "condition of the people" question, with which we have now to do, let us by way of

* The Village Tower, specially in the Bijapur district, from which could be observed Pindari, or mounted robber, still exists (1890).

† In 1792 Price saw a case of Sati from the windows of the British Residency at the Sangam, on the opposite bank of the Muta.—Price's *Memorials*, 1839.

‡ We do not forget the Panchayats.

illustration, compare it with the worst period of misgovernment in the history of Scotland. We make bold to say that the Scotch Covenanter of the reign of Charles II. would have stood aghast at the spectacle, not uncommon in the Dekhan, of a man ploughing with a loaded matchlock slung behind his back. And of John Brown of Priesthill, the Ayrshire Carrier—if the Dekhan could have produced such a man what would have been the verdict? "Died beside his own packhorse of sheer vexation at the tolls!" Imposts were heaped up until they doubled the original cost of merchandise, and political martyrs fell in numbers, resisting fiscal iniquity and oppression.

There was a proverb in Sivaji's time among his people: "*Dekhan is the bread of military men.*" Exactly so: the bread of Swashbucklers and Budmashes. It seems as far as we can make out to have been the bread of nobody else.

But it had been nearly the same from untold ages. The earliest European traveller in the Dekhan, of whom we have any knowledge 400 years since, and strange to say a Russian, notes "the people are very miserable; they walk on *foot* and walk fast." This last is a straw that lets us know how the wind blew over these Dekhany plains in the olden times, and nothing has survived the wreck of forts and mud built huts equal to it in importance.*

The well disposed were anxious to get to their destination and the intended victim was hurrying from his pursuer. Of some it might be said "their feet are swift to shed blood" and of all "the way of peace have they not known." It was, indeed, a cursed régime, where of the "*all* things" of which Adam Smith says "labour is the first price and original purchase-money," the only *one* thing resultant to rich and poor was a life of extremest misery and oppression.

The system affected alike rich and poor. In 1798 the richest shroffs of Poona were tortured to death, one of the most influential of their number expiring on a heated gun. There

* "'Good people never hurry themselves; only bad people, such as thieves and robbers, while carrying on their depredations,' were words constantly repeated to us by both Mongols and Tanguts."—General Prejevalski, *On Central Asia, Asiatic Review*, October, 1887.

are men still living who recollect from 1826 to 1830, so far did its baneful influence extend into the present century. In these years Dhanraj Seth, Tarachand Sitáram, and other shroffs of Bombay, Poona, and Surat had 64 of their money carriers murdered by Thags and their property carried away. We need not wonder that all confidence between man and man was lost. Maratha in Maratha, Maratha in Englishman, Englishman in Maratha, it was all the same.

The culminating point was reached in 1804 when the Duke of Wellington penned these memorable words :—

"From the Peshwah down to the lowest cooly in the bazaar in Poona there is not a Maratha in whom it is possible to rely that he will perform any engagement upon which he enters unless urged to the performance by his fears."

This is all the Peshwahs can show after a rule of over one hundred years. This is the judgment of a great man on the tottering Empire whose Dekhany horses had once quenched their thirst in the waters of the Indus* and the Hugli, and whose right to exact tribute had been acknowledged on the banks of the Kolarun.

One word—a praiseworthy word it used to be among the Marathas—is stamped on the forehead of almost every Peshwah, and that word is *deceit*. Their rule began in deceit and ended in deceit. It began with Sivaji's murder of Afzul Khan and ended amid the flames of the British Residency at the Sangam.

It dates from the first day of their existence in 1656 when that Master of Duplicity, Sivaji, decked the brow of the first Maratha Peshwah with the name, to the last day of their sovereignty in 1817, when from a window in the Palace of Parbati, Baji Rao saw the battle of Khirki (Khadki) with which their dominion passed away.

Their fate was strange. Balaji Baji Rao died after hearing the fatal message from the field of Panipat in 1761—"2 *pearls dissolved, 27 gold mohurs lost, copper incalculable.*"†

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* "Favourite expression with the natives. I heard an old native of the Bengal Lancers remark, 'Long is the arm of the Sarkar, for I have watered my horse in the Tien-tsin river in China, and to-day in the Amu Daria!'"—Major Yate's *Northern Afghanistan*, 1888.

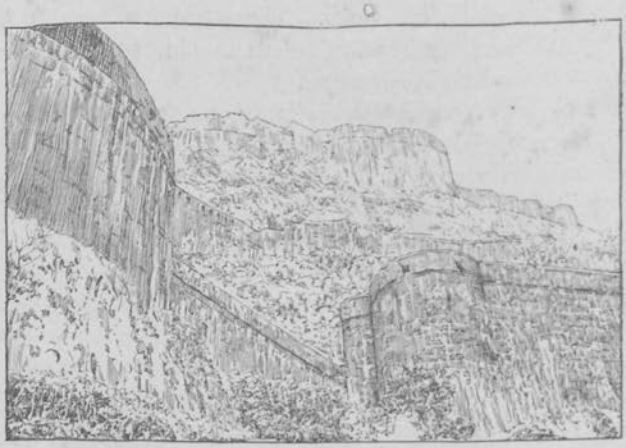
† Generals, officers, soldiers.

Baji Rao died an exile in our own day. Of his two immediate predecessors one committed suicide by throwing himself from the top of his castle in Poona. The other was murdered, it is said, by Baji Rao's father Raghunath Rao in the same place.

But we return to Mackintosh.

For a time he lived in Tarala (a Sanskrit compound denoting Palm Green) Mazagon. From this bungalow there is a magnificent view all round—a perfect panorama of Bombay—land and sea, and it is now, we may add, resplendent with the green and gold of the Honourable Byramjee Jeejeebhoy. But from 1804 to 1808 this distinguished man lived at Government House, Parel, Governor Duncan having given it up to him. It was here he penned his brilliant correspondence with those celebrated men, Dugald Stewart, Francis Horner, Lord Holland, John Allen, Robert Hall, and Flaxman. This was what he modestly, but elegantly expressed as reviving the spirit of ancient Indian commerce by exchanging the drugs of India for the sterling money of Europe. It was to this house he asked the great pulpit orator Robert Hall to share his retirement and come and live with him. In its rooms he read Milton, Addison, and Virgil to his children, and on its verandahs and broad walks night after night, he pondered on philosophy and meditated on his contributions to the History of England.

Doubtless in after years his mind often wandered back to what had once been the centre of his affections and household gods, from the day he wrote his first letter, dated Parel "in the most obscure corner of India, but *forget me not, forget me not,*" to the entry in his journal which records his last dinner party there, when the words "*poor Parel*" were wrung from his lips and the scene closed upon him for ever.



LOGARH FORTRESS.

CHAPTER IX.

KANHOJI ANGRIA AND THE PIRATES OF WESTERN INDIA.

"Whoever possessed size, strength, wildness and fierceness was called a son of Poseidon, the pirates and sea-robbers being reckoned among them."—Nössell's *Mythology, Greek and Roman*, 1885.

"I fear thee, Ancient Mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand;
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.
I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—Coleridge.

EARLY NAVIGATION.

WAS the Arab or the Hindu first in the race of navigation? Which was the main agent in placing India *en rapport* with Europe? Arabia has no timber: the architecture of the houses and the building of the ships on the Red Sea coasts, are clearly of Indian origin,* and yet the earliest notices which have come

* Schweinfurth, 1873.

down to us are of Arab sailors. Nay more, the names of every spar or piece of gear, rope, or tackle in an Indian craft, from the dhow to the bandar-boat, are all Arabic.* Both have certainly had a hand in it. Though the Hindu hates the *kala-pani*, or black water, India doubtless contributed the timber, iron, and sails for the first vessels that navigated the Indian Ocean. The Arabs, settled from time immemorial on the coasts of Western India, may have built and manned the ships; but we must not forget the *lascar* and the place he still holds, or the fact that it was a native of Gogho† who piloted Vasco da Gama into Calicut, and that a Hindu pirate directed the point of attack made by Albuquerque on the city of Goa. At all events, the subject of this sketch was a Hindu.

The native craft on these coasts have remained very much the same for centuries, perhaps for thousands of years. W. S. Lindsay, who navigated a small vessel down the Persian Gulf, noticed that everything nautical was as in the days of Nearchus;‡ and if you look into the Museum at Bulak, you will see that the silver models of ancient Egypt are the counterparts of the buggalows which now sail on the Red Sea,§ or of those in Bombay Harbour. The Indian Ocean, as far as we know, has never been without ships, and apparently never without pirates, for the dawn of history no sooner opens upon us than we meet with them on the coasts of Western India. Almost every traveller, both before and after the Christian era, notices them. The greatest of them all in either ancient or modern times was the lord of

ANGRIA'S KULABA,

called Kanhoji, who had his dwelling-place twenty miles from Bombay, and was born at Angarwadi, from which he took his name. The period embraced by the history of the Angrias, from the first notice of the family in 1690 to the year 1840,

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* Anthony Vaz, Marine Interpreter, 1879.
† Gogho at this time was almost a Musalman town.—*Bombay Gazetteer.*
‡ W. S. Lindsay, *History of Shipping*, 1875.
§ See also *Laborde*, 1836.

when for want of a legitimate descendant their territory lapsed to the British Government, is one hundred and fifty years. They once held a great slice of land in our immediate neighbourhood,—at their *acmé* 150 miles in length by 30 to 60 miles in breadth. Before the close of their existence their revenue had dwindled down to three lakhs of rupees. They have a very respectable genealogical tree, counting about ten rulers, and mustering seven generations, full of Kanhojis, Manajis, and Raghujis.* There is no obscurity whatever about their origin or their disappearance from the page of history. The first man of the name was Tukaji, who served in the

FLEET OF SIVAJI.

It was a great mercy that Sivaji was not a seaman, otherwise he might have swept the sea, as he did the land, with the besom of destruction. Even as it was he was very nearly doing it. He liked the sea, but the sea did not like him. So strong was his love of the salt-sea wave that when a young man he took up his abode at Mahar, on the Bankot Creek, and resided there four years; and farther down the coast, at Malwan, he is said to have worked with his own hands at the fortifications of Sindudurg. His foot-prints are still shown here, not on "the sands of time," but in the solid rock; and the "erring brother," meaning no harm, worships him as an avatar;—silver mask for every day; gold mask for *bara din* or big days.† Poor Sivaji, who is now worshipped as a god, was sea-sick like ordinary mortals; and though he arrayed himself in red fez with jewelled

* Here they are, with dates as far as known to us:—

Tukaji	1689
Kanhoji	1689 to 1728
Sakoji	1728 „ 1734
Sambhaji	1734 „ 1735
Manaji I.	1735 „ 1759
Raghuji	1759 „ 1793
Baburao	1799 „ 1813
Manaji II.	1813 „ 1817
Raghuji	1817 „ 1838
Kanhoji, a few months old, died	1839

† Nairn's *Konkan*, 1875.

tassel, a big green wave off the *Chaul Kadu* would have no mercy on him, but bowl him over, hubble-hubble and all, into the lee-scuppers; and then—bilge-water and *mal de mer*.

> "The victor overthrown;
> The arbiter of others' fates,
> A suppliant for his own."

On the land Sivaji was a robber; on the sea and sea coast he was a pirate, and his achievements in this last department were by no means contemptible. Here are his chief maritime exploits in historical order. He got Dabul and its dependencies from Aurangzeb; occupied several neglected forts on the coast for purposes of piracy; opened batteries against Janjira; built Rairi, Malwan, Suvarndurg, and Vijyadurg, and prepared vessels at all those places; made Kulaba, twenty miles from Bombay,* his principal arsenal, from which he effected considerable captures; commanded, once only, his fleet of 85 frigates (30 to 150 tons) and 3 great ships (3 masted vessels). This was when he sacked Barselor; and six years afterwards, when his fleet had grown into 160 ships, by way of naval demonstration and "show off," he brought it round to the mouth of Back Bay to let us see what stuff he was made of. He captured a large Portuguese ship off Daman; he took Karwar; refused our ambassadors at his coronation to treat on the question of wrecks; and finally, the year before he died, fortified Khenery, so that from it, like another Tenedos, he might watch the Bombay shipping before it entered our Hellespont. We give these details to show the hereditary training of the Angrias. It was the sea that made them, and without the sea they never would have been heard of in history.

THE COMMERCE ASSAILED BY THE PIRATES

in the beginning of the eighteenth century was important. We must not suppose that the Indian trade was a small trade in

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* Visited Kulaba Island and Fort on 30th December, 1883, sailed to it, and being low water, walked back over the sands.

those days. For bulk and value the commerce that now floats on Indian waters is beyond all precedent, but we suspect from all we can learn that India then monopolised as large a proportion of the gross trade of the world as she does at present. There were ships in those days. Alexander Hamilton says, "My ship drew 21 feet of water. I saw a dow at Mocha: her mast was one piece as large as the mainmast of a 74."

There were merchants also, and money then had thrice the purchasing power it has at present. "Vorge Vora, of Surat, was reputed the richest merchant in the world: estate worth 80 laks." * "I was acquainted with Abdul Gafour," says Hamilton: "he drove a trade equal to the East India Company. When he died the Court had a fling at his heirs, and got about a million sterling from his estate." † "The honest factors of the Company, who wore wigs and breeches, feared God and worshipped star-pagodas." ‡ Child left his widow £100,000, and the Oxindens § founded the baronetcy of Dene Court, in the county of Kent, which survives to this day.‖ The words of Adam Smith, in 1776, are worthy of a passing thought: "The East Indies offer a market both for the manufactures of Europe and for the gold and silver as well as for the other productions of America, greater and more extensive

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* Escaliot's letter to Sir Thomas Browne, 1664.

† A. Hamilton in Pinkerton's *Travels*.

‡ Wheeler.

§ In the delightful correspondence of the Oxenden family, preserved among the MSS. of the British Museum, the following epistle, in clear "print" handwriting, occurs:—

"Dear Heart, I am heartilie sorry, that some occasions have hindered mee, from coming to see you, all this while; I desire you to impute my absence, not to want of loue, but leasure: & I beseech you, to bee assured, that there lieues not a more constant, faithfull, and affectionate lover, upon the face of the whole earth, then I am, of your most worthie SELFE, whose VERTUE and BEAVTY is such, that I haue Uerie good cavse to belejue there liues not a second, to bee paralell'd w'h you. I haue here sent you a small token, wh I desire you to accept of; I haue allsoe sent you a copie of uerses, made by him, who is, The admirer, & adorer of your djvjne beautje; HENRJE OXJNDEN. Barham: Feb.: 26: 1641. *An° Ætat: tuæ.* 17."

The initial letter is beautified after the monkish manner, the globe with its sea and land, on which the *D* is placed, being probably the pictorial analogu to the protestation in the love-letter about "the face of the whole earth." Unfortunately there is no address to give a clue to this paragon of virtue and beauty, aged seventeen, by whose years the date is so quaintly fixed.—T.S.

‖ Anderson, 1857; *ante*, p. 4, note *.

than both Europe and America put together." * Some of the merchants in India hoarded their savings, and others spent them with ostentation. Of the Banya brokers of Surat it was observed, "They are each worth 15 to 30 lakhs, and spend Rs. 3000 to Rs. 4000 per annum;† and on the other hand, the Emperor Jahangir told Sir Thomas Roe, our ambassador in 1615, after he had delivered his gifts from the King of England, "Your presents have been inferior to those a merchant you have seen here has brought." ‡

WHAT HE COST US.

Our readers would not thank us for a history of Kanhoji Angria's exploits. Each of the three great European nations in Indian waters had a shy at him and his family, and each came off second best. Though he died in 1728, § his piratical instincts were faithfully transmitted to his posterity. Between 1724 and 1754, the English lost 2 ships of war, French 1, Dutch 3. We sometimes joined hands with the Portuguese, then we tried company with the Marathas, and again with the Sidi to batter down his forts, the ramparts of which still frown from the great sea walls of Western India. We hammered away at Geria, and our cannon-balls might as well have been made up of cotton-wool or saw-dust for all the execution they did. We had to keep a special fleet to act against him, which cost us £50,000 a year. When Angria took the "Success" it involved us in a war with his family that lasted 38 years. It was then that he wrote impudent, but clever letters to the Governor of Bombay, for he could write, and was not like Sivaji, in this respect. In 1739 the merchants of Bombay dug a ditch round the town, in case he should come and measure his strength with us at our own doors. And it was no uncommon thing

* *Wealth of Nations.*
† Ovington, 1689.
‡ Roe's *Embassy.*
§ After 1724 he threw off his allegiance to the Marathas. "It is said that he cut off the noses of their ambassadors who came to demand the tribute he had agreed to pay to the Saha Rajah."—Orme, vol. i., p, 410.

long afterwards for our merchants, on the arrival of the fleet from China, or elsewhere, to present the commander of the ship of war which acted as convoy with a purse of 500 sovereigns.

HIS CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT.

But the most startling feat of Angria was his march to, and capture of, the fort of Logarh when he took the Peshwah prisoner, and prepared to advance on Satara, in 1713.

Passing Narel on your way to Poona, you may see on your left a fort, conical in shape, twelve miles away, Kotligarh,* a small Daulatabad in appearance, and having also a spiral passage like it, cut inside and *through* the rock, and some old guns lying about it. Further on, beyond Karjat, as you entered the Khandala Ghat, and still on your left, across the gloomy ravine of the Ulas, towers aloft Rajmachi, the Royal Terrace, from which this sea-eagle looked down and scanned the Konkan plains. Still further on, but now on your right at Lanawli, is Logarh, the kiladar of which, Dandu Pant, was asked by the Duke of Wellington in 1803 to "come down."

He had not been down in the plain for thirty years. It appears that Angria held Kotligarh and Rajmachi for twenty-one years, from 1713 to 1734, when he presented these forts to the Peshwah. They commanded the highway to Poona. Satara was in a state of great trepidation, and sent Balaji Vishwanath, the ablest man she had, with an army against Angria. Vishwanath turned his cheek to the smiter, and the smiter extorted good terms on releasing the Peshwah, being guaranteed in the possession of ten forts and sixteen fortified places. And now lo and behold, Kanhoji Angria is made *Surkhail* or Admiral of the Fleet, for the Raja of Satara; and Vishwanath, who made the treaty on behalf of the Bhonsles, was for his services on this important occasion created Peshwah, and became founder of the dynasty of which, in our own day, Baji Rao was the last

* We are indebted for these facts to Mr. Cousens, of the Archæological Survey, also that it is called by the natives *Kotli-kila*, and lies twelve miles N. E. of Karjat.

descendant. We thus see that Angria was not altogether a sea-monster. Sivaji at sea and Angria on land forsook their native element. Angria's country was, of course, the pirate coast where every *chokra*, as soon as he could float a mimic fleet of sedge and bulrush, or paddle his own *tony* * in his native creek, kept a sharp look-out for "flotsam and jetsam." His revenue was the "cotton of the sea," the "chouth † of the sea," and the grist rolled on his rock-bound coast by white and stormy waves. But he could penetrate far inland, and take forts as well as ships. He was a great land-shark, or *magar*, if you will, who came up out of the water and strode across the land, eating every green thing for his mere diversion, "Behold Behemoth, he eateth grass as an ox." ‡ The Angrias were not, however, to have it all their own way. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small;" so the

VENGEANCE

which seemed to sleep for forty years came upon them at last. The British Government, which had been always anxious to root out the nests of piracy which lay along the Maratha coasts, in 1755 commissioned Commodore James to do the work; and he did it effectually at Suvarndurg, § a few miles south of the Bankot river, taking the four forts of which it consisted without the loss of a single man. For its day, or any day, this was

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* Properly *donī*, a Dakhani word, applied to a skiff or barge.—B.

† Marathi—*chauth*, "one-fourth part," "revenue."

‡ We cannot remember any instances of pirates carrying on their depredations on land, except Paul Jones' on the Earl of Selkirk's silver plate. We notice it to observe that it was faithfully returned to his lordship in due form. We may here tack on the first verse of an old ballad :—

"You have heard o' Paul Jones,
Have you not? Have you not?
And you've heard o' Paul Jones,
Have you not?
He came to Selkirk Ha',
Did he not? Did he not?"
&c., &c.

§ *Durg*, a fortified hill or rock.

a great naval success, and the Commodore was made a baronet.*

On Shooter's Hill, London, there is a monument, erected to his memory by his widow from the booty, which recounts this exploit. As its elevation is 140 feet higher than St. Paul's, it is seen from afar, and still retains the name of Lady James' Monument. So much for Suvarndurg. In 1756 Admiral Watson and Lieut.-Colonel Clive, whose great name appears in this history, captured Geria, or Vijayadurg, 170 miles south of Bombay, and seized Tulaji Angria with his wife and family, and all the plunder, amounting to ten lakhs of rupees, which he had taken from the East India Company.† A curious incident lately occurred at Geria,‡ when some English visitors

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* He married a Miss Goddard (see Eliza Draper, Chap. XXXI.), but of his first wife this is the record. "Soon after his arrival Mr. James married, and that an honourable testimony to the obscurity of his origin did not stand in the way of his achieving distinction, any more than it did in the case of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and many other famous English Admirals, it may be mentioned that his wife kept a public house in the now classic region of Wapping, known as the 'Red Cow.'"—Low, *History of the Indian Navy*, 1877.

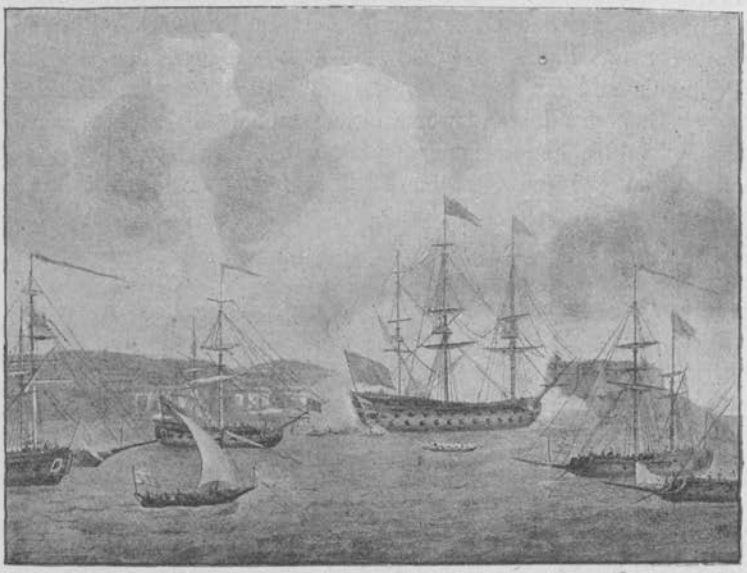
Her tomb is in Surat in the same mausoleum as the black marble slab erected to Brabazon Ellis. She died in 1755, which I think is the date recorded on her tombstone on the right as you go in.

"James was the son of a miller near Haverfordwest, in Pembrokeshire vernacular a *cursed* boy. According to tradition he stole a gamecock from Johnstone Hall and had to fly the country. Mr. John Pavin Phillips, of Haverfordwest, says his first wife was a widow. His children were by the second wife. His daughter Eliz. Anne married Thomas Boothby Parkins, 1st Baron Rancliffe. The youngest of Parkins' daughters married first in 1817 the Marquis de Choiseul, and second in 1824 Auguste Jules Armand Marie, Prince de Polignac, Minister of Charles X."—*Notes and Queries*, September 28, 1861.

† Low's *Indian Navy*, 1877.

‡ Giria, Geriah or Gheriah (from *gir*—a hill), the name, said to have been current among the Musalmans and employed by European writers of last century, for Vijayadurg (*Vizidroog*), a fortress on a rocky promontory, at the entrance of a fine harbour formed by the mouth of the Vaghotna river, on the Konkan coast about 170 miles south of Bombay. It was fortified in 1662 by Sivaji. In A.D. 1707 Kanhoji Angria established an independent sovereignty here, and possessed a numerous piratical fleet. On 13th Feb., 1756, it was attacked by Admiral Watson with three ships of the line, one ship of 50 guns, and one of 44, with some armed vessels of the Bombay Marine, amounting in all to fourteen sail, having on board 800 Europeans and 1000 native soldiers, under Clive (just returned from Europe with the rank of Colonel). Angria's fleet was totally destroyed in a few hours the place carried and much plunder obtained.—B.

including, we believe, a late Governor of Bombay, were confronted by a venerable native, who gravely averred that he



WATSON AND CLIVE'S STORMING OF GERIA.

himself was a spectator of this great action. This throws Washington's nurse completely into the shade.

We come now to speak of a painful subject,

THE ENGLISH PIRATE.

The English Government in Bombay had to deal with all kinds of pirates—Somali, Sidi, and Sanganian;* but worse than any of these, she had to bring down her right arm on those of her own flesh and blood who desecrated the name and the honour of England on the Indian Ocean. The Maratha pirate was bad, the English worse, for he had learned more and

* *Ante*, p. 57, note *.

profited a great deal less. The trade was new to the one and hereditary to the other. Kidd* and Evory and Green are the names of some of these ruffians, who committed robbery and murder on the high seas, and the scope and duration of their crimes far exceeded those of any individual attack on life and property on land. Their sweep was wide as the Indian Peninsula and adjacent seas, and imperilled the existence of every English man and woman thereon, as well as the condition of future generations. Quick work, therefore, was made of their authors and abettors. Kidd, who was never in Bombay, but not far from it, was hung in chains at Tilbury, and his goods confiscated to Greenwich Hospital.

Green, "afterwards hanged in Scotland," says Hamilton, noticing that he came on board his ship "very much overtaken with drink." Evory† fled to Barbadoes, and five of his accomplices were hanged. A Persian scholar ‡ of this period, whose works have been recently translated, lifts the veil from the horrors which accompanied his capture of the big pilgrim ship "Ganji-sawai." This mildest manner'd man who ever scuttled

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* "Born at Greenock, Scotland, executed May 12, 1701."—*Notes and Queries.*

There's a fine old song about him all to the tune of—

"My name was Captain Kid } *bis.*
As I sailed, as I sailed. }
My name was Captain Kid,
And so wickedly I did.
God's laws I did forbid } *bis.*
As I sailed, as I sailed." }

And then it tells how he gained the devil's good graces by burying the Bible :—

"I had the Bible in my hand,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
And I buried it in the sand,
As I sailed."

Washington Irving's *Tales of a Traveller.*

† "Evory or Avory died at Bideford, in England. He had been to America and brought his diamonds (*loot* from the 'big ship') to sell them in Bristol. He was 'wanted,' fled, got nothing out of them."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, November 1890.

‡ Khafi Khan.

ship or cut a throat was, of course, sent to Gehenna by the Muslim, and to the hell of heated and burning copper, one of the twenty-seven hells of the Hindus.* The English pirate rarely reached home with his ill-gotten plunder. Allan Ramsay writes in 1722 :—

"Much dawted by the gods is he
Who to the Indian Main
Successful ploughs the wally sea,
And safe returns again."

Not much fondled by gods or men was the pirate in his native *gaum.* The finger was pointed at him as the man who had sold his soul to the devil for as much gold as filled his boot.† The English pirate was the principal cause of Child's war, which cost £440,000. Aurangzeb would not see in those piratical acts anything but the action of our accredited agents. Hence he told Sir William Norris, our ambassador, if the plunder was not redeemed, he knew the way he came, and might go "back again."

England did not rest satisfied until she had hunted out the last of her degenerate children and amply redeemed their follies by the great part she took in

THE POLICE OF THE INDIAN SEAS.

There is not one fact in Bombay history of which we may feel more justly proud than the imperishable services of the Indian Navy,‡ from the day that Hawkins stood before the Emperor Jahangir at Agra in 1609 to the abolition of the

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"Dukes, lords I have buried and squires of fame,
And people of every degree,
But of all the fine jobs that came in my way
A fun'ral like this for me.
This is the job,
That fills the fob,
O! the burying a Nabob for me."
Old Song, Chambers' *Book of Days*, vol. i., 331.

† Skipper's boots, specially those of pirates in those days, were large.

‡ "Half a dozen men-of-war that were built in Bombay in the infancy of the present century, are still afloat."—*Chambers' Journal*, June 1881, p. 294.

service in 1863, when its flag was hauled down and it ceased to exist.

It is true that what we attempted we did not always succeed in, but we ultimately attained the object we had in view, which was no less than giving a safe throughgate to the vessels of all nations by making peaceable men of these wild marauders of the sea. The suppression of piracy and slavery on the coasts of Arabia, the Persian Gulf, and Kathiawar is a history by itself, and that history belongs to the Indian Navy. Why is it to-day that the Indian Ocean is as safe for the vessels of every flag as the Solent or the Medway? We may well enquire the reason why. And why do men sleep on the way from Aden to Bombay, for they did not always do so? It was that the course initiated by the Government of Bombay against the Maratha pirates, by Oxinden and his successors, was followed up by the brilliant exploits of James, of Watson, and of Clive against the Angrias, until the pirates were driven out for ever and the entire sea left clear and uninterrupted to all who chose to enter it. Without this, of what use would be your steam navigation, your Suez Canal, and electric telegraph? With the pirates, Waghorn and the Overland route would have been an idle dream. Security was the first element; speed the second.

THE CRUELTIES OF THE PIRATES.

What men suffered and endured at the hands of the pirates it were vain to enumerate.* Much is known, much more is unknown, and it is, perhaps, as well it should be so for the credit of our human nature. It is a blood-stained Book of

* Having amassed a very large fortune, and being desirous of returning to his native land, Mr. Curgenven, an East Indian merchant (circa 1724), set about arranging his affairs. As the variety of his engagements rendered this an operation of greater length than he had anticipated, he sent his wife to England by herself, and determined to follow with all his wealth as soon as possible. About a year or so later he succeeded in winding up his affairs and chartered two vessels, one of which he loaded with the greater part of his rich effects, and with the residue of his property he himself embarked in the other. He had not, however, sailed many days when, by some accident, the

Martyrs at the best:—Sawbridge and his crew tortured and put on shore at Aden to die of thirst;* Petit, a member of Council, leaping from the burning ship which he defended to the last, only to be carried off to Gujarat, where he died a miserable death;† Rasalgarh, near Mahabaleshwar, was the prison-house of an English officer who was captured by Anandrao while carrying despatches to the Court of Directors.‡

We need not, however, ransack the pages of history. Our own time furnishes us with an example. It seems but yesterday that a man who bore on his body, like a "Crusader's badge," § the marks of the pirates was alive. Captain G. Grant, of Barholm, Kirkcudbright, commanded in 1820 the naval force of the Gaikwar to put down piracy, and on his way inland from Diu Head was captured and imprisoned. He lay for two months and seventeen days on the top of a mountain in the Gir jungles. From a letter, dated April, 1871, to General Sir George Le Grand Jacob, we take the following:—"My sufferings during confinement were almost beyond endurance, and I

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accompanying ship took fire, and was consumed before his eyes with everything she contained. The loss of more than half his fortune, earned by a long life of toil and exile, was a severe blow, but he bore it with fortitude, resigning himself to the will of Heaven, and comforted by the reflection that much riches still remained to him. Brief and ill-founded was this consolation. The morrow's sun had hardly risen, when he found himself surrounded by the fleet of the famous Eastern pirate Angria, by whom, after a short resistance, he was taken prisoner. His property was carried to Geria, while he himself was chained to a bench in Angria's galley and obliged to row as a slave. A long time elapsed before he was able to send intelligence of his misfortune to England, and it was longer still before Angria—who knew the value of his prize—could be brought to accept his ransom. Nearly ten years passed before he regained his liberty, and then only on payment of a large sum of money. At length (circa 1737) he reached England and rejoiced the heart of his wife after such a long and bitter separation; but their troubles were not yet at an end. The iron ball by which he was fastened to the chain had so worked into the flesh of his thigh that within a week after his return to London, mortification set in, and it was judged expedient to amputate his leg as near as possible to the body. The operation was successfully performed, and for a week afterwards there was every reason to expect his recovery. One evening, however, as his wife was sitting by his bedside, he uttered a sudden exclamation and threw off the bedclothes. The great artery had burst, and before any assistance could be procured he bled to death. His widow became Lady Somerville.—*Letters and Correspondence of Sir James Bland Burgess, Bart.*, 1885.

* 1696. † 1684. ‡ 1780.

§ Died 1874.

used to pray in the evening that I might never see the morning. I had my boots on my feet for the first month, not being able to get them off for the wet. Severe fever, with ague and inflammation of the liver, came on, and with exposure to the open air drove me delirious; so when let go, I was found wandering in the fields, covered with vermin from head to foot. I can never forget the foregoing incidents, though it is now upwards of fifty years since they occurred." *

THE LAST OF THE ANGRIAS.

Meanwhile the Angrias at Geria and Kulaba, all these years, ate and drank, married wives, and begat sons and daughters. "Very much married," as Artemus Ward would say; the last of them, in 1838, left five widows. Some of their wives were of good mettle, and one of them, about 1798, Sakuvarbai, the wife of Jaysing, performed a feat which for one hundred years had defied all the power and ingenuity of the Bombay Government. She took Khenery, and the island would not have been wrested from her, except by the foulest treachery. The commander of Sindia's forces at Gwalior came down and offered to relieve her husband from prison if she gave up the fort. She did so, and Jaysing was killed, and this heroine and her family put in prison.

Then there was Anandabai, who was like Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite; the women of those days fighting much better than the men. She was the widow of Raghuji, "the beloved," and besieged Kulaba and imprisoned her stepson Jaysing, and executed his chief adviser; fought bloody battles

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* Jacob, *Western India*, 102–115. This exploit was commemorated in a song sung by the Kathi women—

"Mr. Grant and Alam Mia were going to Amreli. Bavo looked out and said certain scribes are coming along the road. O son of Raning.

"He seized the hat wearer, he took him to the hills, he kept him imprisoned for four months, the news went to England. Oh Bavo Valo preserver of the country. O son of Raning.

"You gave him food when he asked for it and treated him with honour. You could not find fans, so you gave him Khakhar leaves. O son of Raning."—*Bom. Gaz.*, vol. viii., p. 126. 1884.

in person at Khandala and Hirakot; and at length in 1796, on hearing of the destruction of her army, died of a broken heart.

Such were some of the strong-minded and strong-bodied women among the Angrias. The family seem to have been a very quarrelsome set among themselves, literally picking each other's eyes out. The dull monotony of their daily existence on shore, for they never absolutely bartered away their piratical instincts for the gifts of civilisation, was varied by sewing up their relations in sacks, or hurling obstinate members of the family to their last resting-place down the steep cliffs of Sagargarh.* The reign of the last man, Raghuji, 1817 to 1838, was called *Angarak*, which, we understand, means Mars, an evil star for man and beast in Hindustan. A posthumous child born to him died in 1839, when the possessions of Angria lapsed to Government and were formed into the Kulaba Collectorate.

Alibagh is a fine name, the "Garden of God," and placed amid a waste of salt marshes, with its flowers, fruits, and aromatic herbs, ought to justify the title. Opposite to it—you can almost walk over at low tide—is the island rock of Kulaba. The only pleasing episode we can recollect in its history is the visit in 1771 of James Forbes to the then ruler, Raghuji Angria (1759 to 1793). This man was very much beloved, and to him we owe the number of trees in the landscape. He was of a comely person and pleasing manners, which were friendly, almost obsequious to Englishmen. Forbes records that his palace, treasury, and public buildings were in Kulaba, and the gardens at Alibagh.

Like most seamen and descendants of seamen, he was fond of horses, and possessed a magnificent stud of Persian and Arab animals.†

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* Ascended Sagargarh on 31st December, 1883, at sunrise, and was back at the bandar boat at Alibagh at 10 A.M. It is well worth a visit. Huge boulders apparently brought from the shore make up the Fort. A strange natural peak or spire projects from the end. It is reported to move like the rocking stones, or the shaking minarets of Ahmadabad. Saw the steep cliffs of three hundred feet, down which the victims were thrown.

† *Oriental Memoirs.*

THEIR OLD HAUNTS.

South of Bombay on the coast there were the "Golden Fort," the "Fort of Victory," the "Ocean Fort," and the "Garden of God." Their present state is described in the Ratnagiri volume of the *Bombay Gazetteer*. The sea-eagle builds its nest in a banian tree overhanging the sea-wall of the picturesque old island of Suvarndurg. Gheria, or Vijayadurg, has twenty-seven bastions, which "over their whole length are ruined by trees and evergreens." The cannon which we captured in 1756 appear to be still lying there—250 rusty and unserviceable pieces. Angria's dock is choked with mud. Sindhudurg, or Malwan, is a mere shell. Thirty-two flags used to wave triumphantly over as many bastions, where now a hoary and solitary *Adansonia digitata* rules supreme. The once great arsenal of Kulaba is unapproachable from the sea owing to outlying rocks. To the north of Bombay the temple of Somnath (for the pirates took possession of the holiest of places) is now "desecrated and defiled, and scarcely distinguishable from the mass of ruins which surround it." Peram, at the mouth of the Gulf of Cambay, where seamen still make an offering to the great local pirate, now reflects a dioptric light; Khenery, that erst, and almost within the memory of man, was the abode of Angria, the enemy of legitimate commerce, has been converted into its friend, and now points the way to the mariner across the midnight waste of the *kala-pani*.

Man in these parts goeth forth to his labour in the morning, but not now for purposes of piracy.

CONCLUSION.

The Angrias were a stiff-necked race, born and begotten of the sea, and full of its wild and restless energy. They were rocked to and fro by its waves into hardihood and indomitable pluck.

No memorable scene in this history rewards the patience of the reader. We seem to hear for ever the flapping of the great lateen sail, and toil on from wreck to wreck amid floating

masses of burning ships and sinking men. Not one ray of family affection comes from these embittered households; and a century of their history does not offer one instance of filial devotion to the living, such as that of Sivaji,* or the veneration for the dead that was exhibited at Wai and Panwel by the widow of Nana Fadnavis.† In the dull and weary annals of the Peshwahs there is the great Poona Darbar of 1790, when in the magnificent Ganesh room of the Shanwar or Saturday Palace a hundred dancing girls came forth amid fountains and fragrant flowers to welcome our ambassador, Sir Charles Malet‡ (landed in India 1770). In Sivaji's history there is the barbaric splendour of his coronation. Angria conducted his affairs by ruder methods. He was never crowned, so he sits on a throne built up of plunder and sea-wrack. The story of the Angria family goes a long way back, and comes down to our own times.

The first man of the name that we meet with, was a tindal in one of the gallivats of Sivaji. The widow of the last ruler—her name is Yashodā—still (1880) lives at Alibagh.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

The issue of the tenth volume of the *Bombay Gazetteer* is opportune to us, for the bulk of it is devoted to this subject. When the British in 1818 took possession of Ratnagiri—the country from Bankot to Vingorla, 160 miles in length, and stretching 30 to 40 miles inland—it was in a miserable condition. It was like the prophet's "valley of vision," full of dry bones, the vultures of previous times having left us only the skeleton of a country. During the previous one hundred and fifty years various birds of prey had been sucking its blood. The Peshwah had done his work, and Angria had done his work, and that black eagle of the desert—Sivaji! It was a country without roads. That means nothing comparatively. It was a country without money, which means a good deal when none of it passes between man and man, and where a rupee in the

* Meadows Taylor works this well up in *Tara*.
† The Duke, Lord Valentia, and Lady Falkland all paid her a visit.
‡ Daniell's great picture.

hands of a tenant is a rare sight. It was a country where a man wearing a decent turban, or ever so coarse a dress, was an object of attraction. It had reached that last stage in a people's degeneracy when industry ceases to be a virtue—when the bonds of society, or whatever you like to call them, are broken up, and men take to the open country to feed on the roots of the earth and leaves of trees, or wage war for existence. When Fletcher of Saltoun, amid the gloom of "bondage days" and hereditary jurisdiction, was asked what was to be done with the 100,000 beggars who then roamed over his country, he replied:—"Sell them as slaves." But what are you to do with a people where this has been already accomplished? The deed was done, in a kind of way, for without bargain or sale the Khot and the Kunbi * had created between them a personal servitude for the latter where "the only limit was the absolute necessities of nature."

"An impoverished, a dispirited, and a degraded people," "little better than abject slaves." These are the words of the Government officials of the day, and it is no wonder that they added that the prospect was "almost hopeless." Baji Rao in his last days seems to have begun to realize the disagreeable truth that taxation had exceeded burden-bearing limits. The ass lay down, and to get it on its legs again the wiseacres of that day suggested that £50,000 a year should be doled out to the miserable wretches, so that peradventure the beast of burden might be cobbled into tax-giving capability. When this experiment was going on we arrived. We then took stock, and made an inventory of the legacy that accrued to us. It consisted of a teak forest sown by Kanhoji Angria on the borders of the Bankot river; Angria's dock, silted up, at Geria; an old Maratha bridge at Rajapur; and 365 crazy forts—there was one for every day in the year—through the loopholes of which we were staring into utter vacancy, when lo and behold, the Khot controversy was added to the list, and soon worried out the lives of two generations of civilians! With such rotten materials did we commence the work of regeneration. The

* *Khot*, revenue farmers who had assumed hereditary rights; *Kunbis*, cultivators.

battle, however, had to be fought and the victory won, and the history of political economy in the restoration of moribund States can scarcely furnish a greater triumph than is exhibited in the present condition of that country we now call Ratnagiri, the scene of the Angrias' exploits.

We began by covering the country with a network of 507 miles of roads. We opened up the passes in the Sahyadri Hills for cart traffic. We encouraged steam navigation, and as the coast was rocky, we planted four lighthouses on the most dangerous points. We abolished the labour cess, by which the Khot could exact, *nolens volens*, one day in eight of personal servitude. We encouraged enlistment, until in 1879 we had in the army 5579 men, while 7009 more were receiving pensions amounting in the year to £45,452. We sent out on their rounds 743 native policemen with a single European superintendent. The office latterly has been nearly a sinecure, for in 1878 of £2659 *alleged* to have been robbed, £1583 was recovered. The population in 60 years has risen from 462,651 to 1,019,136 until it literally overflows. They don't object to leave the country; 100,000 to 150,000 souls every year, after the rice reaping, finding their way to Bombay and returning before the rains. Our cotton mills are full of them. The acuteness and astuteness of the Konkani Brahmans have become a proverb. In Bombay they affect everything—law, police, medicine, Sanskrit, mathematics. They are the Highlanders of the Bombay Presidency, and every year this Highland host so leavens our population that every seventh man, woman, and child we meet is a Ratnagirian. When we came there was little or no trade. Between December, 1876, and December, 1877, 150,000 tons of food-grains left Bombay for Southern Maratha ports, and the sea trade of Ratnagiri has increased from £104,484 in 1818 to £1,841,411 in 1878. The revenue in 1832 was £117,829, in 1878 £230,470. The wages of labour are enhanced. A labourer before 1860 received 1 to 2 annas a day, now 3 to 4; and masons and carpenters, then getting 3 to 6, are now paid 8 annas a day. In such a hilly country the amount of arable land, or rather land under tillage, is absolutely marvellous. Of its entire superficies of 2,424,960 acres, 1,020,836 are under tillage. Add to this, that there is a

great air of comfort everywhere, and that the villages on the coast in cleanliness compare favourably with any in India. The men now wear sewed waistcoats, shoulder cloths, shoes in dry and sandals in wet weather, and deck themselves in turbans, while the women are very neat in their dress and style of wearing the hair. You recollect that Sir James Mackintosh travelled in 1805 over 1000 miles of the Dekhan without seeing an unwalled village or a detached bungalow. Here there are no walled villages. The people are neither frightened of us nor of each other.

Thus has the pirate coast been reduced to order by a systematized government, and its race of spies and buccaneers been replaced by a frugal and an industrious people.

"Where briers grew midst barren wilds,
Shall firs and myrtles spring.
And nature through its utmost bounds
Eternal praises sing."

CHAPTER X.

BOMBAY, 1750—GROSE'S ACCOUNT.*

"Now by the powers o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose!"

Burns on Captain Grose.

IT may be as well at the outset to state that the hero of this article is not the Captain Grose of Burns. He has, however, some strong affinities to him. The lines

"He's ta'en the Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it."

And

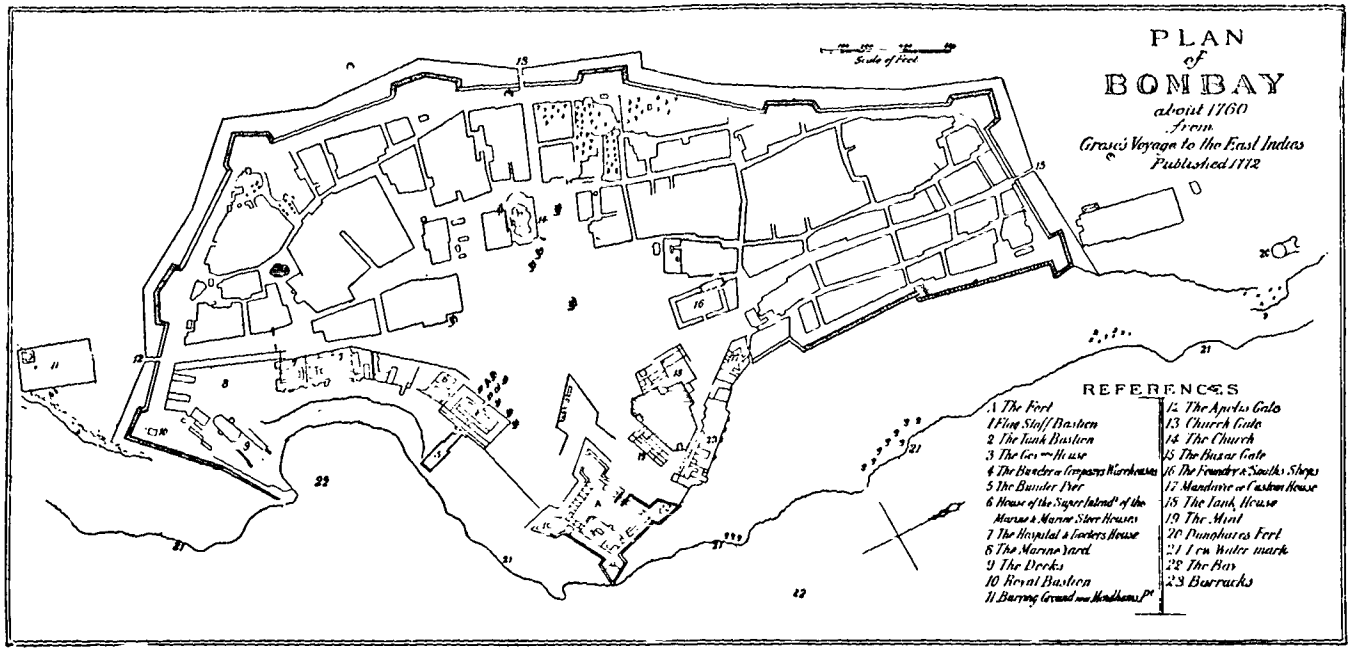
"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it;"

fairly apply to him in Bombay. Our Grose was a writer and covenanted servant of the East India Company, a close observer, and a man of much intelligence; and we think we will be able to show that he has left on record the best accounts that exists of Bombay as it was in the middle of the last century.

WHEN GROSE LANDED

in Bombay, Poona had just become the capital of the Marathas. Our territorial acquisitions in Western India were no bigger than they were in 1665, when we took over the island from the Portuguese, unless indeed we add to this a few square miles of

* *A Voyage to the East Indies.* By M. Grose, London, 1772. This book was the property of Mr. Tyrrell Leith, barrister-at-law (died in Heidelberg 10th December, 1888), and it was by his courtesy that we were enabled to present this meagre *rechauffé* of the Bombay portion of it to the public. The book is so rare that we have seldom seen it quoted, or referred to in any publication heretofore. Mr. Leith's collection of books on the history of Western India, we make bold to say, was the best selected of any in the Presidency at the present time, and certainly neither Mackintosh nor Elphinstone had anything approaching to it.


PLAN
of
BOMBAY
about 1760
from
Grose's Voyage to the East Indies
Published 1772
Scale of Feet
REFERENCES
A The Fort
1 Flag Staff Bastion
2 The Tank Bastion
3 The Gov.r House
4 The Bunders or Company's Warehouses
5 The Bunder Pier
6 House of the Super Intend.t of the Marine & Marine Store Houses
7 The Hospital & Surgeons House
8 The Marine Yard
9 The Docks
10 Royal Bastion
11 Burying Ground now Mendhams P.d
12 The Apollos Gate
13 Church Gate
14 The Church
15 The Bazar Gate
16 The Foundry & Smiths Shops
17 Mandavie or Custom House
18 The Tank House
19 The Mint
20 Pumphares Fort
21 Low Water mark
22 The Bay
23 Barracks

earth at Telichery. We were still on the tenterhooks of uncertainty, for our position was quite as precarious and critical as it was in the end of the seventeenth century, when Aurangzeb and Sivaji laid waste the Dekhan and Konkan plains. Those twin giants, the Gog and Magog of our early Governors, had disappeared, and were now no longer a menace to us; but the existence of Bombay as an English settlement was still a matter of doubt in the future. For that dominant power which Sivaji had quickened into life was now in full swing at Poona, Satara, and Raygarh. The right arm of the Maratha nation was as yet unbroken by the defeat of Panipat—their Flodden Field, where the Afghans drove them from the north of India, and inflicted a blow upon them from which they never recovered.

We had enemies in all quarters—north, south, and east, and even in the west; the sea, our ancient and natural ally, whence alone we could draw men and munitions of war, was covered by the fleets of Angria, who had wrapped up in the folds of his piratical dominion a wide extent of country stretching away south from the mouth of Bombay Harbour. Moreover, the fall of Bassein, in 1739, was an event of sinister import to us, and added new dangers to our political situation, for we were now hemmed in as we had never been before. Bad as the Portuguese were in Salsette, they were better neighbours for us than the Marathas who now, after sweeping over the island, confronted us with their outposts on the hill of Bandara. And this may be said, that weak as Portugal was, so long as she held Salsette it acted as a barrier between us and the enemy, and broke the force of the mass that was pressing down upon us from the Dekhan Hills.

Our readers will see that the outlook from the bastions of Bombay Castle was at this time altogether a dreary one; for though the sun rose then as it does now, there was this important difference—that there was not a peak or valley in the wide panorama which it lighted up but what was in the hands of the enemy. Kulaba, Thal, Uran, Karanja, Karnala, Prabhal, Matheran, Bhaumalang, with the Khandala range ending in Rajmachi, with all the intervening country and ten times as much beyond it, with the islands of Henery, Khenery, Elephanta, and Trombay, were governed—or misgoverned—by the enemies of England.

The truth seems to be—and it was well understood by those who lived in Bombay, and by those who lived out of it, who had studied the subject—that we could not afford to quarrel, just at this particular time, with either the Peshwah, or his great henchman, Angria; and though we did not turn our cheeks to the smiter, we had, from motives of expediency, to allow their gibes and jeers, and scoffs and taunts, to pass apparently unnoticed. When we made a ditch round the fort, they told us that they would soon fill it up in a single night with their slippers, When they seized a supply of our swords they sent word to us that they would not cut butter. Once we went so far as to negotiate with Angria and try and buy him off by an annual subsidy, an attitude which looks like temporising. He asked for twelve lakhs of rupees, or £150,000 per annum. That was what he estimated the worth of his predatory commerce. But this policy had one good effect—that it enabled us to gain time, bide our time, recruit our marine, and strengthen our fortification, which before this time, was, between the bastions, of the nature of a garden wall. The destruction of Angria and the defeat of Panipat came afterwards; and it is not too much to say that it was almost a miracle that Bombay was not now swallowed up in the Maratha dominion of Western India—

"A living prey
Unto their teeth,
And bloody cruelty."

Such was the political situation of Bombay when our author landed here in the autumn of the year of our Lord, 1750.

He came out in the "Lord Anson," East Indiaman, and had a voyage of five months, which was considered a good one. There is no doubt, we think, that he landed at our present Custom House bandar, and if so he would be most conveniently placed for paying his respects to the Governor. So at six in the evening he hied him to Government House, as in duty bound. It was quite near, and you may still see the framework of it within the Arsenal. The Governor was affable and courteous, and *sans cérémonie*

ASKED MR. GROSE TO SUPPER

that very evening. His name was William Wake, and he was

now completing the eighth year of his reign, to be succeeded by a man better known in history as the Honourable Richard Bourchier, Esq. And here it may be as well to observe that the hours of business at this time in Bombay were from sunrise to 1 P.M., when its cares and troubles were laid aside, and our breeched and wigged citizens, and our patched dames and demoiselles, spent their time, like the little children in France, in eating, drinking, and sleeping. If the *mauvais quart d'heure* was about twelve, the time of universal satisfaction was 1 P.M., when dinner was served. After this came the *hookah*, the gurgling noise of which, sooth to say, had a wonderfully soothing effect, and sent the guests asleep. It is averred that the *siesta* was invigorating, and that they rose like giants refreshed, and sallied out to walk, ride, or drive on such oxen-drawn vehicles as were then available in the neighbourhood of Bombay Green. Fortified with the fresh sea-breeze along the Back Bay sands, or a lounge on Mendham's Point, our diners of one o'clock returned at eight with renewed appetite to attack the ghost of the feast, to which there were added some piquant dishes with which the cooks of those days no doubt found it to their interest to titillate the jaded palate. And if they could not eat, they could drink. For Niebuhr tells us they were nothing loth to grapple with the strong wines of Portugal, the consumption of which, he avers, contributed to swell the mortuary returns. In addition to these, Grose tells us of three drinks which now burst upon the bibulous world of Bombay with astonishing effect. The three viands which now divided public attention, were the spirit of deer, the spirit of mutton, and the spirit of goat,* to such marvellous ingenuity are men driven to invent new names for liquors to quench their thirst. These drinks were in great vogue, and the way they got their names was this:—A haunch of venison, a joint of mutton, or a quarter of goat was thrown into the vat when the *arak* was being distilled, and while correcting its fiery nature, imparted a new flavour which was considered

* The animal spirits were introduced from China. Dr. MacGowan enumerates mutton wine, dog wine, deer wine, tiger, black snake and tortoise, all known to the Chinese nowadays.—*North China Br. R. As. Soc. Transactions*, 1871–72.

mighty fine. The blend of each of these spirits was different; every man had his favourite, some the one, some the other, the deer, no doubt from its wild *gout*, outrunning the other animal spirits in the chase. We ourselves should rather object to any one of them, but as matter of history, this explains the consumption of arak, of which, it is said, the English were the best customers of the best brands from Goa. There could be at this supper only

A FEW LADIES,

as, in 1739, there were only eight unmarried ladies in the Bombay Presidency, twenty married ladies, four to eight widows, and "never more" than seven children. This last Malthusian statement, even though seven is the complete number, seems to us preposterous, and throws discredit upon the entire statement. It is quite true that Niebuhr was here for six months in 1764, and tells us that during the whole time he was here, neither marriage nor baptism took place. But even this statement does not warrant us, on the vital statistics of Bombay at any period, uttering the cry of Poe's raven—"*Never more!*"

But we are now on safer ground. All the ladies wore patches. At least Mrs. King, the Chief's wife, of Anjengo, did, and Anjengo, if we recollect rightly, was then a more lucrative post than Bombay. Here it was that Orme the historian was born, and Eliza Draper; so we imitate Sterne in asking pardon of the reader for the "digression." But to the patches. Grose records that at a reception some leading natives condoled with Mr. King on his wife's distemper, and hoped that there would be no more breaking out of boils and blains! At this supper party there could be no lack of

SUBJECTS OF CONVERSATION.

The Scotch Rebellion was already an extinct volcano, and Grose does not notice the Scotch unless to call attention to the fact that the Dekhany tat resembles those shaggy brutes that are reared on the mountains of Scotland. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle is not once named. People do not talk statecraft after dinner, much less after supper; so Grose amuses us with the way he dodged the sea-sickness by going on board the "Lord Anson" with an empty stomach. No doubt everybody having

supped, resolved to try the same on going home, the sea moaning bodefully all the time on the black rocks outside the big dining-room. Grose was told off two fearful bugbears to new-comers, the *Berbiers* * and the *Mordechino*,† but was consoled by the fact that the doctors of Bombay were now a very different lot from the rusty razors of past times. The health of the city was greatly improved, for which we had very much to thank the doctors.

To have good doctors you must pay them well. This is an axiom that cannot be disputed, so Grose avers that the small allowances granted to surgeons in the early days of Bombay was a principal reason why its mortality had become a byeword in Europe, where Bombay was termed the grave of Englishmen. He tells that Governor Phipps (1720 to 1728), anxious to curry favour with his masters at home, inaugurated a number of reductions, and among others in the Bombay Marine. On examining a schedule of salaries, he observed the surgeon's salary put down at Rs. 42 per mensem. "O ho! there must be some mistake here; the figures are transposed." And sure enough, he altered them to Rs. 24.‡

* The *Beriberi*, see *ante*, p. 56, note †.

† Portuguese *mordexim*, Maratha *modvashi*, and corrupted into *mort-de-chien*, cholera; see *Correa*, iv., 288.—Yule.

‡ Shortly before this period there was considerable grumbling among the writers of the Company, and in 1739 they sent home a representation that their income was insufficient to defray their expenses, accompanied by the following schedule to show that their living could not be "done for less."

Calculation of Monthly Bombay Expenses.

	Rs.	qrs.
One fowl per diem at 1 qr. 6 p. each	9	3
One chicken or fish and rice 14 p. each	5	1
Flour, pepper, mustard, &c.	0	2
Greens	0	3
3 rolls per diem. 2 p. each	2	1
Wine and Punch, Rs. 2 each	15	0
Ghee	0	3
Oil and Candles	4	0
Wood 1200 billets Rs. 2-2 per mille	3	0
Tea half cally	1	2
Sugar or sugar-candy	2	2
Milk	0	3
Butter, 2 lbs., Re. 1 per lb.	2	0
Water-bearer	0	2
	Rs. 48	2

The drink and oil bill mean late hours, for though the bill is small, those items form a large proportion of the gross expenditure.

Grose gives us the particulars of a race of pigmies in the Karnatak. Two specimens had been sent by one Venkaji trading in those parts to Robert Horne, Governor (1734–39), and Captain Boag was commissioned to bring them up to Bombay. The creatures were two feet high, were without hair, sallow white in colour, and walked erect. They were melancholy, had a rational sense of their captivity, and many human actions. They made their own beds, and the joints of their legs were not re-entering like monkeys, but salient like those of men. The sea air did not agree with them: the female sickened and died, and the male became inconsolable and died also. Boag buried them at sea. Horne, like many men, was fond of specimens, and asked the captain why he did not preserve them in spirits, who replied bluntly that he never thought of it. So this new race perished on their way to Bombay; for though Governor Horne wrote to Venkaji to get another pair, the pigmies would not be coaxed out of their lair, but remained impenetrably fixed in their native jungles.

THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE,*

where Grose took his supper, is still to the fore, and must be the oldest house in Bombay. It is marked "Governor's House" in his map of Bombay, and now faces you as you enter the gate of the Bombay Arsenal, with a board upon it, on which is printed the prosaic inscription, "Pattern Room." In the paper on Gerald Aungier, we hazarded the conjecture that the "four-

* "When the English took possession of this island, they found, in that part of it which chiefly commands the harbour, an old fortified house, the residence of the Portuguese Governor, and though this house might have served for other valuable uses, they were tempted to make of it the centre house of the castle which they built round it. It is, however, impossible to conceive in every sense a more incommodious structure, and the same or perhaps less cost than the reparations and additions have stood in to the Company would have built a much better mansion new from the ground. For the false economy of preserving this old piece of building, which need only to have been demolished or thrown away, had such effect that it hindered the English not only from consulting a more commanding position to the harbour which is that of Mendham's Point, but made them blind to the disadvantage of the Fort built round it, being overlooked by an eminence near it called Dungharee Point, on which there is only a small untenable little fort of no defence which serves now for the town prison for debtors or criminals."—Grose.

square house" we took over from the Portuguese was still extant, though the moderns have piled an upper storey on its bomb-proof roof. The discovery of this map of Grose sets the question at rest. This venerable relic still exists, and can never cease to be of interest to every man who is proud of his city and curious of its early history. Here the first twenty Governors, from Aungier to Hornby, had their abode, Oxinden and Child in the seventeenth century, and such magnates as Boone, Bourchier, and Crommelin in the eighteenth. Not all wassail and wine, for here, no doubt, Cooke was disgraced, Child died, and here in 1734 Robert Cowan received his notice to quit the service of the East India Company, and not very far off within the four bastions and curtain of Bombay Castle, some of the most momentous scenes of Bombay history have taken place.

We are sure our fellow-citizens will join in the wish that such a venerable relic should be carefully preserved. It may, and it may not. The spirit of improvement is abroad, and not very far off.

So great is the rage for improvement nowadays, that we think it is highly probable that some one full of bran-new ideas will remove it as an excrescence.

The Castle, as our readers are aware, is a quadrangle, and the bastion facing Mody Bay was called Tank Bastion. Not for the reason that it was near the big tank which faces the Mint, but because there is a tank of water within the bastion itself. Here is also one of the oldest sculptured works in Bombay. It may indeed be Portuguese and before our advent. This is

A COLOSSAL SUNDIAL.

ten feet high, with much grotesque carving, heads of men, monsters, and animals, intermingled with leaves, towering high above the dial-face. The visitor will observe that the disc looks out seaward. Indeed, as you stand on the bastion the face cannot be observed without a considerable craning of the neck, and the angle seems, exactly the same as that of the clock-face of the Arsenal observatory, to catch the eye of the mariner on entering the harbour. The gnomon is gone, but even if a new one were fixed in it, it could be of no use, for the roof of some

buildings obstruct the view of it from the sea. The hours are now as distinctly marked as on the day that they were cut in the stone, and in the rim or border which surrounds it a seed of the peepul tree having found a matrix, projects a branch covered with big leaves, which wave to and fro in the breeze over the dial-plate, as if in mockery of time and the strongest efforts of man to measure it.

The time that we have spent with Grose in the Bombay of 1750 leaves no doubt in our mind that it was a dirty, uncomfortable, exasperating kind of place. There is much to interest one, however, particularly a new arrival. We are shown the breach, now the *Vellard*,* and which has been long known as

HORNBY'S VELLARD.

Dr. Buist seems to have been aware that the Vellard was built before Hornby's Governorship, for he tells us in an article on the Geology of Bombay which is published in the *Transactions of the Bombay Geographical Society*, vol. x., 1852, that the embankment between Love Grove and Mahalakshmi was completed "about a hundred years before," *i.e.* 1752, which, it is said, has contributed much to the improved health of the place. It has already cost £150,000. We had always understood that this was the special work of Governor Hornby, Governor 1771–84, and indeed that this was the last work he executed.† But here it is in a book published in 1772, a second edition, and which was certainly written ere Hornby could have done anything to it as Governor. He may, however, have given the finishing touch to it. But let us look at

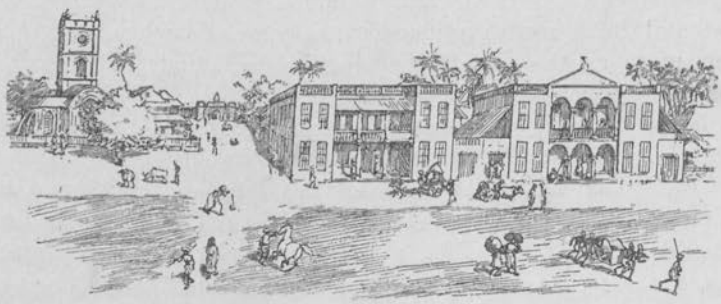
THE FORT.

The walls appear very much as they are laid down in Murray's *Guide-book* map of 1857, ere the levelling process had commenced. Barring Elphinstone Circle, the configuration of the business part of the town, its main streets and lines of communication, are very much in appearance what they are

* From the Portuguese *vallado*, an embankment.

† "Vellard begun 1797; finished 1805. Taken from an inscription on a small house on the end nearest Bombay."—Maria Graham, 1809.

now in 1882. In a picture in this book taken from about the site of the Town Hall, we are glad to renew acquaintance with our old friend, the Cathedral. It is the same, and not the same. Being shorn of the upper portion of the tower where the clock is, it looks stunted in the picture, what Dr. Chalmers to an agricultural friend called "a church of the short-horned breed." It looks abashed and less crowded than it now is, and altogether in a lonely and noiseless neighbourhood.



BOMBAY GREEN, CHURCH AND THEATRE, ABOUT 1750.

We can aver that the same tree, a *ficus*, which still overshadows the fountain between the Circle and the Cathedral, where so many men and beasts slake their thirst, and find a shelter from the noon-day sun, is there. On the site of Sassoon's Buildings (Kemp's) are two double-storeyed houses, the upper storey having a verandah the exact counterpart of that which you may still see in the old Secretariat, Apollo Street, and which may be accepted as the type of the houses which were being erected about this time. In this neighbourhood, and occupying as it were the rim of the Bombay Green, were the houses of the leading Government servants and merchants, but mostly one-storeyed bungalows, as the want of room had not begun to tell, the best proof of which is that on looking up Church Gate Street we can see that the great block now opposite Mrs. Lake's shop, extending for two or three hundred yards up our present Hornby Row, is covered with cocoanut-trees. That quarter within the Fort walls occupied by what Grose calls the black population—we mean what is embraced between Hornby Row and Mody Khana Street and the Circle, and the outlet to the

North of Bazar Street on your way to the Bori-bandar station, where the old Bazar-gate stood—seems as densely peopled as now. The population of the island was then about 100,000. Not only so, but Apollo and Marine Streets, Church Gate Street Hammam Street, Medows Street in all its integrity under another name which we do not know, as General Medows' Governorship was so late as 1788 to 1790, and even the lanes, such as Ash, Dean, Rope Walk, and others, debouching on our now Rampart-row, are extant; while the block on which the Oriental Bank now stands, and which some of our readers will remember as the site of Treacher's shop, stands out like a promontory parallel with the walls of the town. There is now a house, two-storeyed, and as the phrase goes, self-contained at the end of Medows Street, nearly opposite the old *Bombay Gazette* office,* which represents a style of this date (and another of a similar character may be seen next to the old Court House, in Apollo Street) † and which a Glasgow reader would recognise as an exact copy of the buildings in Virginia-street, belonging to the same period. It must have been, we think, the residence of some European magnate who courted the sea-breeze on this outskirt of the Fort; and the walls of some portion of the Convent School and Chapel in the same street are so old that you need not be afraid to carry them back to a time anterior to the English occupation. As for Cawasjee-Patel Street, Parsi-Bazar Street and Mody-Khana Street, there are no doubt houses there, either inhabited or in ruins, as old as Bombay Castle.

There was scarcely at this time in all Kolaba a single building, except three tombs (one of which at all events remains) in the middle of the island, which were always kept white-washed as a guide to vessels entering the harbour; and at the extreme end, on a small eminence, a look-out house (he does not say a light-house) for ships. The whole of Kolaba, he tells us, was let in 1750 for grazing at £20 or Rs. 200 per annum. We are afraid we must bring Mendham's Burying-ground nearer the Fort walls than the Bandstand and Cooperage, the site usually assigned to it. The portico of St. Andrew's Kirk as it

* Remington & Co.'s for half a century.
† November, 1884, pulled down.

now stands would be, we estimate, about 200 feet from the gateway of Mendham's Burying-ground, which was a parallelogram apparently about 500 feet long and 250 broad, and so near the sea (you must make allowance for reclaimed land) that at high tide on walking along the beach you would, as in the case of Kolaba churchyard, require to elbow your way round the corner between the sea and the cemetery walls. We know that Mendham's Burying-ground was cleared away in 1768, and Sonapur opened* at the same time. Grose's map lays down Mendham, which is evidence in itself that it was drawn before 1768. The banian-trees near the Young Men's Christian Institute are no doubt exuberant for obvious reasons. We must not omit that in our *coup d'œil* past the Cathedral, we descry at the terminus of Church-Gate Street, the gate itself turreted (near the Floral Fountain), and with perhaps a sleeping-room above, also a side door or "needle-eye" for late men who were on the *wandergang* and required the pass or word of the night during the small hours. At this period, and long before it, there must have been many residences, country houses of rich Portuguese and others, at Mazagon. Of what may be termed the new Native Town, north of the Esplanade, the eastern part, say about the present Jami Masjid, comprehending the Market, Mandvi, Umarkhari and Bhuleshwar districts are much older than the western, *i.e.*, Dhobi-talao, Girgaum, Chowpati and Khetwadi, which latter appear as a mass of cocoanut-gardens, so late as a map of 1806. It is astonishing how even now the cocoanut seems to swallow up all the buildings in this last-named district in a mass of greenery. For look at it from Khambala Hill or the new road on Malabar Hill, in the month of May when every green herb without water is here withered up, and this is the case. Much more from the summit of the Clock Tower; and Mr. Geary mentioned in the account of his balloon ascent, that at an altitude of several thousand feet, almost everything of Bombay disappeared except the docks and the cocoa trees, in fact, I think he hinted that

* "Sonapur closed, 1868; Siwri opened, 1868; census returns, 1881. First woman buried, Dr. Diver's wife, next, Mrs. William Best in 1868."—W. Best, Nov. 1, 1887. Burials interdicted in Mendham's, 1763.—*Bombay Quarterly Review*, January 1857, page 169.

our abode for this very reason might be called the "Green Isle." Speaking of

THE DOCKYARD,

we may as well accompany Mr. Grose to it. He calls it the Marine Yard, and to-day we enter it by the same big gateway opposite the old Court House, the ground being still devoted to the same purpose as in 1750. A crowd of new buildings have since sprung up, with which we do not at present concern ourselves. The original Dry Dock of Bombay still exists in all its integrity (executed 1748–50). It astonished not only Grose but Niebuhr, who notes that two ships could be repaired in it at one time. Though ship-building has much outgrown the dimensions of this dock, it can still accommodate two craft of considerable burthen at once, and to our hazy notions of hydraulic engineering, seems a splendid piece of mason work, as good to-day apparently as it was 150 years ago. The newer dock nearer the Sailors' Home, and lying in juxtaposition and parallel with this, does not at all events by way of contrast offer anything favourable.* Outside of these,—and we now approach the utmost limit in this direction of the Bombay fortification seawards—is a salient angle covered by a most venerable relic of antiquity, and which you ascend by stairs much the worse for wear. This is no less than the Royal Bastion of Bombay, on which no doubt much bunting and gunpowder were expended in former generations. The ground sounds hollow under your feet, for lascars of all sorts or marine men and women seem to have taken up their abode in Troglodyte fashion within the vaults beneath. On descending you observe an arch as old looking as the hills, which leads through a tunnel to the other and shore side of this bastion and great sea-wall. Here Grose no doubt heard the waves of the Indian Ocean dashing at his feet, and saw before him the melancholy main, with, in one direction, no land intervening between him and the Coast of Africa. This bastion to a favoured few at 6 P.M. must have supplied in 1750 the place of the Apollo-bandar, and a more eligible spot for enjoying the sea-breeze and a view of the harbour we cannot imagine.

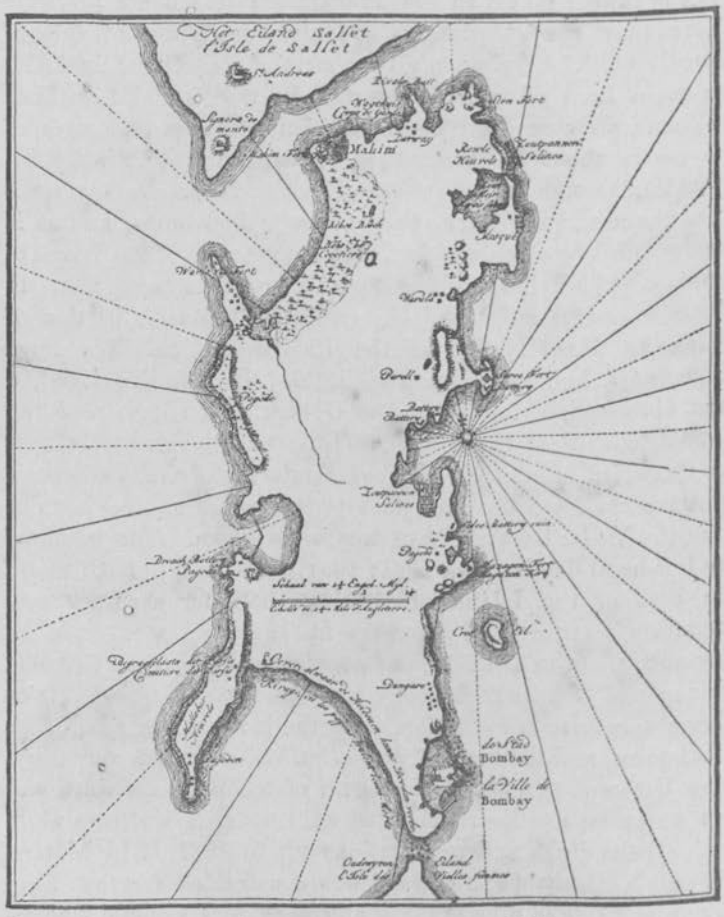
* Duncan Dock, executed 1807.

CARTOGRAPHY OF BOMBAY.

Dr. Fryer's map is the earliest, say, about 1675, though the book which bears his name was published later. Mahim woods and the fishing-stakes in the harbour are laid down precisely where they are at present. "Only one Tower of Silence recently built." Ovington gives a plan of the citadel in 1668, the main lines of which may still be traced and identified. Baldaeus, a Dutch clergyman, has good plans and pictures of the castle about the same date. Grose's map is simply invaluable, though it is only of what is within the walls (Mendham excepted), for every street is laid down, and it is accompanied by a scale of feet. Niebuhr's map of the Island of Bombay (1764) has all the forts from Reva and Sion to Mazagon and Dongari, and the castle, on the tank bastion of which he flies the flag of the English nation. We have inspected a hand-made map of 1806 (Mackintosh's time), a most elaborate performance: the Government House near the Cathedral, brilliantly coloured, and the new town, that is, near the Crawford Market, already covering a vast amount of space. Our readers have observed two promontories on looking out from the Vellard. They have tombs on them. The name of the left-hand one is Bawa Haji; the right Bibi Hajin. Of maps, the best of the Island of Bombay, both for accuracy and execution, was printed in London in 1843, and represents the city and island in 1812–16, the population being then 243,000. This map of Thomas Dickinson's is a perfect *chef d'œuvre*. Major Jervis' signature is at the foot, with the picture of a tortoise as a tail-piece, and the motto "*Paulatim*." No need for apology. Slow but sure, this is a perfect gem of the engraver's art, and can never be excelled. The largest map that we have seen, with all the docks and reclamations up to 1881, is in Messrs. W. and A. Graham's office, and was constructed for that firm. It covers a side of a large room, and resembles Colonel Laughton's great masterpieces of Revenue Survey in this, that spread out on the ground, it would require one to take off his shoes, and crawl, spider-like, over the surface for days and nights together, with occasional intervals for refreshment.

In 1750 we do not doubt that most of the houses and streets

round Mumbadevi and Paidhoni, *i.e.*, Coppersmiths' Bazar, &c., were in existence. As for Malabar Hill and Breach Kandy at this time, we may leave their bungalows as not either in *esse* or in *posse*, except the Parsi ones on the left, half-way up Malabar Hill,



NIEBUHR'S MAP OF BOMBAY ISLAND, 1764.

and possibly one or two situated on the slope of the hill near the foot of the Siri road, now cut away by the Back Bay Reclamation, and one of which was occupied by Arthur Wellesley in 1803. Belvedere, near the beach at Mazagon, was inhabited

shortly after this time by Daniel Draper of "Eliza" celebrity; but so late as 1812 Colonel Dickinson gives only two bungalows on Breach Kandy—the Beehive and the Retreat, the last of which under the name of the Wilderness, as we take it, has been known to our readers for a great many years. On Malabar Hill in 1812–16 there is not a single bungalow in Colonel Dickinson's map, and we believe that the one occupied by the Municipal Commissioner was the oldest, having been erected about 1830.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

Niebuhr only mentions one in 1764, as Fryer does in 1675. Our author (1750) only mentions one,* and gives a picture of it. He says it is 25 feet in diameter and 12 feet high. He was told that if anybody looked into it, he was sure to die. He went, nevertheless, but a Parsi told him to desist, otherwise he should not long survive his idle curiosity.† Niebuhr tells us why the Towers of Silence are closed against strangers—

"Cet édifice est actuellement formé depuis qu'à ce qu'on raconté une jeune et belle fille, qui était morte fort subitement et enterrée tout de suite, avait reçu encore une visite de son aimant dans ce lieu funèbre."—*Arabie.*

* In 1797 Mr. Dady (Dadabhai) wrote an application to Jonathan Duncan for permission to erect "a tomb" in his garden at the foot of Malabar Hill. It was granted. He died in 1799; the English church bell tolled. This Tower of Silence (*Dakhma*) still exists for the use of the Dady family. (See note, p. 31.)

† In reviewing the career of the late Mr. Dadabhai Pestanji Wadia, the *Jam-i-Jamshid* publishes the following historical document, dated as far back as 1792:—

A PROCLAMATION.—Whereas it has been represented to Government by the Caste of Parsees that a European Inhabitant of this Island, unobservant of that decency which enlightened people shew to the religious ceremonies of the Natives of India, had lately entered one of the repositories for their dead, to the great distress, inconvenience, and expense of the said Caste; the Acting President in Council has thought fit to reprimand the person alluded to for his improper conduct; and in order to mark in the strongest manner his discountenance of such unwarrantable proceedings, and to deter others from the commission of like indignities in future, he hereby causes it to be signified, that whoever shall obtrude themselves on the Temples, Tombs, or religious ceremonies of the Natives, residing under the protection of this Government, will be suspended the Honorable Company's service, if in their employ, or if free merchants, mariners, or others be adjudged to have forfeited their licences, and will be sent to Europe.

By order of the Acting President in Council,

WILLIAM PAGE, Secretary.

Bombay Castle, 29th February, 1792.

FIRST PARSI IN EUROPE.

Our readers will recollect that (Briggs, in his book on the Parsis) states that Maniar, a Parsi, accompanied by Hariman, a Hindu, visited England in 1781 as agents of Baji Rao Peshwah of Poona. They were guests of Edmund Burke at Beaconsfield, and Briggs considers it the earliest visit of a Parsi to England on record. This book, published in 1772, records one still earlier. Grose's words are "Nowrojee Rustomjee, who was here in England, and whose family was of the greatest consideration among those people, deduced his descent from the Kings of Persia." No doubt; but it is his descent upon England we are noticing at present.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

A Rani, whose son had been killed in battle by the first Baji Rao, and who was so powerful as to be able to raise 5000 horse, sent him a challenge, which Baji Rao declined in the following characteristic manner. The stake, he said, was not equal, for though she might gain immortal reputation by conquering Baji Rao, he could not possibly gain any by conquering a woman.

ELEPHANTA.

He takes the condition of the caves as proof positive that no earthquakes of any consequence have visited this district within the historic period. He is not so happy in elucidating the meaning of the sculptured group, so familiar to us all, where Shiva takes hold of the child. Where he sees the judgment of Solomon, Dr. Wilson describes a portrayal of the infanticide of India, that dark shadow of the saddest crime that ever afflicted humanity.

Here is

HIS PORTRAIT OF KANHOJI ANGRIA,

the founder of the family. He was a well-set, corpulent man, rather blacker than commonly the Dekhanis are, full-faced, with a sparkling eye and stern countenance. He was very severe in his commands and exact in punishing; otherwise liberal to his officers and soldiers, with whom he affected a sort of military

frankness, not to say familiarity. He was too, like the Marathas, not very careful of keeping faith, and excused the making any peace with him on which it was foreknown that no reliance could be had. His general appearance was thus quite the opposite of Sivaji, who was a fair, lean, and wiry man. Of

RAYGARH

Grose heard fearful accounts. Caernarvon and Dunstaffnage were nothing to it He asserts that it grew as much grain as the garrison required. There was a great mystery in those days about Raygarh, and this was, no doubt, one of the inventions of the enemy to make Bombay shake in its shoes; for our readers are aware that the top of Raygarh is a very narrow superficies comparatively, and was crowded with buildings. He relates a story of which we think Sivaji must be the hero. He says it was the Maharaja; but such stories, when they are good, are passed on from age to age. It appears that there was a sorceress on the hill, and he resolved to put her to death, but had the curiosity to see her first. The woman accordingly appeared. "She was about forty, very corpulent, and not of an ill presence." Why doesn't he say at once she was fair, fat and forty? He asked her sternly if she knew why he had sent for her, to which she replied that she knew he was going to put her to death. "I hope," she said, "for your own sake you will allow me to give you a salutary warning." Curiosity, or a belief in witchcraft, induced him to comply, when she ordered a cock and a hen to be brought before her into the royal presence. "The cock was set down on the ground, full of life and spirit, then taking the hen, she desired the Raja to mark the consequences. At these words she wrung the head of the hen off, when at the same time the cock, though untouched by any one, imitating all the convulsions and agonies of its death, accompanied the hen in it." "This, Sir," said she to the Raja determinately, "remember to be a type of your fate and mine." Henceforth he was bound up in the bundle of life with her, and it is needless to say the witch was provided for, had a pension ever afterwards, and a palanquin she could call her own.

BULLION AND EXCHANGE.

As for exchange it was 2*s.* 6*d.*; and Grose says "the East Indies is a bottomless pit for bullion, which can never circulate back to Europe, and when bullion fails trade must cease,"—which are nearly the very words that Bernier uttered a century before.* In bills he records only one transaction, but as it is of an abnormal character, we are tempted to give it. A *jogi* came to Ajmer and presented a bill of exchange for Rs. 2000 to the Governor drawn payable to the bearer by the god Ram. The Governor told him with a laugh that he was an impostor, and he went all round the town, but everybody received him with scoff, and said that it was a bad bill. At length a rich oilman devoutly accepted it, and paid the amount. The jogi immediately left the town, and fulminated a curse of leprosy upon all the inhabitants of Ajmer for twelve years, which immediately took effect. We need not add that the oilman was excepted from the ban, and that the jogi took the proceeds of the bill with him.

NATIVE CHARACTER.

We have on a former occasion alluded to the settlement of the Banya caste in Bombay under Gerald Aungier, a race which has contributed very much to its aggrandisement. But strange to say, almost every writer has described them as of surpassing greed. Dr. Fryer, otherwise a most impartial traveller, opens the vials of his wrath on their head, and says that the fleas and the Banyas are the vermin of India, and that they are a mass of sordidness; that they are bloodsuckers, horse-leeches, cheats, liars, and dissemblers. Grose has something to say which is worthy of note. He says that he has read all that has been said about them, and he thinks that their probity in Surat is equal to that of the European, and his belief is that the bad character given to them must be understood as only applicable to the petty under-dealers among them. An English captain would come ashore with the invoices, musters, and samples of his cargo, and after striking a bargain, the cash—£20,000 or

* Constable's ed., p. 202.

£30,000—would be paid down to him on the nail, with no further trouble to him. What he means to say is that the better classes are good business men and not addicted to sharp practice.

There are, however, occasional glimpses in which we may see character higher than this; how near it approaches generosity and beneficence, we leave each reader to determine for himself. The instance Grose cites we give in a footnote.* The story in this conjunction, though the resemblance does not go further than that there was a European on the one side, and a native on the other, must occur to the reader of Malcolm in his errant days. But the most memorable instance is that which is cited by Mountstuart Elphinstone. It apparently fell within his own knowledge, and as such illustrates a pleasing branch of Indian ethics which we would fain hope is not yet extinct.†

MALABAR HILL.

About the year 1735 there came to Bombay a preacher who made a prodigious sensation. He was a *jogi* or devotee, and had

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* "Don Antonio de Sylva Figueroa, Vice-Admiral, on receiving an order from the Viceroy of Portugal to equip a squadron for sea, found himself utterly unable to furnish the requisite advances to which the duty of his post obliged him. This naturally made him uneasy and melancholy, which being observed by his mistress, who with some difficulty wrung the cause of it from him, she left him abruptly, and in a manner that made him conclude she was, in the style of that sort of woman, going to add her desertion to that of fortune, and which would not have been the least of his afflictions; but he was soon surprised at her return with a casket of jewels and gold to the amount of near three thousand pounds, being more than he wanted, and which she, with very good grace, obliged him to take as a mark of her affection. This piece of generosity, from its being so uncommon, made the more noise, and reaching the ears of the late King John of Portugal, it affected him so that by the next ship he sent out letters of legitimation to the Admiral's son by that dancer."—Grose.

† "A perfectly authentic instance might be mentioned, of an English gentleman in a high station in Bengal, who was dismissed, and afterwards reduced to great temporary difficulties in his own country; a native of rank, to whom he had been kind, supplied him, when in these circumstances, with upwards of £10,000 of which he would not accept repayment, and for which he could expect no possible return. This generous friend was a Maratha Brahman, a race, of all others, who have least sympathy with people of other castes, and who are most hardened and corrupted by power."—Elphinstone.

Love-grove.—Maria Graham tells us the romantic story of the two lovers. We have given their names. The name of Love-grove is, no doubt, due to

been to Tibet, China—yea, to Tartary. Far-away fowls have bonnie feathers; so the Bombay folks took to him amazingly. His raiment was scant, and his hair was long.

Mahmud Bigarah of Ahmadabad, the Blue Beard of Indian history, could twist his moustaches over his head, or tie them under his chin. But this man's hair was so long that it reached down to his heels, and to prevent it trailing on the ground, he doubled it up again to the crown of his head. Here the force of nature could no further go, so it was wreathed in rolls, and rose in a russet spire, into which colour it had been sunburnt from its original black. He made a pile of earth on the shore between the Walkeshwar Pagoda and the sea. He surrounded the pile with fagots, and after setting them on fire, he stood up within the blazing circle and preached from the midst of the flames. The effect was marvellous, and a perfect *barsāt* of rupees was the result.

The little brownish-yellow pagoda you descry from the Malabar Point grounds, on the sea-shore, is very picturesque and owes its existence to this fervid preacher. The ground hereabout seems to have a horrible fascination for devotees, for our readers will recollect that about a dozen years ago a *jogi* built himself up in a square piece of masonry, out of which nothing would tempt him to come.

Grose is enthusiastic on the scenery of Malabar Hill, and notices the trees on the way to the Point, with their branches twisted by the wind at right angles and all in one direction. They give one an idea, he says, of the temple-groves so often pictured by the ancients. We are glad to meet with these old friends in 1750.* In 1888 they were pulled up by the roots to make way for the Bombay Defences.

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this incident. We understand that Vellard is a Portuguese word for causeway. The lovers were Muslim, but both Muslim and Hindu pay great veneration to these tombs.

* In a view of Bombay a little after this period we find—in Niebuhr, the father of the historian who was here in 1764, and to whose memory Palgrave dedicates his book on Arabia—what is wanting in Grose. Between the two we need not be at a loss. That the population was 140,000, and had doubled itself in twenty years; that the old Government House on the seaside was *un vieux château de peu de conséquence*; that there was the most abundant toleration—are facts expatiated on by both these writers.

It is Mackintosh, we think, who states that Gray, the author of the Elegy, was the first, or among the first, who in his letters expatiated with exquisite taste on the pleasure derivable from the contemplation of fine scenery.* Mackintosh, we daresay, never saw this book. Had he done so, he would have seen described at his own doors a scene which evoked this earlier notice; and as it has more than a local interest, we give Grose's memorable words, which will receive commendation as long as there is an eye or a mind to appreciate the beautiful in nature :— "On the seaside stands the Gentoo Pagoda. The other three sides are surrounded with trees that form an amphitheatre on the slopes of the hill towards it, than which no prospect that I ever saw or can conceive forms a more agreeably wild land-

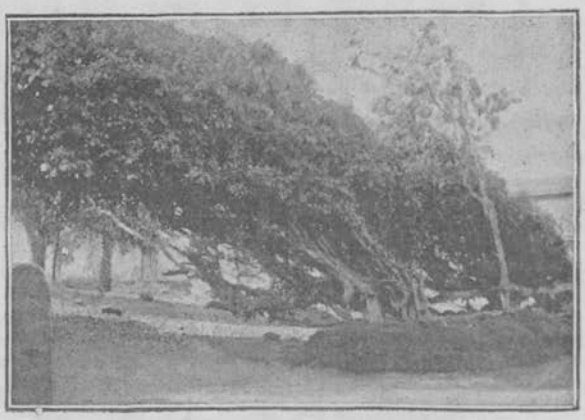
Some of Niebuhr's small facts are interesting—that he met some Greeks settled in Bombay; that the English wear tight clothes; that the houses have tiled roofs; that European foreigners do not make much in commerce; that the highest military officer, who is also a member of Council, has only the title of Major; that there are many Polish, Swiss, Dutch and German officers in our Indian Army; that there is only one clergyman for the whole of Western India, the minister of Bombay, who does duty at Surat, Anjengo and Telichery, and that when he dies, the faithful must wait until word is sent home and another comes out; that the Europeans in Bombay were a non-marrying race, for neither marriage nor baptism took place when he was in the island; that the Pope had sent out a Bishop of Bombay, but the Governor announced that there was no need of an ecclesiastic with such a high title; that the African slaves owned by Englishmen and others were all Roman Catholics, and that the Church at Parel was already a magnificent *salle-à-manger* and dancing-room. From Grose we learn that the island was divided into three Roman Catholic parishes; Bombay, Mahim, Salvacam, the churches of which are governed by any nation but the Portuguese. He also informs us that there was a public garden at Parel, and that there were European deserters in the fleet of Angria, and that—*mirabile dictu!*—some Englishmen chewed betel-nut, and finally—"Il est permis à tous de faire commerce depuis le Président d'un établissement jusqu'au moindre clerc;" and, "Les Indiens sont bien la nation la plus tolérante de l'univers; car dans quels pais de l'Europe permettoit-on à gens d'une autre religion de prêcher ouvertement contre celle qui est la dominante dans le pais?"—a bitter satire on the state of religious toleration in Europe in 1764.

* Following a quotation from a letter of Gray's to Horace Walpole dated 1736, Edmund M. Gosse in *Gray*, of "Morley's English Men of Letters" series, 1882, p. 16, says: "This is the first expression, so far as I am aware, of the modern feeling of the picturesque."

"So recent is the taste for scenery, that a *Tour through Great Britain* published in 1762, speaks of Westmoreland as remarkable only for wildness; notices Winandermere only for its size, Ulleswater for char, and at Kesswick passes the poor Lake entirely."—Sir James Mackintosh, 1811. *Life*, vol. ii., p. 97.

scape." So say we all of us. The passage in Mackintosh is this: Sept. 12, 1825—"In the beautiful scenery of Bolton Abbey, where I have been since I began this note, I was struck by the recollection of a sort of merit of Gray, which is not generally observed, that he was the first observer of the beauties of nature in England, and has marked out the course of every picturesque journey that can be made in it." *

* Mackintosh's *Life*, vol. ii., p. 429.*



THE LAST OF THE AVENUE OF TWISTED TREES.

CHAPTER XI.

The Book of Gombroon, 1752–53.

"A mirror wherein passed to and fro the images of the ancient days."—*Chaldee Manuscript.*

The Book of Gombroon has lain in Bombay for one hundred and twenty years; and it is almost in perfect condition and legible, thanks to the papermaker, the ink with which it is written, the large round hand of the scribe, and thanks also to the zealous interest of those who have kept it among their archives and transmitted it safely from generation to generation.* If all the books in Bombay were printed or written on such paper, we would have no fear of their future condition. But, unfortunately, this is not the case: "That which the locust hath left the caterpillar hath eaten, that which the caterpillar hath left the cankerworm hath eaten, and the palmer-worm" and white-ant will devour the residue. If things go on as they are we are safe in saying that in the year 2000 every book now in Bombay will have crumbled into dust or leaf-mould, except the *Birds of Asia,* which may still maintain a feeble and fluttering existence on the tables of the Asiatic Society. We except also the holograph Wellington and *Contemporary Despatches,* in the Secretariat, which have been, as respects climate and insects, *carefully* bound in 8 vols. morocco, by a late Secretary to Government; and no doubt, if well kept, they will defy the lapse of time and the fingering of visitors. Every reader in the public libraries of Bombay will bear us out that the leaves of many of the books are as brittle as tinder. You must take them up tenderly; and woe betide the unlucky wight who, at the tenth hour, when deep sleep falleth upon men, foldeth down the corner of the leaf he is perusing, for when he next openeth

* Messrs. Remington and Co.

the tome, the dog-ear will drop to the ground, a silent monitor to remind him not only of the ravages of the monsoon and the white-ants, but of his own stupid and unpardonable act. And as for newspapers, we question very much whether a perfect consecutive series exists for the last thirty years. If it does we have not been able to find it. This is much to be deplored, for a time will undoubtedly come in the progress of this city when everything connected with its history and the preservation of its public muniments will be regarded with more zeal and interest than at present. If our University and all those seats of learning that are rising around us mean anything, they mean that men will come forth from their walls who will ask the question how Bombay comes to hold the pre-eminent position it does as a city among the nations of the East, what were the means and who were the individuals who helped to accomplish this great end.

HISTORY NOT ANTIQUARIANISM.

Why should this species of knowledge be relegated to the domain of antiquarianism, as if the history which God has given us for our profit were a collection of tin pots, rusty pans, and old-wives' fables? History surely has nobler uses than this; and the English have nothing to hide in regard to the part they have played in the history of Western India. No injury can possibly accrue to the natives by a knowledge of the past. Let them know that their ancestors were plundered by the Peshwahs almost within the memory of man, and their heads beaten with wooden mallets, and that they had never a pice they could call their own; that the land which now waves with rich harvests of grain and cotton was once overgrown with weeds; and that their masters were such tyrants and oppressors, that industry itself ceased to be a virtue, and men were driven to the open country, to fight for existence like the wild beasts of the earth. Those were the days in Bombay when there were no meetings of Town Council, nor in Poona drives in open carriages to Bhamburda. They will be all the better for this knowledge; the seeds of philanthropy and religion will then fall on a kindlier soil, and the men who are now suspicious of you will become your friends and allies, helpers in the great work of the

regeneration of mankind. The natives of this country are not less sensible than we are to the lessons of history. They only need educating in it; and for them the history of Western India must surely be more interesting than, say, the *Conquest of Peru*, or even the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

The text which has called forth this sermon is a small one, for it would be difficult to select a place less known, or less fitted to awaken an interest of any kind in the reader. You cannot get excited about Gombroon,* for the history of a small factory on the Persian Gulf, subordinate to Bombay, at a time when Bombay itself was not above the level of mediocrity, is certainly not attractive. And yet from 1621 to 1759 successive relays of Englishmen were sent to its inhospitable shores, to help to build up somehow, not even in India itself, the fabric of the Indian Empire. For the Englishmen of those days stuck at nothing. Persia was in anarchy: there was bad trade; there was nothing but disease; there was nothing but death. But still the procession up the Straits of Ormuz went on, of these belated victims, doomed to die.

MORTALITY BILLS.

The scene opens with Danvers Graves, President; Wood, Percival, and Wents, council. A few days pass, and the black camel which kneels at every man's door † comes for Graves. Graves mounts, obedient to the summons. Then it kneels for Percival; then for Wents. They all, at intervals, ride away to the silent land.

Emboldened by success, it came for Wood. Wood was tough; looked the grisly undertaker in the face, and probably said with Wycliffe, "Go away! I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord," or more probably he said, "I shall live, make money, and sell piece goods." The brute this time does not kneel, merely makes a feint of doing so, curls the lip, snarls, groans, and passes on. Wood was saved by the skin of his teeth; in his own words, "through the mercy of God, who

* Gombroon is now represented by Bandar Abbas.
† Turkish proverb.

thought fit to prolong my life, for the enjoyment (I hope) of a more agreeable climate."

The fittest survive: sometimes they do. It is not a bad thing, however, in qualifying for this competition for existence to have a strong heart, stout lungs, and a steady pulse; in other words, to be sound in wind and limb. But Wood was so nearly dead that Dr. Forbes gave him up, and Brabazon Ellis in Basrah, believing that he too had drunk of the promotion wine, becomes almost hilarious, and writes all imaginable compliments to his supposed successor, taking good care to warn the *locum tenens*, whoever he might be, black or white, not to break a seal or touch dead men's effects until a properly covenanted servant arrives. The scene changes. A fresh batch of Civil Servants from Bombay, consisting of Douglas, Sedgwicke, Secker, and Parsons, soon make good the deficiency, take their places at the Council Board, examine accounts, and sign their names in token of the correctness thereof. But still man is mortal. We observe a gap where the name of Sedgwicke ought to be—between the other signatures—left vacant for him by the considerate courtesy of his colleagues. "Will he no come back again?" Alas! not this journey. An entry, a few days farther on, tells us the reason, laconic enough, "Mr. William Sedgwicke departed this life of nervous fever and fits." So the gap stares us in the face still, a *memento mori*. In these days every epithet of deserved abuse was heaped on Gombroon. They may all, however, be summed up in the sailor's proverb:—"There is an inch deal between Gombroon and hell."

The wonder to us is that, under such circumstances, any books at all were kept; and yet here is a book of 160 pages closely written, of the same shape, but of course not so thick, as a merchant's ledger. When one man laid down the pen, another took it up. Every letter, inward and outward, is copied: what orders were received, what orders given, buying wool, selling drabs, recording visits, noting politics, repairing premises, fitting out ships, reforming drunkards, cash received; each item, disbursements likewise, month by month, details of servants' wages, stable and garden expenses, accounts examined and attested by the holograph signatures of the survivors or survivor.

The year 1752 was *annus mirabilis*. It had only 354 days in it; and yet we have here over 200 entries, many of them pages in length, neatly written under as many days.

Such are some of the prosaic details of which this volume consists; but it was by such methods the Englishman gained standing-ground in the East. Not all the glory belongs to Clive and Wellington. By unknown men, and in places equally unknown, the battle was fought and the foundation laid of the Indian Empire. They had almost none of our advantages, though they helped to make them. They worked in obscurity and they died in obscurity, mute and inglorious if you will, but not unheroic as they laid themselves down to sleep on the deserts of Asia.

THE INKSTAND.

Amid these sombre shadows there is a gleam of human activity and misdirected energy. As often happens in an emergency or big disaster, some one is found busying himself with the veriest trifles. As in the catastrophe on the Bor Ghat some years since, where poor Howard was killed, the gentleman next him, extricating himself (besmeared with blood) from the *débris* of the broken train, was confronted by his servant, weeping bitterly, and bearing in his hand the fragments of a cigar-box, the cause of all his loud lamentation. But we proceed. The new comers from Bombay take their respective seats at the Gombroon Council table, and resolutely proceed to overhaul the accounts. The fact gradually dawns upon them that from the property of the East India Company a silver inkstand is missing. We are left in doubt as to whether it was solid silver, German silver, or Britannia metal—two species of bi-metallism that gave the world much trouble in the eighteenth century. On this the depositions are silent. It *apparently* existed once, but not in the memory of man; but nevertheless, year by year it stood in the annual balance of accounts—a substantial asset of the factory. It could not walk away of itself. Mr. Wood does not aver that it was stolen. It could not wear away like napery, or old knives in India, reduced to attenuated shadows by grinding and attrition. What if Wood melted it

down into bangles for his aunt, or domiciled it with his uncle. In any case is not this a crime of the first magnitude, to be punished by the judges; fraud, culpable carelessness, breach of trust, falsification of accounts, and all that sort of thing?

We know not whose lynx eyes were instrumental in making this great discovery. Was it Douglas or Secker? or the young writer, Parsons, urged on to glorious issues? There is a proverb about new brooms.

"May 25, 1753.—In the accounts of household furniture there appearing sundry articles which are actually worn out, and also an inkstand in the account of plate which Mr. Wood declares he has never seen since his arrival, as do the linguist and factory brokers who have been thirty years in the factory, it is now agreed that they be wrote off and particular mention be made of the standish in our next advices to the Honourable President and Council."

So the inkstand was written off in Gombroon, and nobody was hanged. When the waves reached our city there would be some commotion; but they would soon expend themselves and find their level on the bastions of Bombay Castle. We have seen that men were not immortal in Gombroon. We now see that they were not infallible. "1752, October 5.—Account salary for one month and six days' salary due to Henry Sewage, Esquire, on his departure, included by mistake in the salary bill dated 31st July last, and now paid back, Rs. 120."

ET CETERA.

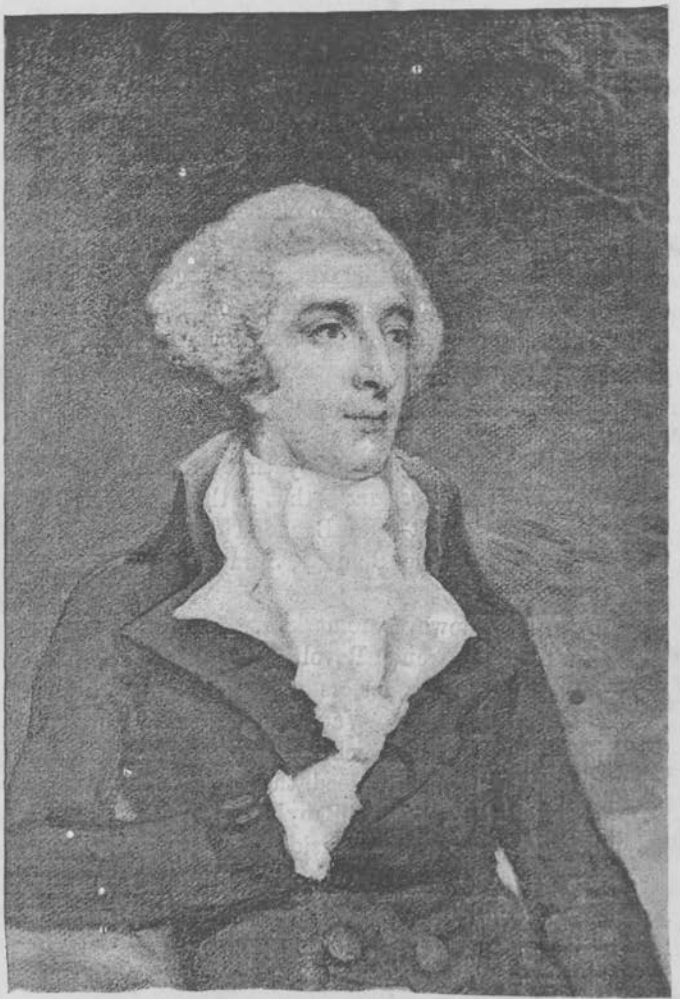
The two great bugbears of these times, which have become serious realities in our own, were the Russians and the Afghans —*Offgoons*, a *bizarre* spelling which may please some of the disciples of Sir William Jones or Dr. Hunter. Both the India House and Bombay were extremely anxious to know about the Russians; and the Gombroon factory furnished them with all needful information on the sales of Russian piece-goods and other matters, describing the route taken by the Russian gentlemen with their drabs and broad-cloth from Astrakhan to Maskat. I am inclined to think that this is the first notice we have of Russian traders here, an after-result, due doubtless to the

enterprise of Peter the Great. There was an air of great mystery about everything Russian in India, and even the Tapti for a generation later on was considered by intelligent Englishmen to rise in the mountains of Great Tartary.* Mildew in piece-goods turns up in these old times to vex the souls of the factors, and two other evils of more ancient date affecting the bodies and souls of men, drunkenness and incontinence, which were visited with expulsion *pro tem.* Geologists may be interested to learn that in these parts, and in this age, the sea gained on the land so rapidly as to threaten the English House, and extort a cry to Bombay to sanction means of protection from its invasion. This was the year when the style was changed, and Bombay wrote Gombroon to call the 3rd September the 14th September, and so on afterwards, allowing eleven days to lapse; which was done. The men (*per mensem*) profited by this. Everything for the India House was sent *overland*—that is the word, and our age is not the inventor of it—viâ Baghdad and Aleppo, whence the Consul forwarded the Bombay, Surat, and Gulf letters on to Europe.

We may as well, however, remark that on and after this date down through all the French Revolutionary epoch, this was the orthodox route for quick letters to Europe, *overland*, a great deal more so than the route Waghorn opened up to us through Egypt fifty years ago, and which, it appears, will now hold good to the end of time, unless, indeed, the railway whistle shrieks through the deserted streets of Babylon and Nineveh.† If our memory serves us, there is an allusion in the earliest transactions of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce to an English mail agent being murdered on the Baghdad route. Angria was a name that still sent a tremor through Leadenhall Street; and the factory

* Nikitin, the Russian who was in the Bombay Presidency in 1468–74, says:—"And I poor sinner brought a stallion to the land of India. With God's help I reached Jooneere all well, but it cost me a hundred roubles." An amusing and early instance of the horse trade of Arabia with India. If the Russians only read the description which follows, they would surely never think of coming to India. "All are black and wicked, and the women all harlots or witches or thieves and cheats; and they all destroy their masters with poison." The Czarewitch confronts all danger in 1891.

† During the monsoon of 1839 and 1840 letters were forwarded viâ the Persian Gulf and across the desert to Beyrut, and thence to Europe.



THE HON. CHARLES CROMMELIN, GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY, 1760–1767.*

assure their masters that the great pirate never comes out of his creek or monsoon hiding-place until after September.

Richard Bourchier sits King in Bombay Castle; sometimes

* From the original, in the possession of his great-grandson, Mr. W. L. Crommelin, of Bedford (presented by Mr. Grattan Geary).

styled Governor, and as often President or General.* Two future Governors, Thomas Hodges† and William Hornby, sit with him in Council; and a third, Crommelin,‡ sways the sceptre as Chief at Surat. Brabazon Ellis, the luckiest Englishman of his age in Western India, wields a flowing pen at Basrah, a man that neither disease nor impecuniosity can touch; his covenant seems well ordered in all things and sure; and Daniel Draper has just finished his career as warehouse keeper at Gombroon. He had not then entered on that ill-starred alliance with Eliza, a lady destined to startle two priests out of their propriety, one famous or infamous in the Church of England, the other famous and infamous in the Catholic Church of France.

THE LORD OF THE HOT COUNTRIES:—

We give in a foot-note a specimen letter from this gentleman

* This was the gentleman with whom Lord Clive had the angry tussle when in Bombay. I can only afford space for the last sentence of a remarkable letter to him which has been preserved. It is dated Bombay, 13th April, 1756:—"Considering the rank I bear of Lieutenant-Colonel in His Majesty's service, of Deputy Governor of St. David's, of a Member of Committee of this place, I do not think I have been treated by the Honourable Bourchier, Esq., agreeably to the intention of the Honourable the Court of Directors, who, I flatter myself, will do me justice therein, when they come to hear thereof. I am, with respect, Honourable Sir and Sirs, your most obedient humble servant, ROBERT CLIVE."

† These four men held the Governorship of Bombay thirty-four years:—Richard Bourchier 1750–1760, Charles Crommelin 1760–67, Thomas Hodges 1767–71, William Hornby 1771–84.

‡ *Ante*, p. 9. Charles Crommelin, Governor of Bombay (1760–1767), was the son of Marc Antoine Crommelin, of Huguenot family, who entered the East India Company's service at Bombay, whose descendants have been prominent in the Indian services in every generation since. His grandson, Charles Russell Crommelin, was secretary to the Government of Bengal (1799) and his great-great-grandson, Lieut.-General W. A. Crommelin, C.B., was a distinguished officer of Engineers, who died 1886 (Yule's *Diary of Wm. Hedges*, ii., 259). Governor Crommelin died December 25th, 1788, aged 81. His tomb has apparently been discovered at Qasim-Bazar by Mr. H. Beveridge.—*Calcutta Review*, 1891.

Crommelin was descended from a Huguenot family forced to leave France on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. One of them established the manufacture of fine linens in Ulster where his descendants were afterwards established at Carrowdore Castle, Co. Down. The coat of arms of the Crommelins is: Azure, a cheveron between three martelets argent, a trefoil slipped vert. Crest, out of a ducal coronet or, a swan rising ppr. Motto—*Fac et spera*.—Burke's *Armorie*.—B.

to an English Captain.* He only owed allegiance to one man.

"The Bactrian Sophi from the horns
Of Turkish Crescent leaves all waste behind."

FOUR GRADATIONS OF SERVICE

meet the eye in this book. There is the Council at home, the Council at Bombay, the Council at Gombroon, and their subordinate at Basrah. There is an etiquette in the language they address to each other which pleases us to linger over. The India House letters are subscribed "Your loving Friends." Then follow the signatures of twenty individuals—members of the governing body. When Bombay writes Gombroon she follows in the same ancient strain of endearment. A noble house in many ways was this old India House. An inferior may not, however, thus address a superior; so we have in this book every gradation of respect represented from the lowest footstool up to the mighty throne of the Nabobs. "Right Worshipful Sir and Sirs," says Basrah to Gombroon. "Your most humble and most obedient servant, B. Ellis."

* "*The Translation of Nasseir Caun's Order.* Mahomed Nasseir, slave of God, Prince of Princes, Supreme Lord of the Hot Countries, to whom the Grand Sophi of Persia is alone superiour, sends this his special Order unto the trustworthy English Captain, elected by favour of the Holy Jesus to fill the seat of Christian Dignity at Bunder Abassee.

"The Omnipotent Creator of the Universe, who of his great Wisdom has appointed Kings and Rulers to act as his Deputys throughout the world for the support of Justice, and for the universal tranquility of mankind, requires the most unfeigned humility in the reception, and the strictest obedience in the execution of their commands from all subjects and inferiors whatever. Be it therefore known unto you the trustworthy Captain of the English Factory, that I, Mahomed Nasseir, slave of God, &c., &c., demand the immediate service of your ship to proceed in company with the Ramawny to the entrance of Shoft river, and in conjunction with her to prevent the King's ship from being delivered into the hands of the Muscat Arabs, which the base Traitor Abdul Shaik had enter'd into an agreement to do, for a valuable consideration in money; and whatever may be requisite to be done in regard to the present business Messey Suttoon, my faithful servant, will advertise you of. Be expeditious and careful in performing that duty which is now incumbent on you, and wait in hourly expectation of my coming.

"Seal'd the seal of
"NASSEIR CAUN."

"To the Honourable Richard Bourchier, Esq.,* President and Governor in Council in Bombay," writes Gombroon, opening with "Honoured Sir and Sirs;" and in like manner Gombroon heads its London letters, "To the Honourable the Court of Directors for affairs of the United Company of Merchants of England trading in the East Indies." Then follows, "May it please your honours;" and concludes with all due respect as becometh, "may it please your honours, your most faithful and most obedient humble servants." †

The Empire of India is complex in its origin: but if it grew out of anything it grew out of a company of merchants.

PEOPLE WERE HERE BEFORE US.

Gombroon was a common place, dull and dreary enough in all conscience; and yet around its shores Nearchus once manœuvred the fleet of Alexander. Hither also (for Ormuz is within hail) came in spirit Milton, who has given to it an undying fame, in one line of *Paradise Lost*, in his description of the devil's throne in Pandemonium, which—

"Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

There was a Russian proverb, "Whatever is produced on earth you find at Ormuz."

* "It brings to my mind a story of Governor Bourchier of Bombay. The old gentleman was very fond of a composition of weak liquor much used by Europeans in Asia called 'country beer.' A European captain of one of the Company's ships asked the Governor why he drank so much of that 'slow poison,' country beer. 'Very slow, indeed,' replies the old man, 'I have used it these fifty years, and here I am yet.'"—Price's *Letter to E. Burke*, p. 33.

† The French are great masters of this art:—"*Agréez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma parfaite considération avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être le plus dévoué de vos serviteurs.*" But there was no greater stickler for the profuse method of concluding a letter than General Wellesley Bahadur. With a small running hand like a lady's, each line an inch separate, Wellington soon covers a sheet of paper, even the large foolscap of his days. The letter is perhaps one short terse sentence: after which comes the flowing conclusion filling a whole page, "I have the honour to be, Sir, with the greatest respect your most obedient, faithful and humble servant, Arthur Wellesley." He too addresses "The Honourable Jonathan Duncan, Esq.," a correct designation, we believe, for all Governors and Councillors who are not Honourables in their own right, albeit common use sanctions it not in our day. There is nothing like a letter for bringing a dead man to life again, especially when the talc from the glass sparkles on the name, and has been shaken by the hand of Arthur Wellesley. The particles still glitter on the autograph, though the hand that shook them out has long crumbled into dust.

We would except *Ice*, the mention of which brings us appropriately to William Baffin, who was killed in 1621, at the siege of Kishma, a neighbouring island, and is buried there. His grave is unknown; but his name, in Baffin's Bay, covers several degrees of the Arctic Circle.

THE ENGLISH SURNAMES OF BOMBAY.

There are historical names which have at intervals occupied the public eye for more than a century; especially, in Western India, those of Carnac and Malet.* Such instances are, however, much more numerous in Bengal.

But confining ourselves to the names mentioned in this book, it is strange to observe with what unfailing persistency, and without any genealogical succession that we can see, the same names crop up in our day. Ellis, Graves, Symmons, Wood, Wilson, Hunt, Draper, Sedgwicke, Parsons, Percival, Crawley, Sewell, Douglas, Shaw, Forbes, Kerr, stalk across the foot-boards of 1752, and disappear into the darkness. It is no doubt a mere accident; the names are not uncommon, and may continue to repeat themselves in every age of Bombay until

THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

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* General Carnac was Clive's second in command at the Battle of Plassey. His tomb in Bombay Cathedral was erected by his brother-in-law, Mr. Jas. Rivett (arrived in India, 1776), father of the late Sir James Rivett Carnac, first baronet, and Governor of Bombay, 1838–41. It states that he died at Mangalore, 29th Nov., 1800, aged 34 years. Sir Richard Temple was nephew of the aforesaid Sir James. The Malets have been before the Bombay public for the last hundred years.

"General Carnac married a Miss Rivett, a celebrated court beauty, whose picture was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is esteemed one of the finest of his works; it is now in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace. The General and Mrs. Carnac both died in Bombay, I believe. Memorial tablets were placed in the Cathedral by Rivett, who was then Senior Member of Council. These tablets were taken down when the additions were made to the Cathedral. Mr. Eastwick, when staying with Sir Richard Temple in 1878, when I was Military Secretary to the Governor, found the tablets in a godown, both broken. Sir Richard and I replaced them, high up on the wall, on either side of the main entrance. When General Carnac died, he left all his property, which was very considerable, to Mr. J. Rivett, who took the name of Carnac, hence the double name as you will find recorded on the tablets. Sir James Rivett Carnac, Governor of Bombay, was Mr. Rivett's eldest son. Sir Richard Temple's mother was Sir James's sister, and my father was Sir James's youngest brother."—Major Rivett Carnac, Military Secretary to Commander in Chief, Poona, 13th July, 1883.

By The Mayors Court of Bombay

Robert Bellamore ——————————— Complainant

and

Gullam Mueedeen Dowray ——————————— Defendant

It appearing from the Records of this Court that the usual Rules have been given the Defendant to answer which he has neglected doing. The Court thereupon pass Judgment against Him by default and Order & Decree and it is hereby Ordered and Decreed that the Defendt shall immediately pay to the Complainant the Sum of Rupees 1450 Four hundred and fifty and usual Interest thereon from the 1st Novr 1796 until full payment is made and it is further Ordered and Decreed that Defendant shall Moreover pay the Complainant Rupees 73-2-0 for his Costs of Suit

In Confirmation whereof this Court have caused their Common Seal to be hereunto affixed Dated in Bombay Town Hall the 19th Day of July 1791

P. S. Maister
Register

John de Ponthieu
Mayor

Jam Birch
Alsn

LAWSON LOW MARSTON & Co LTD

COLLOTYPE LEMERCIER PARIS

A JUDGEMENT OF THE MAYOR'S COURT 1791

CHAPTER XII.

BOMBAY DIRECTORY—1792.

THE HONOURABLE MAYOR'S COURT.

The Worshipful P. C. BRUCE, Esq., Mayor.

ALDERMEN.

ALEX. ADAMSON, Esq., Senior Alderman.

Robert Kitson, Esq.
John Forbes, Esq.
James Tate, Esq.*
James Tod, Esq.

John De Panthieu, Esq.
George Stevenson, Esq.
Charles Elphinstone, Esq.

George Simson, *Sheriff.*
Philip Samuel Maisler, *Registrar.*
Augustus William Handley, *Examiner.*
Henry Fawcett, *Accountant General.*

ATTORNEYS.

Henry Forrester Constable.
William Paddock.
William White.
Bryt. Brooksbank.
James Anderson.

Phinehas Hall.
Stephen Cassan.
Edward Popham.
William Ashburner.

THE HONOURABLE COURT OF APPEALS.

Major-General ROBERT ABERCROMBY.

George Dick, Esq.
Daniel Crokatt, Esq.

William Lewis, Esq.
John Morris, Registrar.

INSURANCE SOCIETY.

Mr. Forbes.
„ Bruce.
„ Ashburner.
„ Henshaw.
„ Rivett.
„ Adamson.

Mr. Constable.
„ Tate.
„ Nesbitt.
„ De Souza.
„ L. B. De Souza.
„ Simson.

* Pullietate or Paliport (1817), literally Garden Mosque, is the residence of Mr. Tate, an opulent English merchant, and formerly an inhabitant of Bombay. This gentleman, then very old and infirm, died a few years afterwards."—Col. James Welsh's *Military Reminiscences*, 1830.

Insurance Society.

Mr. Fawcett.
„ Stevens.
„ Hadow.
„ D. Scott.
„ J. Ferguson.
Sir F. Gordon, Bart.
Mr. H. Trail.
„ T. Graham.
Mr. J. Griffith.
„ J. Ried.
„ Dady Nasservanjee.
„ S. C. Senoy.
„ N. Goolabdass.
„ N. Manockjee.
„ P. Bomanjee.
„ F. Nanabhoy.

LIST OF MERCHANTS.

European.

Adamson (Alexander).
Bruce, Fawcett, & Co.*
Forbes & Co.
Harding (Joseph).
Rivett & Wilkinson.
Souza (Miguel de Leuis).
Tate (James).
Taylor & Agnew.

Native.

Gentoo Caste.

Manordass Rupjee.
Vituldass Keussowram.
Sunkersett Baboolsett.
Pandooset Sewajeesett.
Bhimjeh Ramsett, *Tobacco Farmer.*
Lallbhoy Goverdhondass Minter.
Sewker Sinoy, *Goa Agent.*
Lalla Jairam.
Hurjevan Sirput.
Narondass Nowrotumdass.
Moorlither Sumboo.
Jugjeevun Anoopdass.
Nawrotumdass Motichund.
Moorlither Pursotum.

Shroffs.

Munordass Duarcadass.
Gopaldass Manordass.

Bengal Shroffs.

Javerchund Atmaram.
Vizbhucan Tapidass.
Pittamber Chutoobhuz.
Balmucan Nursindass.
Goverdhon Jugjivandass.
Ramdass Bhugwandass Narondass.
Hemraze Goccull.
Davaldas Pittamber.
Luckmichund Nanabhoy.
Galla Jewa Moody.
Wirziall Bhugtey.

Natoo Sumboo, *Broker.*

Persic Caste.

Dady Nasservanjee.
Hirjee Jeevanjee.
Nasservanjee Manockjee.
Pallanjee Bomanjee.
Sorabjee Muncherjee.
Framjee Nanabhoy.
Dorabjee Furdoonjee.
Byramjee Motabhoy.
Burjorjee Dorabjee.

China Agents.

Rustomjee Dadabhoy.
Eduljee Bomanjee.

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* Afterwards Remington and Co. A Mr. Fawcett, of R. and Co., was chairman at a great dinner given in Bombay in honour of James Outram, I think, in 1842.

MUSSULMAN.

Mahomed Soffee.	Gassamjee Mottabhoy.
Bhorjee Curimjee.	Mullickjee Cassimjee.

ARMENIAN.

Aniet Sarkize.	Pogus Satour.
Calsian Satour.	Simon Markhar.
Panwass Seemon.	Jacob Pedross.
Sahak Moorad.	

By the courtesy of the Hon. Sorabjee Shapoorjee Bengallee we are enabled to present our readers with all that is contained in the *Bombay Directory* of 1792.

The two leaves in this squat volume, compared with the *Bombay Directory* of to-day, bring forcibly to view the small beginnings of our almost imperial city. It is a lesson in the history of great cities, and, like the *London Directory* of 1792, is a very miniature booklet compared with its Brobdingnagian successor of 1882. Here, then, is a list of our prominent citizens, European and Native, ninety years ago. The European firms are eight in number. Alexander Adamson, a name long prominent in Bombay, figures as "the good Samaritan" in one of Malcolm's Persian sketches, and his signature is familiar to us in letters about ships and shipping in Wellington's time. He joined the East India Company in 1782 as a Civil Servant, and is now what is termed a "junior merchant." He is styled "Transfer Master and Assistant to the treasurers." Bruce, Fawcett and Co. are represented in 1882 by Messrs. Remington and Co., established after 1805. This firm consisted in 1792 of two Civil Servants; Patrick Crawfurd Bruce, Land Paymaster. He is the Worshipful P. C. Bruce, Esquire, Mayor, and is a "senior merchant." Henry Fawcett is the Accountant-General, and is "a junior merchant."

We are particular in defining the position of these gentlemen, so that we may give illustrations of the fact which we pointed out above, that, prior to 1804, Civil Servants were allowed to become partners in commercial firms or Agency Houses without forfeiting any of the privileges belonging to the service of the East India Company.

Of James Tate, Dr. Hové writes in 1787:—"Mr. Tate, in

Surat, built here last season a ship which holds 400 bales of cotton, finished it in five months, sending the cotton to the Isle of France, whence it is exported to Europe."

John Forbes in 1792 represents the house of Messrs. Forbes and Co., and may have been its founder, as the future Sir Charles Forbes was now only nineteen years of age. Neither John nor Charles Forbes nor James Tate appears in the list of Civil Servants.

The Bombay Insurance Company seems to have offered in 1792 great attractions as an investment to our eminent citizens. This Company was unlimited, and lasted under the same name, we believe, until 1868. The subscribed capital was 15 lakhs, and may be the parent of a Company of the same name, established in 1870.

William Ashburner joined the East India Company in 1754, and was in 1792 the oldest Civil Servant in Bombay. His office was a high one, the holder of it being styled "Warehouse-keeper and member of the Committee of Accounts." Robert Henshaw—our readers will recognise the name in Henshaw's Buildings near the Bank of Bombay—was called to the chair in 1803 at the great meeting in honour of Arthur Wellesley. He had been about forty years in the country, and was undoubtedly the Nestor of our Society at this time.

James Tod may have given his name to our Tod Street. The Armenian houses which were then so numerous have disappeared, but the Persic, *i.e.* Parsi houses, are as strong as ever. Some of the Hindu firms may exist to-day, but we cannot identify any one of them, and such shroffs as we know from independent information existed before 1792. Jivraj Balu and others do not find a place in this Directory.

The wonderful thing is the repetition in our own age of names so familiar in 1792. The names are common in the Civil and Military services of Bombay of Warden, Peile, Ramsden, Strachey, Ravenscroft, Rivett, Dickenson, Waddington, Michael Kennedy, Foreman, Nugent, and Sartorius.

Helenus Scott and Carnegie are among the Surgeons. And there was one man in the Bombay Harbour in 1792, to wit, the Commander of His Majesty's ship "Phœnix," 96 guns, Sir

Richard Strahan, whose fame has been handed down to future ages in the following undying quatrain:—

> "The Earl of Chatham with his sword drawn
> Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strahan;
> Sir Richard, longing to be at him,
> Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

This is no doubt the redoubtable hero, so meanwhile we bid good-bye to Bombay and its Honourable Mayor's Court and Aldermen, all that we had then in lieu of our High Court of Law and Justice.

LADY CALCOTT (MARIA GRAHAM).

CHAPTER XIII.

BOMBAY, 1826.

MRS. ELWOOD'S ACCOUNT.

WHEN General Stratton (since dead at Biarritz) retired in 1869, he told me that he had been the guest of the Tuckers in Bombay, when he came out in 1826. Our late respected Senior Member of Council of rotund memory was then a baby in the arms of his *ayah*. "And a remarkably fine child he was," added the General. Bombay hospitality made a deep impression on

him. Not so Madras. He there put up with the Commander-in-Chief and his maiden sister. A single egg was handed to him at breakfast, and added he, in the relation, "You know what Indian eggs are, and I, a growing boy from Montrose." Miss W. apologised, "Ye see, Maister Stratton, oor hens are no layin' vera weel the noo!"

But to come to Mrs. Elwood. She was a daughter of Mr. E. Jeremiah Curteis, M.P. for Sussex, Windmill Hill, near Beachy Head. Maria Graham is another traveller to whom we will also refer. We infer that she was married to Captain Thomas Graham, R.N., in 1809. Vans Kennedy, an Orientalist of repute, has noted in pencil on the copy of Mrs. Elwood's *Narrative*,* now before us, that it is "a catch-penny publication." It was published in 1830.

We think that we shall be able to show that it contains the best account extant of this period. Of social and everyday life ladies are by far the best delineators. What would the Calcutta of her time be without the Hon. Emily Eden?

And Bombay owes much to those ladies, who unconsciously have become the historians of their time. The letters of Eliza Draper, Maria Graham, Mrs. Elwood, the first Mrs. Wilson, Emma Roberts, Lady Falkland, and Lady Burton, various as they are in their proclivities, are full of undying interest as regards the everyday life of the time in which they lived.

The arrival of Mrs. Elwood from the Red Sea on the 29th July, 1826, during the tempestuous weather of the monsoon was an event of some importance in Bombay. No other English lady had ever done this before, so she is the *prima donna* of the Overland Route. Lady Nightingale, after being weighed at the Castle, as there recorded, had done the homeward route in 1819. But Mrs. Elwood from the North was the first that ever burst into that silent sea of Erythræum.

From Kossír to Jiddah in an Arab *dow*, with 300 Hajis on board. This is enough for the reader; he can easily conjure up the rest. From Jiddah to Bombay in a native Indian craft.

* Two volumes, 1830; originally written as letters to her sister, Mrs. Elphinstone. She also wrote *Memoirs of the Literary Ladies of England*, 2 vols., 1843.—B.

Here Colonel and Mrs. E. had the company of Sir Hudson Lowe of Napoleonic St. Helena memories, and after much tossing during twenty-three days came to an anchor in Bombay Harbour.

That they were well received is evident. They were the guests of Mr. Buchanan, the chief of the Marine Department, at his bungalow, "Chintz Poglie:" so runs the spelling.

THE BEE-HIVE.

After a pleasant sojourn there they rented the Bee-Hive. We all know that bungalow by name at least, and do not require to be told, "Our compound was surrounded on three sides by the Indian Ocean."

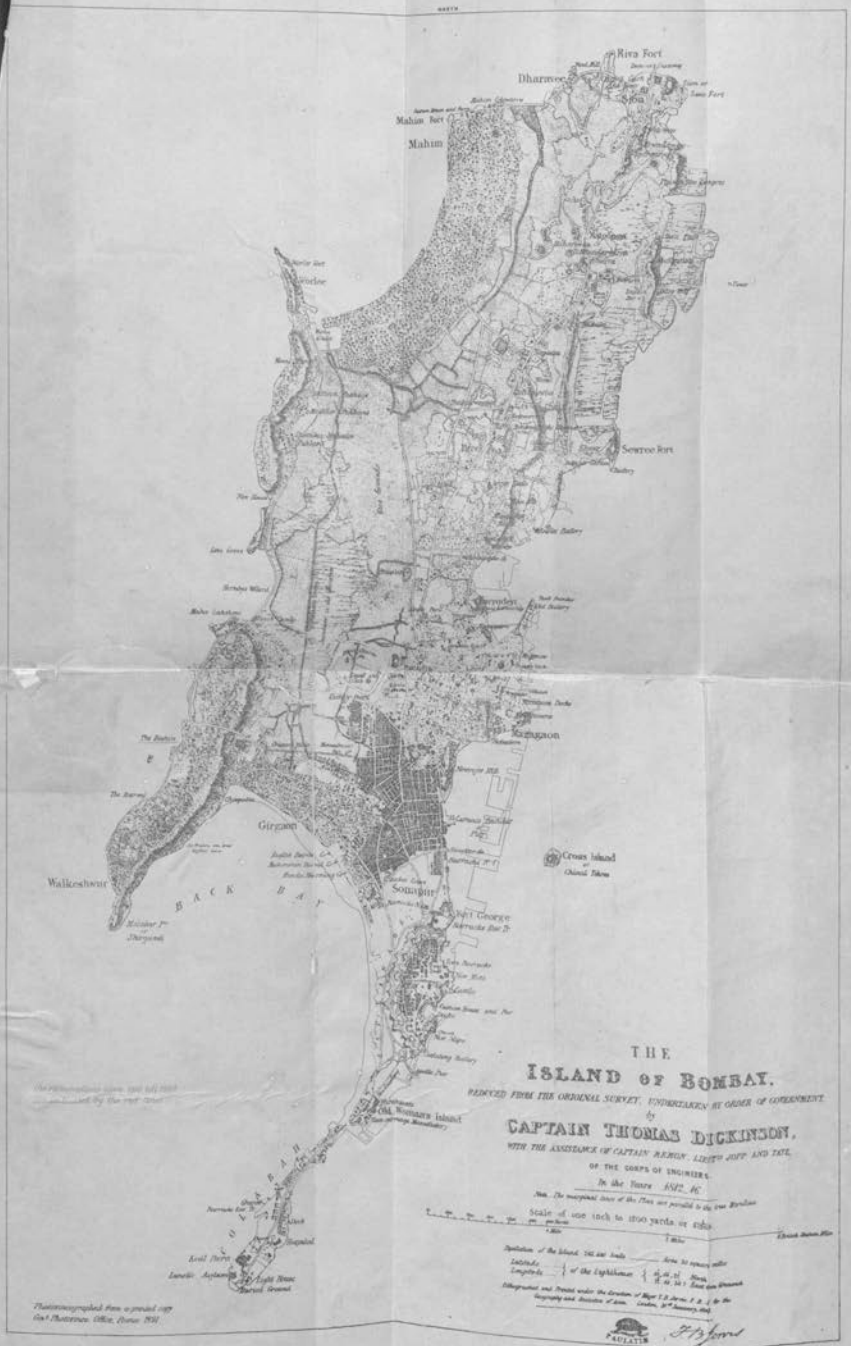
How many tenants the Bee-Hive has had, since its name was recorded on the maps very early in this century, we do not know.

In those days it was the Ultima Thule of bungalows on Breach Candy in this direction, and the roar of the sea day and night was as the sound of many waters. But though it was eerie at first, the eternal sough lulled them asleep, and they became accustomed to it.

Their dogs sometimes barked at night, when nothing was visible to the human eye. The *ayah* consoled her mistress, "Deevils, deevils. Dogs see deevils." But, in truth, the devils which the dogs saw were of human form. The Kolis, those peaceable Christian fisher-folks, with their Phrygian caps which we know so well nowadays, had, in 1826, the piratical instincts of the Angrias. During the monsoon they betook themselves to Malabar Point, and on the ridge or ridgy slopes—now of many mansions—delved, and span their nets betimes. All was fish that came into their net, and the business became so bad that it was suggested that the Kolis should be banished the island, and they must have cleared out of this district shortly thereafter.

The depredations were almost nightly, and the whole island was in alarm. The Bee-Hive had a posse of "armed peons" round it at night. Previous to their coming, a newly-married couple rented the bungalow. One night it was regularly stripped, the whole of the lady's trousseau, jewels, plate, every-

175



Riva Fort
Dharavee
Mahim Fort
Mahim
Worlee
Sewree Fort
Chorrodee
Ragagaon
Girgaon
Walkeshwar
BACK BAY
Sonapur
Fort George
Cross Island
Old Woman's Island
COLABAH
THE
ISLAND OF BOMBAY.
REDUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL SURVEY, UNDERTAKEN BY ORDER OF GOVERNMENT
by
CAPTAIN THOMAS DICKINSON,
WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF CAPTAIN MEMON, LIEUT^D JOPP AND TAYL
OF THE CORPS OF ENGINEERS.
In the Years 1812, 16
Scale of one inch to 1000 yards or miles
PAULATIN
F. B. Jones

thing had vanished, and they never recovered any of their property. There are doubtless men still living in Bombay who recollect this time of nocturnal robberies. Mrs. Elwood's garden is much changed, but the Malabar creeper and Indian jessamine may yet be found in it.

MERCHANTS AND GOVERNORS.

If we consult Mackintosh (1804–12) we shall find that Bombay possessed some extremely intelligent merchants, several of them of uncommon natural powers, and the judgment of Mackintosh is confirmed by Maria Graham *:—"I generally find the merchants the most rational companions. Having at a very early age to depend on their own mental exertions, they acquire a steadiness and sagacity which prepare their minds for the acquisition of a variety of information."

The civil and military do not fare so well at her hands. Be gentle; oh be gentle! "The former, full of their own importance, disdain to learn and have nothing to teach; and the latter, though it contains many well-informed and gentlemanlike persons, but a small number of rational companions, make it deplorable to one who anticipates a long residence here." You see she speaks feelingly.

Neither of our distinguished Governors receives a word of commendation from these ladies, though Jonathan Duncan, no doubt, in white silk stockings, knee-breeches, and powdered hair, took Maria into dinner at Parel, and the great Elphy entertained Mrs. Elwood to breakfast in Apollo Street. We find something in the last about "common-place Governors." Maria was surprised at Parel that the ladies sat so long at dinner, "until I discovered that I was the stranger and expected

* She was the daughter of Rear-Admiral G. Dundas, and went with her father to India early in 1808. In 1811 she returned to England, and made the acquaintance of Mackintosh and Romilly at her uncle's, Sir David Dundas. On a voyage with her husband, he died off Cape Horn in 1822. In 1827 she married Augustus W. Callcott, R.A., who was knighted on the Queen's accession. Her *Journal of a Residence in India* was published in 1812; *Letters on India*, 1814; *Journal of a Voyage to Brazil and Residence there*, 1824; *Little Arthur's History of England*, 1835; and other works. She died in 1842.—B.

to move. Wasn't it barbarous?" she exclaims, "and I an unmarried woman." And then she is down upon the ladies; they are "grossière and ignorant, underbred and overdressed." This was in 1809, and Mrs. Elwood adds at so late a date as 1826, with "the sweepings of last year's Parisian finery."

BOMBAY DINNERS.

Both are agreed on the Bombay dinners, "the most dull and uncomfortable meetings one can imagine." Fifty people meet; the ladies ranged on sofas staring at each other, the gentlemen walking arm in arm in the verandah till dinner is announced, when they pair off according to the strictest rules of precedence. No general conversation—satirical as their wit will allow, lace, jewels, intrigues, making and breaking matches. This was killing work, and yet a wonder is expressed that there are no elderly persons in Bombay. What aggravates Mrs. E. is their custom of taking wine *or* beer with each other. "Yes, beer, I do assure you, actually downright, honest beer, and ladies take it with as much *sang-froid* as gentlemen." But the beer was good. How she would have stared had she seen Mrs. Kennedy, that worthy lady who died at Benares in 1884, in her early days entertaining a dozen of the best people at Barrackpur? "Honest" beer to people who have exercise is a wholesome beverage, and I have no doubt Mrs. Kennedy belonged to this class, or she would not have lived so long, for she reached 97. The custom of those times was for the butler to put a dozen of beer under her chair, which was opened according to the exigencies of the moment by the Mistress of the House, for it was a great art in those days for a lady, without rising from her seat, to open a bottle, and not needlessly attract the notice of her guests.

Many can testify that forty or fifty years ago, in Bombay, beer was the rule, and champagne forthcoming only on marriage or festal occasions; and yet people, I am told, were happy then. There is a proverb not to look a gift horse in the mouth, and as these dinner parties were made up expressly for the entertainment of the strangers, they seem most unaccountably to have forgotten it.

SOCIAL LIFE.

When Mrs. Elwood was here, Belvidere—called also, she says, "Mazagon House"—was shut up. Presumably nobody would rent it, as it was haunted. A haunted house in Bombay! What a fine idea! Eliza, long since in Bristol Cathedral, her ghost now opening creaking almirahs, and flitting about in corridor or verandah in hoop and farthingale, "revisiting the glimpses of the moon"! It was built on the site of a church or monastery, and we have seen a cross near where it stood to mark the spot.

"Let us take a walk down Fleet Street," said Dr. Johnson.

"Let us take a saunter on the walls," seems to have been the substitute for the Apollo Bandar of to-day. Meadows Taylor as a lad was thus taken out the first evening of his arrival, and Mrs. Elwood, after spending months in the land of turbans, was delighted on her arrival to see from the deck of her vessel the spectacle of "hatted" and swallow-tailed gentry taking their evening promenade on the battlements.

"Such a thing as a book is never mentioned in general society."

"Do you make poetry?" said a young lady, just arrived from Edinburgh, as everybody makes verses in Scotland! We get some good glimpses of out-door life. There was a Scandal Point both at Breach Candy and the Esplanade, and H. E. had a miniature Zoo at Parel, consisting of an ostrich, an ourang-outang, a porcupine, a tiger, and a tiger cat.

The hour of formal dinners was beginning to be much the same as at present.

The greatest native entertainers were the Parsis. Hormusjee gave a masque ball in 1810, and Limjee Cawasjee's ball in 1826 was a great affair. Sir Edward and Lady West were present when the former proposed his health in a flowing bumper. In 1826 house rents were about Rs. 2000 to Rs. 3000 a year, unfurnished, and wages were much the same in rupees as at present.

These items are fallacious in contrasting the expenditure of this and our own time. The purchasing power of the rupee was undoubtedly greater of all the necessaries of life. It could buy more sovereigns, and our expenditure has enormously increased in many luxuries of that day, or what were altogether dispensed with having become necessaries in our time. Hill stations

among the rest, for the first bungalow of Mahableshwar—General Briggs'—was as yet unfinished (1826).

Here is an illustration as to the security of life and property under native government eighty years ago, within twenty miles of Bombay. "Panwel, December 14, 1809." We give the date, and the writer is Maria Graham.

"In the shops every artizan has his sword and spear beside him while he works, and the cultivators plough with their arms girded on."

This might be useful for the National Congress to look at. Bombay was a city without chimneys in 1826, and so was it almost in 1866.

You could know a man who had been some time in Bombay by the cut of his coat. The drives in the evening presented a gay scene when the English took the air. There were Leghorn hats, silk bonnets, blonde caps, and Brussels lace veils, feathers waving, flowers blooming, ribbons streaming, in all the bravery of female adornment. The weariness of the same drives palled on the ladies, it was for ever and ever the same.

The shopkeepers complained of changed days. They had no longer big orders from the Peshwah or his nobles (gone in 1819), and a captain of a ship from Bordeaux would open in person a bazaar for the sale of French goods, which would flood the market and ruin their trade.

There was one tavern in Mrs. Graham's time and two in Mrs. Elwood's; but no lady could go to them, and the proverbial hospitality of Bombay made hotels unnecessary. Moore, in his *Hindu Pantheon*, 1810, predicts with dismay the advent of *pankas* in church, and Mrs. Elwood notes their existence in our Cathedral in her time. The first bedroom *panka*, I think, in Bombay was put up by Lady Westropp for Sir Charles Jackson, when he came through from Calcutta on the hot work of the Bombay Bank Commission, June, 1868. What he would have done under the present plague of mosquitoes (Oct. 1888) it is difficult to imagine.

In 1826 there was, besides the Cathedral, an English Church at Kolaba, and a barn-like structure at Matunga: a Scotch Church also in the Fort. What Sir James means by driving past the *Welsh* Church we cannot understand.

CHAPLAIN GRAY.

She is loud in her praises of Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Carr, and saw much of Chaplain Gray in Bombay and Kachh, and for him she has an unbounded admiration—an apostle of God; even in England you seldom meet with Mr. Gray's equal. A vein of interest for all Scotsmen in India lies in this individual. He came out to India late in life, and died in Kachh (1830). Dr. Wilson had met him and loved him well. He had been master of the High School, Dumfries, in Burns' last days (1794 to 1797), and saw to the schooling of his sons, and we are justified in saying that during these years Gray was the most intimate friend the poet had—

> "The poor inhabitant below,
> Was quick to learn and wise to know,
> But thoughtless follies laid him low
> And stained his name."

Yes. A man may say this of himself, but not another. So thought Gray. Of those who knew Burns some have written well, and some have written ill, and many books have been written by those who knew him not. But Gray, who knew him the best, has written the least, and that letter of his (see Burns' *Life*), small as it is, makes him stand out conspicuously among all the herd of his commentators, and is sufficient to leaven the whole lump of Burns' character to future generations. "Prejudices will pass away, and posterity will do him justice," so says Gray as he wraps the prophet's mantle around him, and though his bones are in Kachh, his winged words now receive verification all the world over. From teaching the sons of Burns he came to teach the Rao of Kachh,* but long ere this he

* On his tomb at Bhuj, still in good repair, is the inscription,—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
JAMES GRAY OF SCOTLAND,
CHAPLAIN OF BHUJ,
TUTOR TO H. H. RAO DESALJEE,
WHO DIED 25TH MARCH, 1830,
AGED 60 YEARS.

On the other side of his tomb is an inscription in memory of his wife, who died at Bhuj in 1829. See below, Chap. XLII.

had made himself a dash at the poetic fire. Need we wonder! Intimate with Burns, he and Allan Cunningham married sisters, and Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd has immortalised him as the fifteenth bard of the Queen's wake—

"Bred on Southern shore,
Beneath the mists of Lamermore."

SCOTS ABROAD.

When Maria Graham, in 1809, paid a visit to Sion Fort, she found as Commandant there a General Macpherson. All hail Macpherson! Who art thou? Fought at Culloden in 1746 on the losing side, he became a cadet of the Company's army. When Sir Edward Pellew's flag-ship, the "Culloden," was in Bombay Harbour, Macpherson was asked to go on board.

"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn!"

He shook his head, "No, no; I have had enough of Culloden." Great Scot!

When Mrs. Elwood arrived in Alexandria in 1826, she was met by Osman Effendi, a Dragoman of the English Consul, Mr. Salt. This man's name was William Thompson. Made prisoner in 1805, Musalman in 1806, sold as a slave, set at liberty at Jiddah by Burckhardt in 1815. He accompanied Mrs. E. to the Gardens of Shubra, at Cairo. Of course, everybody was delighted when William remarked, cogitating, no doubt, on his exile, "I was thinking how green the fields are looking in Perthshire." No more Perthshire for him—this Scoto-Egyptian.

Now for the Scoto-Arab, greatest of the three to make a new Thermopyiæ. Burckhardt himself narrates how Thomas Keith, aged 20, native of Edinburgh, was taken prisoner from the 72nd Highlanders (1801?), made Musalman, quarrelled with Sicilian Mamluk. Sicilian fell. Sentenced to death. Attacked his executioners, leaped out of a window, fled to the feet of Muhammad Ali's wife, who was then in Arabia, implored her protection, and got it. Made Governor of Medinah, and in fierce carnage in the year 1815, after slaying four Wahabys with his own hand, he, Ibrahim Aga as he was called, perishes and all his host with him, for all which Burckhardt duly vouches.

Sic exit Thomas Keith, worthy to be a scion of the Great Marshal Keith, known to readers of German history.

SUEZ CANAL.

Who invented the Suez Canal? Lesseps says it was Waghorn. But neither of these go farther back than 1830. There are other claimants, Walter Scott, Goethe, the great Napoleon, Volney, Sir Thomas Browne, Strabo, and you may go back to Ptolemy Philadelphus, for he not only thought about it, but constructed his canal. Mrs. Elwood is entitled to a hearing for Galloway Bey. Alexandria, April, 1826:—

"We frequently met here a Mr. Galloway, a clever young man in high favour with the Pasha Muhammad Ali. He proposed to cut a canal across the Isthmus of Suez, which he demonstrated to be easy, and had been proposed by him to the Pasha."

GLAMOUR GIFTS.

Wonderful are the fascinations of the fair sex. Grace, good looks, and good sense go without saying, and artless conversation with sometimes saying a very little.

No one knew better than James Forbes the want of sense in Eliza Draper, and yet he is not blind to the fascinations of which the world was then a worshipper. Here, for once, the stolid adamant of his nature is disintegrated. Or Mackintosh? Long before he lost his way, but not his heart, with Madame de Staël in the woody suburbs of London, he is captivated by "the innumerable talents and virtues," we use his own words, of Maria Graham. How carefully in his Bombay *Diary* he notes some of her sayings?

Such a one had "fire and sweetness." "Well said," he adds (kindred to Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light"). There was even a chink in the armour of the Iron Duke. If you read the Duke of Wellington's *Despatches* carefully, you will see that portraits were passing between a Bombay young lady and the Hero of a Hundred Fights. Malcolm was an adorer, and sometimes the adored, and in what he wrote in

pencil on Leyden, you may read a heart as transparent as his own native streams—

> "While the clear Teviot, through fair meads shall stray,
> And Esk still clearer seeks the Western Main;
> So long shall Border maidens sing thy lay,
> And Border youths applaud the patriot strain."

And as Macaulay in Calcutta was not insensible to the attractions of the Hon. Emily Eden, for whom he expresses more than admiration, so that other celibate, whilom of Poona, Mountstuart Elphinstone, falls a willing captive to the gifts and graces of another accomplished woman, Lady Hood, afterwards Mrs. Stuart Mackenzie, of Seaforth. "Good temper, good looks, vivacity, no more blue devils," and then he bursts into the exclamation, "The most agreeable companion I think I ever met with."

Amid this galaxy of beauty and gifted men, warriors, statesmen, and the fair-haired daughters of England, we need not lose our heads. The world was not created for brilliant conversationalists, nor even for the pleasure they afford. The meek shall inherit the earth, for there are others whose life was a purpose and not a thing of shreds and patches. Though Gainsborough or Sir Thomas Lawrence have not preserved their lineaments, and Chantrey and Flaxman knew them not, the "animated bust" fills a higher niche in the temple of the immortals—sculptors themselves of that fair face of India to be seen of men a hundred years hereafter. Of such were many women of the last century who sleep in Sonapur, and whose graces and good deeds have been recorded by the author of the *Oriental Memoirs*. Of such are all who come out for the regeneration of the daughters of India; but whether to alleviate human suffering or human degradation, whether the highest in the land or the lowest, in Viceregal Palace or lonely jungle or slimy *chawl*, in famine where there is want, or hospital where there is woe, they will be an eternal excellency —a joy of many generations.

M. VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

"The absolutely best friendly letter-writer known to me."—HAMERTON.

CHAPTER XIV.

BOMBAY—CIRCA 1839.

THE period of this sketch seems to defy our approach. It is a kind of no man's land, that has not come as yet within the domain of history, and you cannot buttonhole anybody about it, for there are few Englishmen alive in Western India in 1883 to speak of the events of 1839.

There is an attraction, nevertheless, to know what lies beyond the threshold of our own existence, though we are repelled by the want of data, for there seems neither voice, nor

speech, nor oracle, nor scrap, nor newspaper, nor diary of any kind. The period is not far enough away to be venerable, nor near enough to come within the scope of contemporary observation. We cross and re-cross the country, and it is barren and unfruitful, an earth without form, and void; the oldest among us knows little of it, and history will have nothing to do with it.

Of the island of Bombay, we venture to assert that there are a great deal more materials to write the history in the ten years which followed 1669, than there are in the ten years after 1839.

We begin by giving below * the items of a cabin fare by the overland route, and just before the P. and O. Company appears

* Overland passengers *viâ* Suez, from 1st June, 1839, to 31st May, 1840.

		Rs.
To Suez, 1st class or cabin passengers		169
From Suez do. do. do.		154

Total to and from Aden.

1840–41	1st class and saloon	348
1841–42	do.	429
1842–43	do.	531
1843–44	do.	524

Length of passage, 1839.

March 18	Left Falmouth.
„ 30	„ Gibraltar.
April 7	„ Malta.
„ 11	„ Alexandria, 9 p.m.
„ 12	Arrived at Atfeh, 10 p.m.
„ 13	Left Atfeh.
„ 16	Arrived at Cairo.
„ 17	Left Cairo, 5½ a.m.
„ 18	Arrived at Suez, 8 a.m.

Cost of Passage, 1st Class.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Steamer London to Falmouth	2	2	6			
to Gibraltar	18	10	0			
to Malta	13	10	0			
to Alexandria	12	10	0			
to Bombay from Suez	80	0	0			
				126	12	6
Gibraltar expenses	3	9	9			
Malta do.	3	19	0			
Alexandria, Cairo, & Suez do.	12	7	10	19	16	7
				£146	9	1

—*Bombay Chamber of Commerce Report.*

Bi-monthly Mail to Bombay has been arranged and comes into operation in January, 1845.—*Id.*

on the scene. It seems expensive enough, even after making every allowance for the new route, the newness of steam navigation itself, the costly construction and working of the ships, and the limited number of passengers who were likely to avail themselves of it. For money was money in those days ere Australia and California, with their gold and silver, had lowered the value of it, and £146 in 1839 was capable of purchasing a great deal more of many commodities than the same sum can do in 1883.

An outward passenger arrived at Suez by the mail van from Cairo on the 9th of October, 1839, and sailed on the 11th in the "Berenice," an Indian Navy steamer of 664 tons; and from an account of the passage, no man need wish these days back again, so far as travelling is concerned. We need not say that there is neither ice nor soda-water on board. When you want tea, you must apply to the captain or the surgeon. Food there is in abundance, but mostly uneatable. Permission is given to sleep on the benches, or the table in the cuddy, for an extra payment of Rs. 200, but as the servants are all littered under them during the night, that settles the question, and you retire to your den in disgust, and stretch yourself, if you are a short man, on a mattress laid on two portmanteaux and a box. The door won't fasten, and there are no venetians, so you tie a piece of dirty sail cloth which flaps away not idly in the breeze, for it brings in loads of coal-dust in flakes half an inch thick. The dining saloon is dingy, with an old arm-chair at the head of it, on the back of which are the Royal arms, from which the gilding has faded; and overhead, as if in solemn mockery, a clock that never keeps time ticks away during the midnight hours, as the "Berenice" groans and shakes, and welters through the Red Sea waves. The breakfast bell comes, and the inevitable ham and eggs for twenty-six passengers—in one plate—makes its appearance at the door, and simultaneously —for the saloon is also the dressing-room—there is a hurry-scurry, clearing away combs, wet towels, dirty linen, hair-brushes, and soap-suds. You may fill in between each of the lines—cockroaches. Steward! Steward! You may as well call spirits from the vasty deep, for the name is utterly unknown, and of course there is no reply. If you complain, you are told to be

thankful, and that the "Berenice" is a perfect paradise compared with the "Zenobia" * in the same service, which used to carry pigs from Waterford to Bristol; and, it is added, for your consolation, that the coals may get burned out, when the ship will be obliged to go under sail. The service has just been extemporised, and the truth seems to be that all the officers are dead against passengers, and dead against steam, and so neglect the one and curse the other to their heart's content. When the pilot reconnoitred the "Berenice" in the offing of Bombay Harbour, he shouted out that the "Atalanta," another of their steamers, had been on fire. You should have seen the grin of secret satisfaction that played upon somebody's features in response to the news, as it gave good cause to hope that the bad prognostications regarding steam navigation were going to be fulfilled. And indeed the voyager, cooped up as he had been for three weeks amid torrid heat and insufferable smells, had come to the same conclusion, and wished himself anywhere than on board the "Berenice"—rounding the Cape among the albatrosses, or scudding with "a wet sheet and a flowing sea," before the white squall of the Mediterranean.†

This is all the passenger got for his £4 per day all the way from Suez.‡ Bombay had been long noted as a very dear place

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* The 'Zenobia's' passage, Bombay to Karachi, Sept. 9 to 14, 1842. "So ends the sad story of the cholera on board the 'Zenobia,' where we lost out of 200 soldiers 54 in four days, and 64 before the eighth day."—Sir Charles Napier's *Memoirs*, 1857.

"From 14th June to 1st of July 1846 in Karachi, 216 men and officers were attacked, of whom 81 men and one officer died. On Sunday during Divine Service a thick lurid cloud, apparently of dust, hung over the camp. People observed, or fancied they observed, a sudden offensive, suffocating, and putrid odour, and that a sudden nausea was produced."—Dr. Arnott in *Trans. of Med. and Phys. Soc.*, Bombay, 1852–4.

† *The Monthly Miscellany of Western India*, 1850. The passenger, however, from whose account the above is abbreviated, was a lady, but it does not much matter, only it makes the case all the worse for the Company. She was Miss Emma Roberts, an admirable woman, and was while in Bombay the guest of Lord Clare, and had been in India before. She died shortly after, and was buried in Poona, near Miss Jewsbury, a kindred spirit, who was sister of Geraldine Jewsbury, who watched so faithfully over the wife of Thomas Carlyle during her declining years. See "Note" at the end of this chapter.

‡ "In 1805 I paid Rs. 3000 = £350 for my passage from Bombay home in the Government steamer 'Vincent.'"—Price's *Memoirs of a Field Officer*, 1839.

to live in, and in 1814 it was a hundred per cent. dearer than any place in Hindustan.

At the period we are now attempting to delineate there appear to have been no hotels in Bombay, only tents on the Esplanade for those who wished to hire them. It was no uncommon thing in those days for a gentleman with his wife and children, numerous servants of sorts, and much cattle, to arrive unexpectedly at a friend's house and remain for a month. It was a matter of course, and they were welcome. It had passed into a proverb that no hotel could succeed while people were so hospitable. The charges for house servants were—the youngest table servant Rs. 12, butler Rs. 15, *darzi* (tailor), Rs. 15 per mensem, from which scale there has been little departure down to 1883.

The cooking in Bombay had been execrable until Lord Clare arrived in 1831 * with a French cook, who gave lessons to a number of Goanese *cuisinières* and disseminated the benefits of his pleasing science far and wide to successive generations, and for which we bless Lord Clare. Malcolm, who introduced the potato into Persia, had not neglected it in Mahableshwar. Still, in the matter of eatables we were far behind Bengal. In 1840 green-peas were exceedingly scarce, and cauliflower, asparagus, and french-beans, so common on the other side, at this time were here utterly unknown. The dinner hour had been changed to half-past seven, though a number of the old settlers persisted in dining at midday like Louis XIV., and which up to this time had been the immemorial custom of the English in India, as well as among the groups of settlers on the shores of the Mediterranean and Levant. Beer was the great drink, champagne and other expensive wines being seldom seen except on festive occasions. There was no stint, however, in expenditure

* Lady Clare.—"Dr. John Carlyle appointed her travelling physician at 300 guineas a year, all travelling expenses included. Something mysterious there is in the condition of this high personage. She was married some years ago, and shortly after that event she parted from her husband (they say by her own determination), the nearest friends know not for what reason; and now she lives in a sort of widowhood (her husband is Governor of Bombay, and said to be 'a very good sort of man'), so that being farther in ill-health she is probably unhappy enough, and has need of good counsel every way."—Thomas Carlyle, Aug. 26, 1831.

when occasion served, for a colonel in Poona in 1842 gave a *bara khana* that cost Rs. 2000. The way in which some men drank beer in these times seems now utterly fabulous, twelve bottles in a day and two quart-bottles to "a square meal" were not uncommon to some bibulous individuals. Sometimes at a garden house the orgies were prolonged far into the morning, the guests remaining over night and all taking a swim in the neighbouring tank before their final departure next day. But all was decorous, and the age has not left behind it a single story that can be called either vulgar or scandalous.

It was a melancholy thing in the Europe shop to look through the glass which covered the cases. There lay dimly the faded finery which had long ago lived out its little day of fashion in England. The arrival of the "Berenice" was, however, a perfect godsend, and next forenoon Muncherjee's shop in Medows Street was besieged by all the ladies who knew of his acquisitions. That afternoon it was reported he had sold Rs. 3000 worth of millineries, and the disappointed ones required to wait, probably for the arrival of the next ship.

The first months are always the worst to a new-comer, and everything is touched with melancholy. The night that gathered so rapidly in, without anything that could be called a gloaming, and the eerie sough of the wind through the casuarina trees, or when to one lying awake the silence was broken by the bark of the pariah dog or the unearthly yell of a troop of jackals, or even the rustling of the leaves on the top of the brab palm, all conspired in the same direction, and at this time the homilies of Dr. J. Wilson and the jokes of Archdeacon Jeffreys were all needed to drive dull care away. Besides, rupees were not so plentiful as they had been, for when Elphinstone left he scattered the shining coins among the crowd all the way from Government House to the place of embarkation; and from his house at the corner of Forbes Street in Rampart Row, Sir Charles, from the moment he edged himself into his palki until he arrived at Apollo Pier Head, did the same barbaric munificence when he left India for good. These were days, however, when some very rich men went home from India.

When the sale of Beckford's (*Vathek*) great house and

property of Fonthill Abbey took place in 1823, a rough and weather-beaten man was observed among the crowd, who was eager to bid, and ultimately secured the property at about £290,000. (Murray's *Handbook for Wiltshire.*) As he was unknown, the auctioneer asked him for security on the lot being knocked down to him. The stranger said his solicitor was out of the way, handing at the same time the auctioneer a piece of paper, which turned out to be a Bank of England note of £100,000.* The fortunate, or unfortunate, competitor—for we rather think Fonthill Abbey came down by the run some time afterwards—was Farquhar of the Bombay Artillery, who had made money out of gunpowder in Calcutta.

It seems a wonder to us how people in these days spent their time with an interval of one month between each mail. The answer to this is that the members of the colony all knew each other very well. There were degrees of intimacy of course, but the social compact remained all the same until it gradually weakened and disappeared before the advancing tide of increasing population and more rapid communication with England. To this may be added that they had no telegrams coming in upon them from hour to hour, and thus had more leisure to cultivate the art of friendship.

Everywhere could be observed a great and growing extension of the town. The Black Town, as it was called, was bulging out on every side beyond the Esplanade, for the great fires of 1803 and 1822 had made men seek dwelling-places beyond the narrow and confined limits of the Fort. Kolaba had been joined to Bombay by a causeway executed under the administration of Sir Robert Grant. Most of the English merchants of this period lived at Mazagon. One now or shortly after had an elegant residence at "Love Grove," Worli, with a big banian-tree in the garden, on which he had inscribed Milton's famous lines, in which he describes this trophy of Dekhan vegetation. Suburban retreats began to be talked about. As early as 1831 a Scotch missionary, Mr. Mitchell, purchased a native cottage with a plot of ground attached to it, and became the first

* A similar story is told of the purchase of an estate in Stirlingshire, by a person who had made a fortune out of sheet copper for the Navy.—B.

English householder of Bandara.* In 1840 there were four bungalows on Malabar Hill.

In the early days of Bombay, hill stations were unknown, and there are ladies living in England who had been twenty years in Western India without ever seeing a hill station or knowing what it was. It is true that Mountstuart Elphinstone had his bungalow at Khandala, and Herbert Compton, his "Tusculum on the Ghat," and that the creation of Mahableshwar by Malcolm, paved the way for the new ideas; but it was the project of a railway to Poona that set men a-thinking of a cool residence on the nearer Ghats, and when Malet, in 1850, with stick in hand, threaded the mazes of the Rambagh, and anticipated the wishes of the lieges by pointing the way to Matheran, everybody was ready enough to follow the example.

Long ere this the rude machinery of justice had disappeared and given place to the high and noble fabric of judicial authority now represented by Her Majesty's Supreme Court.

The fountain of law, which began in Aungier's Panchayat, was a pure stream at first and incorrupt. But it soon became muddy, and on Dr. St. John, the father of English law in Hindustan, being dismissed the service, we lose sight of it altogether. For twelve years, 1690 to 1701, there was not a single Court of Judicature in Bombay; every man did that which was right in his own eyes. At length there was a Mayor's Court and Aldermen whose scarlet and black silk gowns lasted for half a century. Then a Recorder's Court in 1797 was established, of which Sir James Mackintosh was the most distinguished ornament. In 1824 came the Chief Justice and Judges of the High Court, juries being provided for in 1825, and natives permitted to sit upon them in 1832. At the period we are now writing of, in 1839, Sir Herbert Compton held the scales as Chief Justice, and had won for himself golden opinions and much gold itself. He had learned his lessons in the hard

* Mr. Bullock, Chief Magistrate of Bandara, informs me that he has heard that Mr. Vaupell of the High Court, and a contributor to the *Transactions of the Bombay Literary Society*, had a house at a very early date in Bandara, and that he used to drive every day into Bombay in a bullock gari, priding himself much on the quality and speed of his oxen.

school of adversity and exile. One day from the bench he told his audience that he had come out to India as a private soldier in the service of the East India Company, and this without any bravado or mock-modesty, and the statement was at once accepted by all right-thinking men as a substantial fact that redounded very much to the man's credit. He had bought himself out of the army, articled himself in Samuel's office in Madras, went to London, where he studied and passed as a barrister, and was now Chief Justice of Bombay. Thus he exchanged the soldier's garb for the ermine.* Much success also attended the barristers. Thriepland, in spite of his Scotch accent, led the way for a generation, and Montriou received £3000 as a retaining fee in the Opium Wagers case.†

The following extract from a Bombay newspaper introduces us to other legal notabilities of the last generation :—

The death of the Right Hon. Acton Smee Ayrton has removed a personality once very prominent in the political life of England, though there are still a few people in this city who best remember him as a Bombay solicitor in lucrative practice. The son of Mr. Frederick Ayrton, a former resident of this city (Bombay), he practised here in the old Supreme Court nearly half a century ago, when Sir Henry Roper and Sir Erskine Perry were the judges of that court. Besides Mr. Ayrton only five or six other solicitors were in practice, namely, Mr. Patch, Mr. Armitage, Mr. Bainbridge, Mr. William Acland, and Mr. Burns, and amongst these Mr. Ayrton held the first position. The counsel practising at the Bar of the Supreme Court at the time were only about half-a-dozen, namely, Mr. Le-Messurier, Advocate-General, Mr. Dickenson, Mr. Holland, Mr. William Howard, and Mr. W. Crawford, who afterwards became Senior Magistrate of Bombay. Mr. Ayrton made over his business in Bombay to Mr. Walker, who was succeeded in it by Messrs. Pollock, Walker and Faithfull, then by Messrs. Faithfull and Keir, and later on by Messrs. Prescot and Winter, a firm which is now represented by the firm of Messrs. Winter and Burder. Mr. Ayrton left Bombay about 1852, but his position some years subsequently as chairman of the Board of Directors of the G. I. P. Railway kept alive his interest in India, and when a few years ago he came out on a tour of inspection over the line he found not a few of his old friends and clients. In the interval he had attained a position of some prominence

* Thomas Abingdon Compton, C.S., Judge and Agent for the Sardars of the Dekhan, his son, was drowned while bathing in the Sangam River, Poona, 13th August, 1862.—Chesson & Woodhall's *Miscellany*, vol. iv., page 656.

† Montriou died in Calcutta about 1884, aged 72; had not been in Bombay for 35 years.

—not always, however, an enviable prominence. Four years after his call to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1853, he entered Parliament as Member for the Tower Hamlets, in the advanced Liberal interest. In Mr. Gladstone's first administration he held, successively, the positions of Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, Chief Commissioner of Works, and Judge-Advocate General. It is scarcely an injustice to Mr. Ayrton's memory to say that he contributed liberally to the unpopularity of Mr. Gladstone's Government. He was honest and able, but he had no sympathies, no manners, no graces, personal or intellectual. If a deputation waited upon him it went away doubting whether the Chief Commissioner of Works was not in need of a shilling book of Etiquette, and the strange way in which he answered questions in the House made him as unpopular in Parliament as he was out of doors. It was his way, of course, and Mr. Ayrton, perhaps, never meant to be rude. None the less people shrank from him, and when the Happy Land" was produced at one of the London theatres he was a conspicuous personage in the trio of "Right Honourables" whom the playwright made ridiculous. The world was led to say of him as Talleyrand said of Napoleon, "What a pity it was that so clever a man should have been so badly bred." But so it was. He had great abilities, but great abilities need to be used gracefully, and this Mr. Ayrton never could understand.—*Bombay Gazette*, 22nd Dec., 1886.

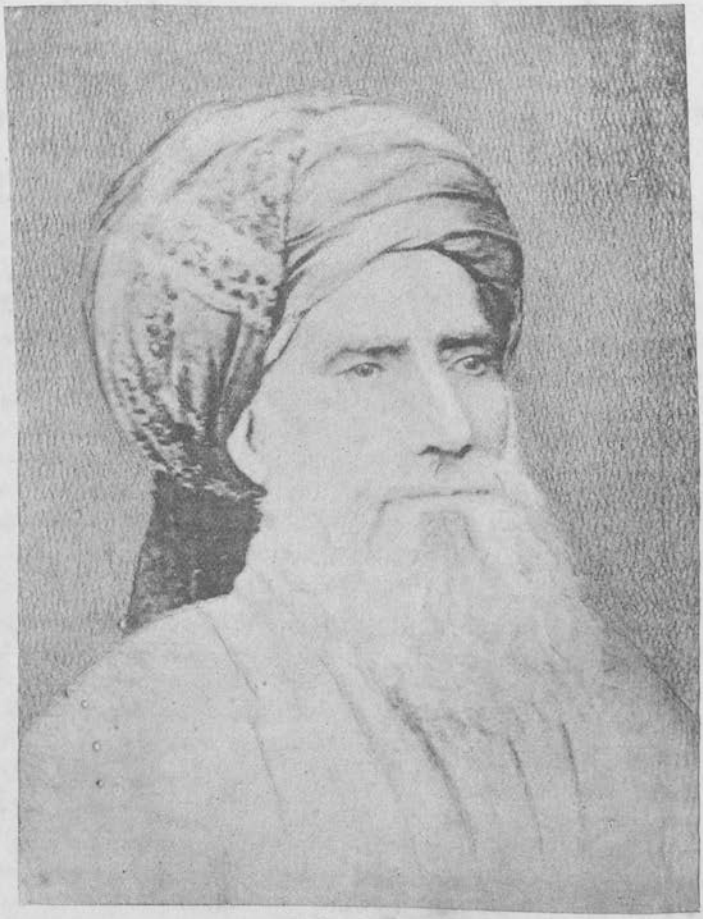
For a long time the police had also the same struggle to emerge out of the state of chaos. From 1775 to 1790 the junior members of Council took it in turns monthly. But what was everybody's business was nobody's business. At length Mr. Tod was appointed High Constable, and afterwards three magistrates, respectively for the Fort, Mazagon, and Mahim, the last of which was abolished in 1834. In this Court "Robin Gray" stands out in bold relief and Rhadamanthine severity. "I'll mak ye ken law," were words that became a terror to all evil-doers among the butlers, and when any lady had anything against one, she sent him to Robin, whose lash had a most wholesome effect on the brotherhood of domestic servants. Robin was a splendid swimmer, and when in the districts a river came in his way that was unfordable, he would think nothing of stripping his clothes, tying them up, and putting the bundle on his head, and making his way across to the opposite bank, where he dressed at his leisure.* The gaol of old used to be where the present Dockyard now is, and was

* Henry Gray, Esq., uncovenanted, Magistrate of Police, Sheriff of Bombay in 1820, 1823.

removed about 1802 to its present site, which is said to be that of an old monastery of the Jesuits.

The dull monotony of Eastern life was occasionally varied by some event of startling significance, often of local, but sometimes of Imperial importance. The unearthing of the Bandar Gang, coal conspiracies, opium frauds, and ships set on fire to defraud insurance companies, filled the ears of the Bombay quidnuncs with wild stories of ruin and combustion. One night in the month of July, 1840, during a frightful gale, the East Indiaman "Lord William Bentinck," with troops from England, went on shore on the Kolaba Prongs. The crowds of spectators could render them little or no assistance owing to the violence of the storm. Everything was done that could be done, but the doomed ship went to pieces during the night; most of the passengers, all the ladies and children, and eighty recruits perished. Occasionally some story would go the rounds and raise a laugh or general diversion. One Governor, Sir George Arthur, from the West Indies, desirous of introducing a colonial custom in the invitations to a select dinner party, caused his Private Secretary, Mr. Bartle Frere, to write out the cards to the purport that the Private Secretary, at the instance of His Excellency the Governor, desired the company of the individual. One of these came to the Chief Justice, Sir Henry Roper, a man of somewhat choleric temper, who had also a Private Secretary of his own, and he, in his turn, instructed him to indite a similarly worded missive declining the intended honour. So nothing more was heard of this custom from the colonies. Sometimes, however, the news was serious and of world-wide interest.

On the 4th of August, 1841, Sir William Macnaghten was appointed Governor of Bombay, and on the Christmas week of the same year, before he had ever time to get out of Kabul and take up his new appointment, he was assassinated by Akbar Khan. Then came the news that one man only, Dr. Brydone, the last survivor of a mighty host, had made his way to Jalalabad. Battle after battle followed one another in quick succession, Miyani, Mudki, Ferozshah, Aliwal, Sobraon, Chilianwala, Gujarat. At length Napier leaves the Apollo-bandar (1851) amid a perfect ovation. I can still see him on the deck of a



DAVID SASSOON.

P. and O. steamer on his final return to England. Seated on a deck stool, this *Shaitan-ka-bhai* with hawk's eye and the hooked nose of a bird of prey—hands holding a pamphlet, no doubt one of the stinging politicals of the time—elbows on his knees—skull-cap on his head—and falling to his feet—

> "Thick shaggy hair his ample beard displayed,
> That veiled his bosom in its mighty shade."

His battered body, or as much as was left of it, was covered with the Coruña scars of 1809. He is sixty-nine, but the fire of genius is not yet burned out of him, for you may remember what he wrote in and on Egypt for our edification. "Why did we give it up, when we were in possession by right of conquest over conquerors, and it was won also by the lives of Abercromby and thousands of others?" So asks Sir Charles Napier, G.C.B., to which there is no answer, though the question is now emphasized by the hard knocks and blows of Tel-el-Kebir. I wonder how long the same question will be asked.

To a man fond of amusement Bombay, at this time, had no great or special attractions. It was all very well for William Erskine to shut himself up in Trombay for a fortnight poring over Brown's *Cause and Effect*, and then to write the philosopher what he thought of it. But he was one in ten thousand. The great days of the Bombay Theatre on the Green were from the beginning of the century to 1827, when Mountstuart Elphinstone went away. In these days the highest officials of Government did not disdain the sock and buskin. And the characters, from Romeo and Juliet down to those in the 'Gentle Shepherd' (for Scotsmen were always able and willing to mouth the Doric of their native hills), strutted their little time before an appreciative audience. I rather think that Malcolm's coming as Governor threw a wet blanket on these gay doings; and now the histrionic muse mourned in silence. Nor was the Hunt much better. Among the ardent spirits of the chase there were sore and grievous lamentations over the Bobbery Hunt, which disappeared about 1822. People still remembered their gay uniforms, and heaved a sigh when they passed their house in ruins at the foot of Malabar Hill. After it came the Bristles of Versova and the Pewter Pot Hunt with bright

memories of Burnes, Boyd, and Outram.* Elliott, Stalker, Spiller, and Howard upheld the Turf in 1850, but the racecourse at Byculla could boast of no such men or horses as in the days of Morrison, Malcolm, Fawcett, Moore, and Morris, the John Docherie of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*.

There was, however, much, very much, to attract the stranger. The spirit of improvement was abroad, and the air was rife with new schemes. This was a period of great commercial activity. The mercantile system seemed all of a sudden to burst the swaddling clothes of the East India Company in which it had been swathed for one hundred and fifty years. Now it scorned all tutelage. It was then that the Oriental Bank came into existence, and, about the same time, the P. and O. Company started: two institutions which have run side by side for the last forty years, the latter exercising a dominion on the sea which the former maintained on the land, over elements still more fickle than the winds and waves of ocean. From Inland exchange, under John Stuart, the old Bank of Bombay gathered a dividend to its shareholders on the capital stock of ten per cent. From foreign exchange the Oriental Banking Corporation followed by the Agra and the Commercial, did likewise. The Chamber of Commerce, which was established in 1838 † under the presidency of Harry George Gordon, threw itself into the van of affairs by discussing all manner of questions, from the "blister-fly," and the deportment of overland travellers in Egypt, up to the laws which guide Governments, and the various methods which are employed for the regulation of commerce between one kingdom and another. Three men offered to reclaim a great portion of land from the sea in 1840. Their names were John Skinner (his portrait is still in the Chamber), Marcus Freeman Brownrigg, and Thomas Robert Richmond.

* "In 1833 Sir James Outram speared a tiger to death. This act, it is affirmed, has never been equalled, before or since, in Khandesh. No wonder we hear of his memory still living in Khandesh, shrouded by a semi-divine halo. We are told that a few years ago, some of his old sipahis happened to light upon an ugly little image. Tracing in it a fancied resemblance to their old commandant, they forthwith set it up and worshipped it as 'Outram Sahib.'"—Goldsmid's *Life of James Outram*, 1880.

† The last of the original Committee of the Chamber as it stood in 1838 was Charles Binney Skinner, whose death (aged 84) was recorded in the newspapers of Dec. 14, 1889.

SIR JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHOY, BART.

The cost of the enterprise was to be £100,000, and upon the new land were afterwards erected cotton presses, warehouses, and a range of lofty houses called Grant's Buildings, in memory of the good Governor who died in 1838, for it was thought that this foreshore, with its piers and docks, in future would become the place of rendezvous for all the commerce of the place. Nor must we omit the Railway, the first in India, which now broke ground and was at length opened (under a royal salute) from Bombay to Thana, on the 16th April, 1853. Everything was showing new life, and even the Press became vivacious. It was then requisition was made by the public for a daily paper, and so successful was one paper that its sixteen shares of Rs. 800 each rose in five years to be worth Rs. 6000 each.

It might be thought that in this age men were greedy of gain, and so wrapped up in their own selfish pursuits that they had no time to look after their neighbours or other things. But it was not so. Already David Sassoon * had written his name on some of the greatest foundations of Bombay and Poona; benefactions, comprehensive enough to embrace the crying wants of every caste and creed of our rapidly increasing population. Before 1848 Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy had gifted away £250,000 for the same noble purposes. There were men, too, who worked not only for themselves, but for mankind and posterity, venturing their lives, doing and daring everything to extend the boundaries of human knowledge. Wood penetrated to the sources of the Oxus, and Sir William Harris, whose bones rest in the Poona cemetery, had made a name for himself on the Highlands of Ethiopia, ere the oldest among us had emerged from childhood. Nor was the Church behind the world, for there were those, full of self-sacrifice, who scattered to the winds every earthly consideration for what they believed to be principle. Candy sold his commission in the Army and preached at Sonapur. Wilson threw up all State support whatever in 1843; and in 1848 George Bowen, casting behind him wealth, ambition, and pleasure, entered the lists as a veritable successor of the apostles, and from that noble resolve he never swerved either to the right hand or the left.†

* Died Nov. 5, 1864.

† See below, page 236.

This song by our great English humorist, Thomas Hood, before Steam Navigation, falls naturally under "Bombay, Circa 1839."

I'M GOING TO BOMBAY.

"Nothing venture, nothing have."—Old Proverb.
"Every Indiaman has at least two mates."—Falconer's *Marine Guide.*

I.

My hair is brown, my eyes are blue,
And reckon'd rather bright;
I'm shapely, if they tell me true,
And just the proper height;
My skin has been admired in verse,
And called as fair as day—
If I *am* fair, so much the worse,
I'm going to Bombay!

II.

At school I passed with some éclat
I learn'd my French in France;
De Wint gave lessons how to draw,
And D'Egville how to dance;—
Crevelli taught me how to sing,
And Cramer how to play—
It really is the strangest thing—
I'm going to Bombay!

III.

I've been to Bath and Cheltenham Wells,
But not their springs to sip—
To Ramsgate—not to pick up shells,—
To Brighton—not to dip.
I've tour'd the Lakes, and scour'd the coast
From Scarboro's to Torquay—
But tho' of time I've made the most,
I'm going to Bombay!

IV.

By Pa and Ma I'm daily told
To marry now's my time,
For though I'm very far from old,
I'm rather in my prime.

They say while we have any sun,
We ought to make our hay—
And India has so hot a one,
I'm going to Bombay!

V.

My cousin writes from Hyderapot
My only chance to snatch,
And says the climate is so hot,
It's sure to light a match.
She's married to a son of Mars,
With very handsome pay,
And swears I ought to thank my stars
I'm going to Bombay!

VI.

She says that I shall much delight
To taste their Indian treats,
But what she likes may turn me quite,
Their strange outlandish meats.—
If I can eat rupees, who knows?
Or dine, the Indian way,
On doolies and on bungalows—
I'm going to Bombay!

VII.

She says that I shall much enjoy,—
I don't know what she means,—
To take the air and buy some toy,
In my own palankeens,—
I like to drive my pony-chair,
Or ride our dapple grey—
But elephants are horses there—
I'm going to Bombay!

VIII.

Farewell, farewell, my parents dear,
My friends, farewell to them!
And oh, what casts a sadder tear
Good bye, to Mr. M.!—
If I should find an Indian vault,
Or fall a tiger's prey,
Or steep in salt, it's all *his* fault,
I'm going to Bombay!

IX.

That fine new teak-built ship, the "Fox,"
Al—Commander Bird,
Now lying in the London Docks,
Will sail on May the Third;
Apply for passage or for freight,
To Nichol, Scott, and Gray—
Pa has applied and seal'd my fate—
I'm going to Bombay!

X.

My heart is full—my trunks as well;
My mind and caps made up,
My corsets shap'd by Mrs. Bell,
Are promised ere I sup;
With boots and shoes, Rivarta's best,
And dresses by Ducé,
And a special license in my chest—
I'm going to Bombay!

NOTE.

The "In Memoriam" notice of the late Mr. Watt, of Poona, which appeared in the Bombay Newspapers induced a correspondent of the *Statesman* to contribute some reminiscences which the editor of that paper thinks will revive some interesting memories to Bombay people. The notice in question concluded:—"One observation more. Mr. Watt, I conclude, is laid in the Poona cemetery, where sleeps the sister of Geraldine Jewsbury who watched over the declining days of the late Jane Welsh Carlyle." The writer in the *Statesman*, commenting on this, says:—The mention of the lady sleeping in the Poona cemetery sufficiently indicates the person whom the writer of the extract had in his mind; but no doubt, without intending it, he scarce does her justice by alluding to her as "the sister of Geraldine Jewsbury." For not only was she the elder sister, not only was she the first to make the family name known, but as an authoress she was in no respect inferior to her sister Geraldine. Her literary merit has been spoken to by Wordsworth and Professor John Wilson (Christopher North). It was not by her family names that *Maria Jane* Jewsbury was known in India. Before leaving England she had laid that name aside "for another and for a ring." As the attached friend of Mrs. Hemans, "one so gifted and so affectionately loving," as Mrs. H. wrote, there is the following sketch of her in the Memoir of Mrs. Hemans by her sister:—"The news which arrived from India in the summer of this year (1834) of the death of her friend, Mrs. Fletcher (the late Miss Jewsbury) affected Mrs. Hemans very deeply. The removal of this gifted and high-minded woman was indeed an event to excite the most

sorrowful and startling reflections. On the 1st of August, 1832, she was married in a little quiet church among the Welsh mountains [at Penegoes in Montgomeryshire, then the home of Mrs. Hemans' sister] to the Rev. W. K. Fletcher, one of the chaplains of the H. E. I. C. Fourteen months afterwards she was laid in her last resting-place in the 'far East,' having fallen a victim to cholera, whilst travelling with her husband back to Bombay from Sholapur, their first station, which they had been obliged to quit in consequence of its extreme unhealthiness." In this memoir there is given an extract from a letter of Mrs. Fletcher's written only six weeks before her death, some remarks in which had a striking corroboration in that saddening and untimely event. For in it she speaks of living in a land "where Death is such a swift and cunning hunter, that before you know you are *ill*, you may be ready to become his prey—where death, the grave, and forgetfulness may be the work of two days." In Chorley's *Memorials of Mrs. Hemans* are four letters, one after the other, from Mrs. Hemans to different persons, in all which she bemoans Mrs. Fletcher's death. One letter may be thought worth quoting from, as it contains further testimony to her goodness of heart. . . . Mrs. Hemans writes: "Will you tell Mr. Wordsworth (the poet) this anecdote of poor Mrs. Fletcher's? I am sure it will interest him. During the time that famine in the Dekhan was raging, she heard that a poor Hindoo woman had been found lying dead in one of the temples at the foot of an idol, with a female child still living in her arms. She and her husband immediately repaired to the spot, took the poor little orphan away with them, and conveyed it to their own home. She tended it assiduously, and one of her latest cares was to have it placed at a female missionary school to be brought up as a Christian." It was at Mrs. Fletcher's recommendation that Mrs. Hemans began the perusal, or, as she calls it, the "study" of Wordsworth's writings, and was thereby induced to make that poet's acquaintance. Mrs. Fletcher was also the friend of Wordsworth, and with reference to, or rather in support of what I have already said about her writings, must quote his opinion of them, and his testimony to her life and character. "Her enthusiasm," he wrote, "was ardent, her piety stedfast, and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the path to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, was modest and humble—indeed, far below her merits, as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers to discover what they are fit for. In one quality—quickness in the motions of her mind, she was, in the author's estimation, unrivalled." The essays, sketches, and poems in Mrs. Fletcher's *Phantasmagoria* are said in *Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature* to have been characterised by Professor Wilson, "as always acute and never coarse." Another English lady writer who sleeps with Mrs. Fletcher in the Poona cemetery is Miss Emma Roberts, who died at that place in 1840.

CHAPTER XV.

Sans Souci Club Minutes, 1818.

When the French authorities endeavoured to gather up the bones of Jacquemont at Sonapur, they had to use a sieve, and all they got from the riddled sand would not have filled your hat. The French Academy had judged wisely, for they forwarded a child's coffin.

So much remains to us of the Sans Souci Club:—Crawford, De Vitrie, and Bell, leading merchants. Newnham, Secretary to Government and peradventure Member of Council: his portrait hangs in the Byculla Club (1888). Wedderburn, Accountant-General (Sir John), father of Sir David and Sir William of that ilk.

Francis Warden, at this date (1818) Chief Secretary to Government, a mighty Nestor of Wisdom and Experience.

Keir, not the Doctor, of Wellington's time and the sulphur baths, but Major-General Sir William Grant Keir, K.T.

In a lull before the storm he signs this minute, for he was soon aroused from reverie by the bugle call to arms, for we find him writing despatches from Sawantwadi early in February, 1819, exchanging the amenities of Cameron's Tavern for storming of forts and other bloody works. He is in the Order of Battle, Commanding the Gujarat Division, part of that great Army of the Dekhan, which consisted of 70,000 fighting men, told off for the Campaign of 1817–18.

Dear Brother,—I have of late observed, not without some concern, a few irregularities which have crept imperceptibly into the Club, and which, I am sure, I shall be excused in noticing in this way. I might indeed have been expected to do so at periods when they occurred, but this I felt a reluctance to do, lest it might interfere with the hilarity of the meeting. I

hold it to be a principle of the Club, and one which prevails in all societies of the kind, that the "President can do no wrong," his word is the law, and it is irregular and improper in any member to dispute it. The President ought to give the whole of the toasts—at least no member ought to propose a toast without first obtaining the permission of the President. In the good old times of the Club speechifying was totally unknown except on particular occasions, when the President perhaps prefaced the toast he was about to propose with a few words never occupying the time of the members of the Club, from more important concerns, beyond a few minutes. Nowadays, no sooner is the cloth removed from the table than some one or other of the members of the Club rises to "occupy the attention of the company" by delivering his sentiments on the death of Futteh Sing Gaikwar, the establishment of a new firm in the settlement, or the important event of a ship sailing for England manned according to the regulations of the Act of Parliament! These speeches end with proposing a toast to the memory of the deceased Prince—"Success to the new firm," or "A good voyage to the Trader," and that with *three times three!!!* Now these are all very important events, no doubt, to those concerned, but what they have to do with a meeting of the Sans Souci Club I really cannot discover. Another practice of drinking the health of a member—not the President or Vice, for that is usual (and that, too, with *three times three*)—who absents himself merely to "satisfy the calls of nature," has lately taken place. Brother Warden truly stated last night that the practice was unknown to the Club before. I submit it to the members of the Club whether it would not be better to adhere as closely as we can to the old established rules of the Society, under which it has been known and respected for upwards, I believe, of 35 years. Those rules are, I fancy, to be found amongst the records of the Club, which are perhaps under the charge of the tavern-keeper; but I must enquire for them. I shall conclude by proposing that at all our future meetings the Club toasts be given. They are, I believe (not, however, in presence of the ladies), "The King," "Absent Members," and "Success to the Club." I believe these are all; but, if I am mistaken, I shall be obliged to Brother Warden or any other

member who will set me right. After Club toasts are over (and no toast whatever should be proposed until they are drunk), the President used to call on his right hand neighbour for a Lady and the Vice for a Gentleman from the person who was sitting at *his* right hand. If after the Club toasts have been drunk any member wishes to propose any particular toast with permission of the President, he may do so; but it is quite out of all rule to propose the health of any member of the Club without he is present. I have used the privilege, which my station in the Club perhaps allows me, of making these few remarks upon what I conceive have been irregularities, and I feel persuaded that they will be received by any member of the Club, as proceeding from a desire *lately* of upholding the respectability, the conviviality, and the hospitality of the Sans Souci Club which is known throughout India, and famed for its good order and fraternity.—I am, Dear Brother, your affectionate,

July 3, 1818. —— A. BELL.

I have to apologise to my Brethren of the Sans Souci for the delay that has taken place in the circulation of this address of our worthy Father to the Club. It was entrusted to me on the day it is dated for the purpose of being sent round by seniority, according to good old practice, and like many of the papers that come to my hand mislaid without the possibility of discovery till this moment when it fortunately presented itself to my view. As the period of our monthly meeting is at hand, I hasten to submit it to my Brethren in the hope that I shall yet be in time to prevent a repetition of the innovations alluded to, should such be the sense of the Club, reserving my own opinion on the subject until I may, without infringing on the prerogative of my seniors, put the same to paper in due course of things.

August 3, 1818.

—— J. H. C.

The little irregularities that I have observed in the Club appear to me to have arisen from the inexperience of our President, with all deference be it said. These will be asserted in due time. With respect to the toasts which have been

remarked upon, a proposal to drink the health of any member present below the chair is irregular. The death of Futteh Sing was unquestionably an important event, and we were bound, as it appears to me, in common courtesy, to drink prosperity to a new firm when its members were, for the first time after its establishment, present at the Club. Without discussing the propriety of the other toasts, I must say this: I have heard some of the female part of our society—to please whom must be our primary consideration—express themselves as amused at the display of the oratorical talents of the Club. To what extent the practice shall prevail must be left to the discretion of the President.

J. M.

——

B. E. S.

I think with Brother Warden that the irregularities alluded to by our worthy Father are to be put down to the inexperience of our presidents (of whom I speak), and that they will be corrected in due time. I must, however, say that the display of the oratorical powers of the Club might probably, like many other good things, be more highly relished, if less frequently lavished, on our Guests, and that a little amendment in that respect would perhaps be desirable. I will not pretend to have been so fortunate as Brother Warden in addressing the expression of approbation from the firm, but can well believe that they may have occasionally found amusement on the variety of talent exhibited by our oratorical friends. Some perhaps might not have been so much gratified, had they unfortunately been excluded from the list of "Muses and Graces" that were so handsomely received by the Club at no very distant date. I am, however, touching on dangerous ground, for the President can do no wrong, and I am not inclined to bring myself within the lash of his authority. I think the accompaniment of their *three times three* ought to be reserved for special occasions.

J. H. C.

I am of opinion that the established rules of the Club cannot too strictly be adhered to, consistently with the innovation which has taken place by the admission of ladies at our convivial meetings; and if all the younger members of the Club

were to promise attention to the invaluable code under which our society has so long and so deservedly flourished, and were to agree to act up to the spirit and letter of the regulations of our predecessors, I have no fear that the irregularities now complained of would disappear. I think our worthy Father is entitled to the thanks of the Club for bringing our observations to notice.

M. A. M.

I have no doubt but that all recent irregularities have arisen from such members as were guilty of them not having attentively perused the regulations. There is one point, however, which has escaped the notice of my senior Brethren and which I think they will agree with me ought not to be altogether overlooked. It is, the recording the name of each new member, his date of election, &c., as also each meeting, together with the names of all visitors, a practice which I much fear has fallen into disuse since the introduction of the new system, from which period I think, however, the records might still be brought were they circulated according to seniority, so that each member might record his *meeting* to the best of his recollection, and by proper attention on the part of future Presidents they might very easily be prevented falling again into arrears.

J. D. V.

I have often witnessed with great regret the innovations pointed out by the Father of the Club, and I am glad he has at length raised his paternal voice to check them. I see it is proposed that we should return to what now appears to be the original character of the Club. An *Evening party* from right to left of the chair! What will the Lady say to this?

W. N.

J. W.

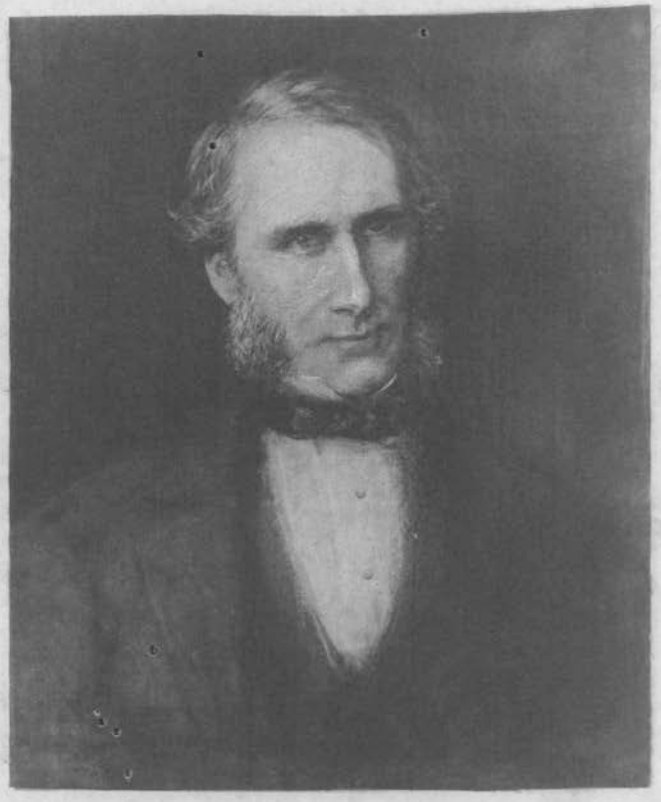
I most fully concur with our worthy friend Mr. Bell in the impropriety of the irregularities which his fatherly care of the Sans Souci Club had induced him to point out to us—and feel very grateful to him for his having done so. As the members of the Club are all of them convivial souls, and ever ambitious

to make themselves agreeable, I must attribute what our worthy Brother Mr. Bell complains of solely to their not having been made acquainted with the existing rules and regulations—and must acknowledge myself to be totally ignorant of them. From what Mr. Bell states of the toasts preserved to us by the old rules—even they are not appropriate to the present times—as H.R.H. the Prince Regent's health is not one of them—possibly in the other regulations similar defects may be found. I would therefore humbly recommend that Mr. Bell be requested to become President of a Committee and to name two members to assist him—who may examine and take these matters into consideration. When proper rules are made out for our guidance and made known, no one will depart from them, and the Club will flourish with as much cordial hilarity as it ever did in my time.

WM. KEIR.

I most willingly subscribe to the proposition made by Sir Wm. Keir, and shall be most happy if Messrs. Warden and Crawford will assist me in wording and forming a new code of regulations for the Club. I hope it will be believed I never meant to attribute to any member of the Club any intentional infraction of its established rules. The fact is that I did not at the time I took the liberty of circulating my former opinion know exactly where the records of the Club were. I have since received them from Mr. Cameron, the tavern-keeper, and they are open for the inspection of the members of the Club whenever they may please to send for them. In answer to Brother De Vitre's remark about keeping up the records of the Club, it will be seen that I have entered the proceedings of several meetings since the new system took effect, and I would have continued to do so, but the book has been in the hands of one of the new members, and if he will have the goodness to send it to me I will enter up the proceedings, or, what will be better, I will send the book to the different Presidents so that they may do it themselves.

A. B.



THE Rt HON JOHN LORD ELPHINSTONE, G.C.B., G.C.H.
GOVERNOR OF MADRAS (1847-52) AND BOMBAY (1853-60)

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CHAPTER XVI.

FORJETT, AND HOW THE MUTINY WAS AVERTED IN BOMBAY, 1857.

IN the autumn of 1857, in the house of one Ganga Prasad, in Sonapur, was discovered a plot of the Sepoys to murder and pillage everybody they came across in Bombay, and march to Poona, and proclaim Nana Sahib Peshwah of the Dekhan. The first authentic information of this conspiracy was given by a Wahabi (strange to say) to Mr. Forjett, Commissioner of Police, who had previously believed in its existence. The military authorities in the island saw no cause for alarm, but for some time among the non-official classes, the ground had an earthquaky feeling, as if all was not going on well beneath the surface, and once there had been a sudden exodus of Europeans, in a wild helter-skelter of men, women, and children, from Breach Candy and Malabar Hill to ships in the harbour. Even a judge in these parts was said to have hastily stowed away his criminal and penal Code.

The Marine battalion was then where it is at present, and the Sepoy lines to the north of the Bori Bandar Station, and suspiciously near lay the Jami Masjid, or mosque of the Musalmans, of which sect there were supposed to be 150,000 in Bombay. The European force in the island consisted of 400 infantry and 50 mounted police to quell any outbreak. It was intended that the rising should take place on the night of the Muharram, but the vigilance of Forjett's fifty mounted police frustrated the design, in spite of the fact that the military had broken up the small force at their disposal to guard the entrances to Malabar Hill and Mazagon. Forjett's idea was to nip the insurrection in the bud before it had time to gather strength and numbers in its passage through the bazaars, where the cry of "Din, Din," would have been certain to make

its numbers overwhelming. With much to contend against in the then state of military opinion, Forjett stood his ground well, not in a fatuous condition, but with an intelligent appreciation of the times, and a clear perception of the event which time was only needed to justify, and he rose to the occasion, the right man in the right place, believing as he did in the existence of a plot among the Marine Battalion and Native Infantry to murder every person they came across during the Muharram. That plot, however, was merely postponed to the Dewali, one of the great feasts of the Hindus. On one of these nights the Hindus bring out all their money and jewels to worship them, and the *loot* was considered to be well worth the waiting for, when in the interim the discovery of Ganga Prasad and the rendezvous of Sepoys at his house put an end for ever to the intended Muharram revolt.

CHARLES FORJETT,
COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.

The reason why Prasad's house had become the rendezvous of the Sepoys, and why he was made the trusted depositary of their secrets, is not far to find. He was a priest, a physician, and a devotee. The man was unmanageable where he lived, and Forjett adopted the bold measure of forcibly, yet quietly, abducting him at night to the Police-office, and by "intimidation" made him reveal all. I have heard it said that he told him firmly that unless he did so he would be a dead man in a few minutes, no doubt suiting the action to the word.

Of Forjett's previous career I know nothing, but, as he was the principal character in this episode, I shall endeavour from

his own mouth and those of others, to give what presentment of him is possible. He was great in languages, customs, and disguises, and knowing all about the natives, could simulate any character—a *fakir*, for instance—so as to, if it were possible, deceive the very elect.

He had asked Lord Elphinstone, the then Governor, if he was not frightened at Parel during the night,

> "He either fears his fate too much
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch
> To win or lose it all."

Lord Elphinstone replied that he had such a strong body-guard and others round Parel that he had no fear. "Make your cordon as strong as you like," said Forjett, "and I will engage to stand at your bedside to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock."

He kept his word, having passed unchallenged by a single sentry or servant, disguised as—tell it not at the Calico Ball—a knight of the broom—a sweeper.

Had Lord Elphinstone seen the vision of Don Quixote or the Brownie of Bleduoch he could not have been more astonished.

> "I trow the laird he stood aback
> Wi' a gape and a glower till his lugs did crack.
> As the shapeless phantom mumbling spak—
> 'Hae ye wark for Aiken Drum?'"

You may depend upon it a man like this did not mince matters or trouble himself like a late Governor about what his powers were. He, in fact, told a large meeting of Muhammadans that he was undeterred by the trammels of law, that he would shoot or cut down the first man who committed himself, or hang every guilty man before his own door; and to show that he was in earnest he erected a gallows in the police yard, all which the loyal and other citizens of Bombay no doubt heard and saw. But his crowning feat was the discovery and arrest of the guilty Sepoys at the house of Prasad. In this he was bold as a lion and wise as a serpent. Before commencing his investigations, which had to be made with the greatest secrecy, he foresaw that unless an officer of the suspected regiments accompanied him, and verified what was to be seen and heard, his work was as

good as worthless, for so strong was the conviction among the officers that their Sepoys were thoroughly trustworthy that nobody would have believed him. Accordingly Major Barrow accompanied him. Prasad's ante-room, where the meetings were held, was 30 feet by 15, and separated from it by a plastered division of wicker-work was a small back room: into this room came singly, and in different disguises to avoid suspicion, Major Barrow, Forjett, and Edgington.* Prasad also, we presume, as I have heard it said Forjett threatened him with instant death, if by word or sign he played him false. Through holes made in the plaster they saw what was going on in the ante-room, and they met in this way three or four times.

During these memorable moments the greatest care was necessary.

A whisper, heavy breathing, a lurch against the wall, any false move would have been fatal to the whole business. When Major Barrow descried through a hole in the wall his own havildar dealing out treason and murder to the Sepoys, he could barely refrain from the half-smothered whisper rising to his lips—

"MY GOD! MY OWN MEN! IS IT POSSIBLE?"

The end of the story is soon told. The traitorous soldiers were arrested, tried by court-martial, and two of them blown from the guns on the Esplanade. It is believed that thirty of them deserved the same fate, but Lord Elphinstone was a merciful man.†

Thus was Bombay saved from "battle, murder, and sudden death," and all honour be to the men who under the Providence of God assisted in the work.

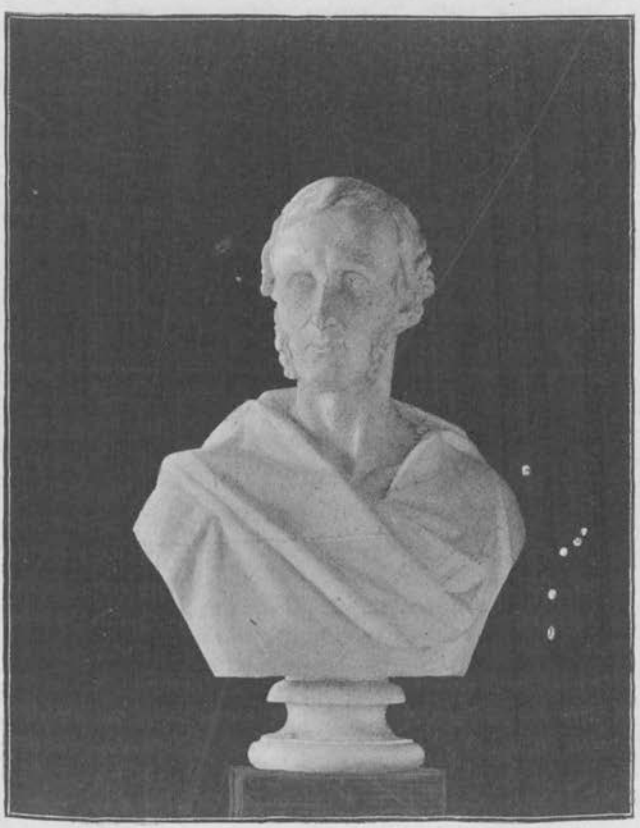
"Their names will nerve the patriot's hand
Upraised to save a sinking land,
And piety will learn to burn
With holier transports o'er their urn."

* Abridged from Mr. Forjett's book on the Mutiny, published in London, 1878.

† Here is a judgment on Lord Elphinstone by one who knew what he was writing about. "July 22nd, 1860. Lord Elphinstone is dead. He returned very ill from India, having had the Bombay fever. He acted with great courage and ability during the mutiny. I was at Eton with him, and he afterwards entered the Life Guards."—Lord Malmesbury's *Memoirs of an ex-Minister*, 1885.

Forjett did his work well and he was rewarded for it. He had his pension, and received from Bombay merchants and others in testimony of his services £18,930, and afterwards resided on his property near Hughenden which he called "Cowasjee Jehangir Hall," a name that splits the ears of many of the lieges from Lord Beaconsfield downwards.*

* Jan. 27, 1890. Mr. Forjett died in London.



LORD ELPHINSTONE. (*From a bust by Noble.*)

CHURCH GATE, BOMBAY, 1863.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Walls and Gates of Bombay.

"So, thou, fair City! disarrayed
Of battled wall and rampart's aid,
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
Than in that panoply of war;
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and Security are flown."

Marmion, Introduction to Canto V.

Let us in imagination go back a generation and take a walk round the old walls of Bombay. Landing at the Apollo Pier, a few paces bring us face to face with the Apollo Gate and the great region of the Dockyard. Rather an ancient gate, for on a stone taken out of it in 1857 was inscribed that the town wall

was finished on 1st June, 1716, when Charles Boone was Governor. No doubt, of the nature of a garden wall. This is the gate known to all sea-faring men, for through it they come and go to their ships. I descry over the walls the upper half of St. Andrew's Kirk steeple, rather shut in, and as I think a hot place for speaker and hearer. This from proximity to the walls and ditch from whence comes an occasional cloud of mosquitoes.

We pass on, still outside the walls, in the direction of Church Gate. The various bastions are pointed out to us as we reach them in succession. There is the Queen's Lunette, the Marlborough, the Stanhope, and the Church Bastion with the intervening ravelins yclept South-West and Grandbys.

Here I observe that the Esplanade from the Apollo Pier is a dead level. Over the walls, the Cathedral looms high and mighty, and dominates everything in this region; and through the gate, as in a peep-hole, I can see at the end of the vista the open space of Bombay Green, on which are cotton bales piled in bulky squares, just as in James Forbes' picture of 1765.

If you have gates and walls, you must give up a good part of your liberty. In early times Apollo and Church Gates were shut at sunset, and the Bazar Gate half an hour later. Servants of Government living outside might go by bazar till 9.30 p.m. But fifty years ago leading men (there was no distinction between native and European) of the Fort dining at Parel, on their return, were, at 11 p.m., refused admittance. Happy thought! Let us try Church Gate the unfrequented. Rules as strict as the Medes and Persians were laid down, quite a code of them, from dawn to sunset; drums, guns, and bells, and passes and "words of the night" issued the day before for late birds to crawl home in the small hours. The morning and evening guns, which have shaken so many rafters and screech owls in Bombay, were started in 1760 and continued ever since.

Here I am confronted by the Bombay *buggy-wallah*, a procrustean demon, yelling and howling. I know you well. I have been "broken on the wheel." Ten *pallkis* in a row like so many coffins for letting out and pension at a rupee and quarter per diem, all their blandishments in vain. Treacher offers us refreshment, and we saunter on.

O thou weary "Church Gate," thou lookest down on Clive and Wellington as they sweep past, and the blind beggar holding on by thy wicket—the arch that never sleeps.

Observe the Baronet's residence and the tall houses of Hornby Row, how they tower in lofty grandeur over the Ramparts, and think of the kindly smile of him—second of his name, and his brother Rustomjee Jejeebhoy, honoured among men.

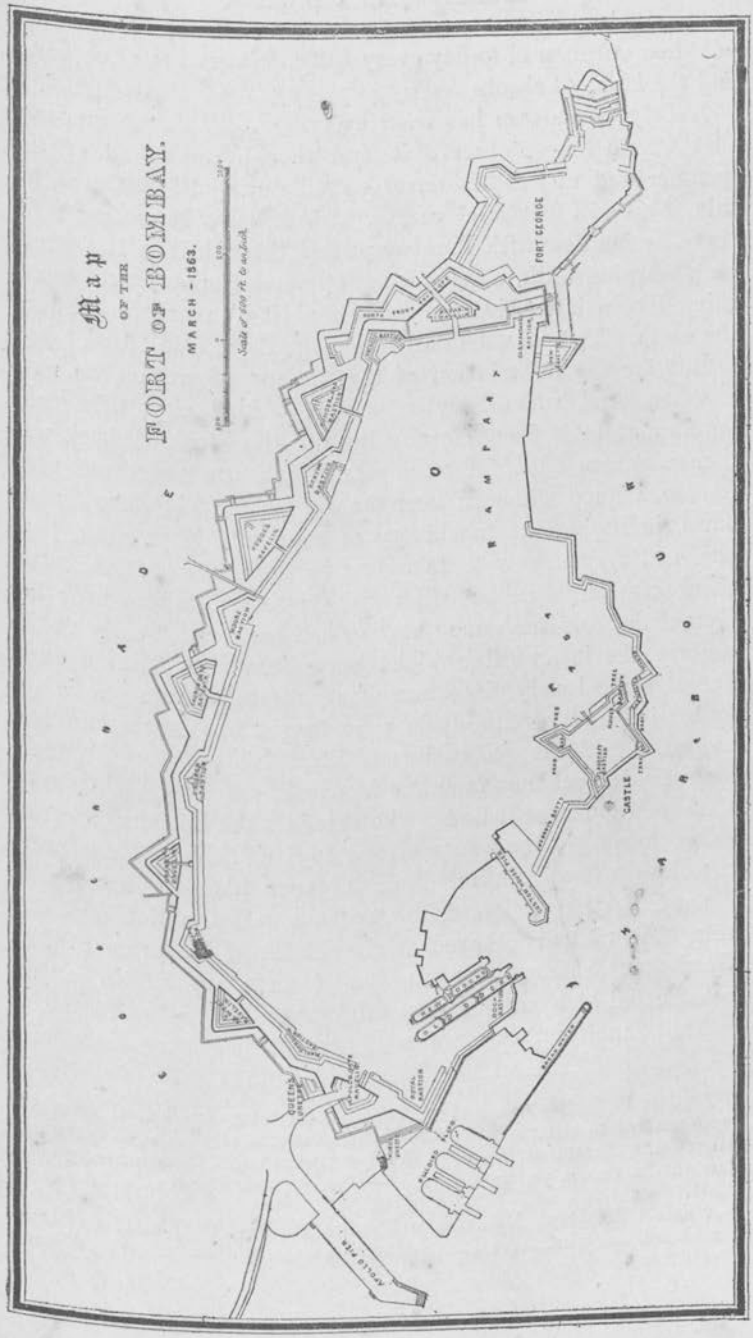
We now pass Moore's (Sir John's, no doubt) Bastion, Hodge's (an old Governor) Bastion, and Banyan, Cumberland and Prince's Bastions, the Bazar Ravelin within the North Front Envelope, all names impregnable as death, but soon to be swept away out of man's memory by the besom of destruction. Vanity of vanities!

Here I halt at the Bazar Gate. This is a great gate—a double gate, and the most populous of them all. Here for my native friends in numbers, in their flowing robes, men and women, of many colours, ingress and egress, and the slavey late at *bara khana* in the Fort, by the help of permit from the Second-in-Council, steals away in the silence of the night to his dormitory outside. The *bara saheb* for Mazagon prefers Church Gate to threading his devious way on trotting bullock *gari* through the sinuosities of Bazar Street. Sauntering along, we soon find ourselves at Fort George (some remnants to the fore in 1888), which abuts on the harbour. Here, at Mandvi Bandar, I take a boat and leave *terra firma*, with its old Mandvi Bastion and New Lunette. The seaboard between Fort George and Apollo Bunder bristles with fortifications, for, right and left, the Castle walls spread themselves out in long swinging arms of defence, along the shore—guns ready—only invaders being the sea mews.

Here I hail "Old Mortality," standing as he has stood and will stand for many a day, with his long grey dishevelled locks, and two wide-awakes, anticipatory of *Tarai*. I, like the Egyptian Mummy, "drop a halfpenny in Homer's hat," forgetting that he only takes silver, and bid the walls adieu.*

The change which has been effected during the past five-and-twenty years on the Esplanade can only be realized by wiping

* Dead a dozen years ago.


Map
OF THE
FORT OF BOMBAY.
MARCH - 1863.
Scale of 200 ft. to an Inch.
FORT GEORGE
RAMPART
CASTLE
ARSENAL PIER

out from our map of to-day every edifice between the Cooperage and the Money School.

A City of Palaces has been evolving itself so continuously that we no longer observe it, and though the sound of the hammer and mallet has never ceased during all that time, we take it all as a matter of course. But it had a beginning.* A traveller familiar with Bombay passed through it in 1867, and, on a morning walk, observed that opposite Forbes Street something like a huge birdcage had risen like an exhalation from the earth. This was the skeleton of the Esplanade Hotel.

But for the information of the present generation we may mention that, when Bombay was a walled city, this great *maidan*, at least from Hornby Row to the Money School, was named *Pawan Chakki*, for the reason that, at a period not very remote, a huge windmill near the sea margin did duty for all our grinding steam machinery of to-day.† If you ask your *gari walla* even now to take you to the *Pawan Chakki*, ten chances to one that he will take you to somewhere near the Gymkhana. If the same question had been asked early in the century, the interrogator might have been intent on a duel. For at some lonely place hereabout, concealed from public eye by bastion and ravelin, duels were fought out ere the sun had peeped over the ragged outline of Bhaumalang. But the exact spot of this Aceldama is unknown to me.

There are men still living who recollect the Cooperage in full swing to supply the wants of the Indian Navy. Those were the days when Admiral Malcolm sent his compliments to Naoroji at the dockyard, to say how well the Bombay-built ship "Asia" had behaved at the Battle of Navarino (1827). Good stout ships; there are five of them now (1888) afloat, constructed here early in the century.

The Sanatorium near the Cooperage has long since dis-

* "The beginning was in 1864. The walls being levelled, Government were enabled to sell plots of ground which realized 60½ lakhs, out of which High Court, Secretariat, Watson's Hotel, etc., were built. Some of the ground brought 98 rupees per square yard."—Chesson and Woodhall's *Miscellany*, 1864.

† Feb. 1889. Seth Nasirwanjee Framjee Patil (p. 246) told me he remembered the windmill. It stood near the Queen's statue or Gymkhana Buildings.

appeared, but it would argue a very young man not to remember when the compound of the latter was laved by the salt sea wave, which also laid bare the roots of the casuarina trees at the foot of the Marine Line Gardens.

In the early decades the Esplanade must have been as bare as your hand, save for the projecting casements of the wells which dotted this great plain.

Here, doubtless, many a Rebekah (see Van Ruith's picture) met for the first time her lord and master, with no sound but the creaking monotone of the water-wheel to disturb them, and here mustered the golf club in strong force, with boundless amplitude of space.

There was a choice of wells, and the one near the Temple Statue was said to be the best.

Dr. Buist, a geologist of reputation in these parts (1857), had investigated them. One of the results was that they had a little rise and fall twice in the twenty-four hours, commensurate in a slight degree with the tides.

Besides, there were in many of the houses of well-to-do people in the Fort wells of excellent water.

The Post Office was near the Custom House until it was burned down, and afterwards in Rampart Row. Sir Seymour Fitzgerald soon solved the difficulty of the Post Office. There was a battle of the sites. Apollo Bandar was spoken of. This was not to be. He examined the site on which our Post Office is now built. "How long will it be before sanction can be obtained from the Government of India to construct a Post Office?" "Four months," was the official's reply.

"Will you kindly see that this ground is staked off at once, and I will come and look at it to-morrow morning at six?"

Everyone must admire the wisdom of the decision; for the Bombay Post Office, whatever strides the city may take, is good for all the exigencies of our commerce for the next two hundred years.

But in no instance has such progress been made as in the matter of conveyances. The extinction of the Bombay *buggy* * was a mighty relief. We now rejoice, but, like the air we

* See *Vanity Fair*, chap. 3.

breathe, we never think of what we enjoy and to whom we owe it. Within the last few weeks the man who created the new *régime*, after a life of unwearied diligence in the service of this

SIR FRANK H. SOUTER, C.S.I., C.I.E. SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE, BOMBAY. BORN 1831, DIED 1888.

great city, laid himself quietly down to die amid the distant Nilgiris, in the words of the great Poet—

"As in his Mother's Lap."

And this was one of Souter's unbought legacies.

Having now made a circuit of the old walls, let us breathe the purer air of 1888,* and glance at one or two houses. That

* This paper appeared in the *Times of India*, July 21, 1888.

house with ornamented façade next the Great Western Hotel was the residence of the partners and business premises of Remington & Co., a firm which, early in the century, divided with Forbes & Co. the financial transactions of the place. The archives of the firm cover a hundred years, and the MS. memorials and Gombroon Diaries, written out at the earlier date of 1752-53. Then there is the Old Secretariat in Apollo Street, which has seen some strange mutations, lofty pipal tree, deep well, room in which Duncan died, staircase like that of a Genoese Palace still existing. The highly ornamented fringe of the metal balustrade has been riven away from its supports, and it was a great rarity, and admired by everybody. It is of this Government House Bishop Heber in 1825 says:—

"Though large and convenient, it is little used except for holding councils, public durbars, and the despatch of business. It is a spacious dismal-looking building, like many of the large houses in Bombay, looking like a Stadthouse in a Free German City."

Francis Warden, a most distinguished Bombay civilian—a man far in advance of his age—who came out in 1769, thus records the acquisition of this property by the East India Company. He writes in 1814:—

"A part of the extensive range of buildings appropriated for the accommodation of the Secretary's Office was, in 1764, purchased by Mr. Whitehill for the sum of Rs. 45,000. It appears by the collector's books to have measured 2133⅓ square yards.

"Mr. John Hunter in the same year tendered his house, with all the warehouses, outhouses, stabling, and two large compounds, being the premises formerly designated the 'seconds house,' and now (1814) appropriated to the meeting of council and for the Sadr Adalat, for the sum of Rs. 60,000, which was purchased on the report of a committee showing that the Company would by the two preceding purchases save Rs. 17,066 per annum; the one was rented by Government as the Secretary's Office, and the other possessed advantages more than adequate to the warehouses rented by the Company. It measured 2766⅔ square yards."

Additional property must have been afterwards acquired, as the block recently sold is said to measure over 12,000 yards,

and was purchased for Rs. 435,000 by the Sirdar Diler Jang, upon which he has erected, at a cost of ten lakhs of rupees, those palatial buildings which are now (1891) so conspicuous an ornament of Modern Bombay. The Old Secretariat does not appear in James Forbes' fine picture in the *Oriental Memoirs* of date 1765; but the reason is apparent on reflection. It was not then built, and previous dwellings occupy the place in the picture where this interesting house now stands.

We may well pass over any sales by Government in our own day, when we read as follows from a veritable source:—

"On the 20th February, 1715, the Government bought of John Hill, on behalf of the Company, all that messuage, &c., commonly known by the name of Sir John Weyborne's house, for Rs. 3000, and on the 9th December, 1719, the Government sell this very property to the same person for Rs. 180 only." But this is no reason for not saying what we are now going to say, "Impugn it whoso list."*

I was once inclined to draw up a formidable bill of indictment against the Bombay Government for their sale of the Old Secretariat in 1886, and I am not ashamed to confess even now that I would rather have seen it converted into a college, or even an almshouse. But time comes with soft oblivious wing. The king can do no wrong, and in this case I am now inclined to side with the king, as also with the Bombay Extension Committee's decision, that Parel should be sold. In these two cases the game of preservation is not worth the candle, and Parel would require to have much stronger associations to induce people to go there and see it bereft of a living Governor.

We must see, however, that the contagion of selling does not spread and become chronic in the body politic, and that the only one of our time-honoured buildings which survives—if we except the Cathedral (which is perfectly safe in the hands of the trustees)—does not fall a prey, and that without any note of warning, to the spirit which is now very much abroad to convert everything into money.

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* In estimating the price paid for the Old Secretariat Grounds in 1764, the now depreciated rupee requires to be taken into account. Salaries are a good index. In 1800 Dr. Keir's (Civil Surgeon) salary was Rs. 333 per mensem and a free house, and Exchange in 1764 was 2*s.* 6*d.*

I write now in the interest of that "four square house" in the centre of the Arsenal, which was handed over to us by the Portuguese when we came here in 1666, and which was the Government House of Bombay for the first hundred years of its history, and—that there may be no mistake about it—is vulgarised by the name of "Pattern Room."* To what base purposes we come at last, for Carsten Niebuhr (the father of the Historian) in 1764 calls it "un grand et superbe édifice," and he may have seen it, though I rather think he was arrested, or called to account, for endeavouring to take sketches of the fortifications. There are many reasons, good and sufficient, for the removal of buildings, public and private, in India.

The Land Acquisition Act, 1870, of the Government of India covers them all, and we can scarcely imagine any one of them that would involve as a *sine quâ non* the destruction of this vaulted building. Railways, tramways, and docks are, of course, inexorable, and everything must give way to them. But none of these will ever likely penetrate into this secluded corner, as it forms a kind of promontory outside the city proper.

Moreover, you cannot indict Bombay Castle as a nuisance. It does nobody harm, and has been quite inoffensive for the matter of a hundred years.† We here note that when a position is wanted by the military authorities for defence, as in the case of Malabar Point, no questions are asked so far as the public is concerned. They proceed at once to pull up by the roots Grose's fine avenue of twisted trees,‡ which date from 1750 and long before it, to make way for cannon, producing such a chaos of upturned earth and stones as would make the angels of archæology and arboriculture weep their eyes out. I have no doubt that it is a necessity, or it would not be done. Bombay Castle is a place of defence, and the probability that in the near future it will become more so, is the reason why we address ourselves to the subject, so that, in view of contemplated

* Now (Aug. 1888) labelled "Armoury."

† "The Castle is not of any use for defence."—Anquetil du Perron, 1764.

‡ "One of the most interesting sights of this City."—*Bombay Nat. Hist. Journal*, April, 1888.

alterations, a reservation may be effected in favour of this building, known as our oldest Government House.

The Afghan Prince's words on leaving the Mint, "What a place for loot!" are of significance at a time when our defence is the topic of the day. Both Mint and Treasury, in proximity, are well worth looking after.

The last might be domiciled in this building, the lower storey of which constitutes it one of the very strongest bomb-proof structures in the island, and we speak from some knowledge of it. We may soon therefore, though, we trust, our fears are unfounded, lose a celebrated building.

The deed may be done before we know anything about it whatever. I suppose our readers are aware that Bombay Castle is not now, nor indeed has been for a very considerable time, open to everybody, and the propriety of this restriction no one can doubt.

Here is an additional reason (the place being so far removed from the public eye, and beyond its ken, no one taking the least notice of it) for our remonstrance, in the bare hope that it may reach the highest military authority in the Presidency, and prevent the demolition of a building which is so much interwoven with its early history.

Bombay has shown on many occasions that she can give up her public buildings, when they are wanted, for the State, without a grudge, and buildings of the most sacred character have been razed to the ground, which might serve as cover to an enemy. Witness the demolition of our first Roman Catholic Cathedral (1803), of our first Temple of Mumbadevi (1803), of our first English Burying Ground (1763), and innumerable pleasure houses beyond the gates surrendered (1803) by their occupants without a murmur to satisfy the military exigencies of the day.

Then came the removal of the ramparts, 1862–63. Nobody lamented them, though we think our conscript fathers might have left us "a gate" by way of a *souvenir* instead of the nondescript things which, under the name of fountains, obstruct the highway, as if the names of Wellington and Frere were "writ in water."

The walls of Bombay had never been a defence. The Great

Defence of Bombay was made (1689) before these walls came into existence, by this very Bombay Castle, when 20,000 men beleaguered it for months, and hammered at its fortifications in vain.

When the Bombay walls fell, great was the fall thereof. There was a great shout, as when a whole people are the subjects of a mighty deliverance, for the ditch had been a harbour of every unclean thing, and the walls a harbour for all the *badmashes* * of the town.

Verily, the walls never did anything, nor protected anybody nor anything except the city from ventilation and the breezes of the Konkan.†

There was not a jackal the less on Bombay Green at night because of them, and nothing has contributed more to the health of the community than their removal. Cribbed, cabined, and confined—the bed too narrow to stretch upon—Bombay now threw out her arms like a giant refreshed in a new atmosphere, and, Samson-wise, burst away from the bonds of a hundred years. Like an athlete who casts off his superfluous clothing, Bombay was naked, but not defenceless. Who's afraid? For by this one resolution she virtually said to all comers "That they should take who have the power and they should keep who can," and answered by anticipation the question of Townsend, "Will England retain India?" For the demolition of all these buildings, we thus see that there were good and substantial reasons; but none of them apply to Bombay Castle, and still less to the "four square house," which is its nucleus, and for the subsistence of which we are now contending. If it is quietly sold or demolished, the announcement will be received with consternation wherever there are men capable to appreciate a glorious past. The Castle, its fortifications, this house, and the adjacent land comprising over 20,000 square yards, belong to Government—"crown lands" in the strictest sense of the term. But, apart from this, surely there is something the Bombay people may call their own, and that without infringing on the

* *Bad-m'āsh*, one pursuing a bad means of livelihood.—B.

† "It is a pleasant walk round the top of the ramparts."—Meadows Taylor, 1824.

jus imperii of the powers that be, and if Bombay Castle is not that "something," there is little else that remains to contend for.

The Tower of David and the Temple of Solomon did not belong to these men. Unless the past be ignored and Bombay denied a History, the Castle is as much to her as the Tower and Holyrood are to the cities that possess them, spots of earth where, if a man does not feel some spark of pride or patriotism in his bosom, he would be equally unmoved, as Dr. Johnson hath it, on the "field of Marathon, or the ruins of Iona."

Petersburg or Venice do not sell St. Isaacs or St. Mark's to be converted into snuff-boxes. These buildings exist in a manner *pro bono publico*, for there is, what Sir James Mackintosh terms in a Bombay judgment, "a primitive right," a right of possession at all events to this extent, that what has received the homage of men for centuries shall not be wilfully impaired or destroyed—the act of God and the Queen's enemies excepted.

Men die, but buildings, institutions, and communities subsist from age to age.

You cannot break the thread of tradition and sentiment, without giving a violent shock to the community.

The continuity of our Government is in a measure upheld by the respect and veneration of a well-ordered people.

And *Bombay Castle* is, or ought to be, the representative of that Government, known and read of all men like its manifestoes that are daily issued and dated from it down to this year of grace 1888, a fiction transparent enough, but it shows what a power there is in a name, and what a magic it possesses.

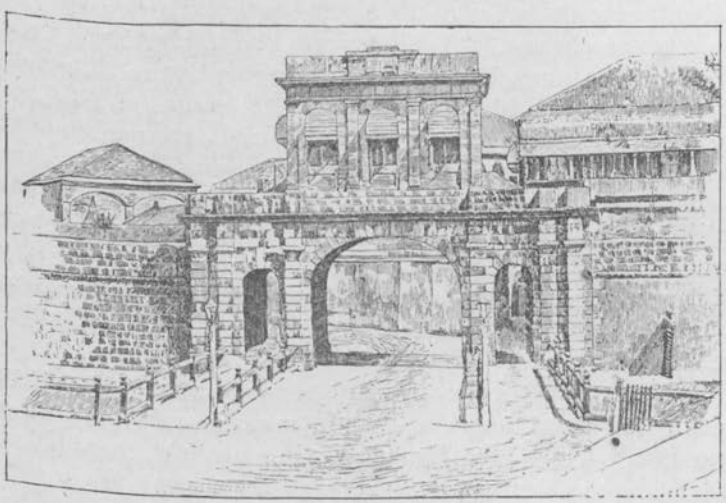
Why has it subsisted so long? Simply because it has been well cared for by those who have gone before us, those men of the olden time, to whom we owe a good deal of everything we have and are.

You cannot touch such a symbol of authority without weakening your hold on the community.

What is the good to us of our Archæological Department, if all its time is to be spent among the dry bones of Buddhism, or the coins of Alexander of Macedon, when we have a building at our doors which sheltered men of our own flesh and blood, the veritable founders of our city who lived and died within its walls—

the pioneers of our Eastern Empire? There is no public on this side of Suez, said Thomas Chisholm Anstey bitterly. There *is*, however, a public, and a very intelligent one too, native and European, and if it were polled to-morrow, we are certain the vote would be in our favour. Let Dr. Burgess, therefore, join us in our endeavour to preserve a most interesting memorial of former times, unless he is prepared to realize, in Bombay, Omar Khayyam's dream of Persepolis, or something like it—

> "They say the lion and the lizard keep
> The courts where Jamshid gloried and drank deep,
> And Bahram that great Hunter—the wild ass
> Stamps o'er his head and cannot break his sleep."



APOLLO GATE, BOMBAY, 1861.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Social Bombay, 1865–67.

The period of Sir Bartle Frere's administration (1862–67) was a brilliant one. Unquestionably, a large amount of money came into the Presidency at that time, and it was then the foundations of almost all the great public buildings which adorn our city were laid, and which to-day attract the admiration of travellers from many lands. Some people, however, may think otherwise, and that it was not a brilliant period. Of course the coin has an obverse. "I register only the shining hours," says the Venetian sundial, so we begin by saying that in these days Parel was an English home planted on the shores of Asia, that to know Lady Frere was considered a liberal education, and that her graceful daughters were towers of strength to all young ladies in search of happiness, in single blessedness or on the high road to matrimony. There are many people still living who can put their finger on this epoch and every detail of it, as if it were of yesterday, for the gulf which divides this time from our own is a very narrow one. "Thou art so near and yet so far."

What is recent, however, will by-and-by be remote, and we shall soon shout across to hear in response only the echo of our own voices. Like Elura caves in moonlight, everything is beginning to wear the pale shadows of the ancient times. The strongest men of this period, and certainly every man talked about in this sketch, are as dead in their coffins as the Pharaohs of Bulak, and already relegated to the bones and muniments of History, and the only living evidence we possess that they ever existed, is some husky voice or treble, which we occasionally hear at club or station, ere its owner steals away or disappears from the scene. You cannot have in India a plantation as you have in America or Australia, the counterpart of society in

THE RIGHT HONBLE SIR H. BARTLE E. FRERE, G.C.B., G.C.S.I.

Engraved by Samuel Cousins R.A from a painting by Henry W. Phillips

By permission of Paul & Dominic Colnaghi & Co

BELLIN & IMP. LEMERCIER & Cie PARIS

SAMPSON LOW MARSTON & SEARLE

Europe, in which oral tradition in long stages descends from generation to generation of living men. Sir William Wedderburn's grandfather, for example, fought at Culloden in 1746, and Sir William, aged 52 only, left India in 1887. With another such gradation as this you might bridge the entire English occupation of India. Four good lives would be enough.

But the blind fury "with the abhorred shears" works here, busy as the lightning. The generations of Englishmen are shorter lived, and speedily plucked up by the roots; swifter and swifter the waves, inward and outward, come tumbling along, bringing strange mutations of men and things. When Sir Bartle Frere came to India his own brother did not know him, so begrimed was he with the dust of Araby and Ind.* When he took his final adieu of it, he stood side by side with the Heir to the Throne. The day, indeed, when his cup was full, and which measured the brimming tide of his success and laudable ambition (for after this it began somewhat to ebb), was in November 1875, when he passed in procession through our streets with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, not in dim perspective, but in the full midday blaze of an Oriental sun.

I can still see that face, calm, serene and dignified, as it brooded on the scene, a fitting conclusion to all the labours of forty years, culminating in this grand ovation. The Bombay Civil Servant never stood on a more exalted pedestal. If it be true that every man makes his own face, Sir Bartle had much credit in this plastic accomplishment, for his was a face instinct with high and lofty resolve and the purposes of a noble mind. You may see the "animated bust" on the banks of the Thames and the banks of the Indus, breathing the same silent story from its stony lips. Sir Bartle Frere was not a rich man. Probably, like Alexander the Great, he burned all his superfluous baggage before he set out for India. This is certain, that he took none of its plunder away with him. No future Burke shall denounce him as having drank of "the golden cup of abominations." Could greater compliment be paid to Indian

* A. R. Scoble, Byculla Club, Speech of Feb. 14, 1867.

Proconsul? "When shall I see a Commander return from India in the pride of honourable poverty?" asks Henry Mackenzie in the *Man of Feeling*.* Had he lived to our day he would have found one in Sir Bartle Frere.†

It was in the year 1865, in the halcyon days for remitters of exchange, when a man could secure £112-10 in gold in Lombard Street, for 1000 of his Rupees in Rampart Row, that David Livingstone arrived in Bombay. He was then 52 years of age. He too had burned his superfluous baggage before setting out for India, and as Bombay was merely a milestone in his journey he made another bonfire of impedimenta. I have been told, on credible authority, that he carried with him an English Bible which he did not burn, and some hypsometric tables constructed by Dr. Burgess in days of mathematical fervour before he had "ta'en the antiquarian trade, I think they ca' it." ‡ He had also a stock of Scotch ballads, snatches and proverbs which stood him in good stead, and which he kept in his head ready for use on any sudden emergency, and on these neither freight carriage nor duty could be levied by any potentate or authority whatsoever, barbarian or civilised. When here he did a good deal of work, and though men were much involved in shares, they took more than a passing notice of him.

Bombay was then like a huge electric blaze shooting high into the air on a quiet summer's night, attracting by its glare all the buzzing denizens of the world. Livingstone went to Matheran, went to Nasik, went to Gujarat to his old chum, Taylor, of the Irish mission; dined at the Marine Lines; discussed Burton and his trip to Mecca, as Burton, nothing loth, discussed him; held lengthy palaver on the Fountains of the Sun with Dr. Wilson in the back room of that old shanty of his yclept the "Cliff," where Hakluyt and Purchas looked down upon them from the

* 1771.

† June 5, 1888. Sir Bartle Frere's statue, in line with Outram's statue, unveiled by the Prince of Wales, in Victoria Gardens, Thames Embankment. His tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral completed about two months before.

‡ The thieves of Africa respected these and did not think them of any value.

shelves; took counsel with the Governor* as to what means should be adopted to mitigate, if not suppress, the East African Slave Trade. He mingled occasionally with our merchants, who subscribed a thousand pounds for him, which he would not take. They then put it into a bank, but the bank broke.† Nobody, however, lost by these banks, except the shareholders, so the money was utilized afterwards for Livingstone purposes. He wore a Consul's cap and uniform. He had a good deal of "dry humour" about him, for at his lecture in the Town Hall he exhibited an enormous chignon worn by the ladies of Africa, and as chignons were all the rage in those days the circumstance produced much merriment,

I have been told by those who ought to know that he was a difficult man to travel with, "unco ill to leeve wi'" as Mrs. Carlyle senior (and junior also of the same sentiment, if I mistake not) described her illustrious son. For one thing, he had the Scotch quality of reticence, and, I have no doubt, at times he found the need of it. Lord Dufferin (1888) did not go about and tell everybody that he was going to resign the Viceroyalty. He liked India and Africa because there was such boundless freedom in them. So great an enemy was he of enclosures, that had he been in Scotland in the last century he would have been found among the Levellers. In fact, his great complaint of home was its want of "elbow room," living or dead, for the churchyards even were so crowded that a man could not turn himself in his own coffin if he wanted. He did not then even dream of Westminster Abbey, for he had made a secret paction

* In June 1865, Dr. Livingstone entered Bombay harbour in his little steamer the "Lady Nyassa," after a voyage of 2500 miles, lasting 45 days, from East Africa, over an ocean which he had never crossed before, with only fourteen tons of coal with which to keep up steam. Sir Lewis Pelly had been commissioned by Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor, who was then residing at Dapuri, near Poona, to welcome the African traveller, and to offer him the hospitality of Government House. Sir Lewis Pelly was surprised to find that Livingstone had been his own captain and engineer. The crew consisted of a stoker, a carpenter, and one sailor, with seven natives from the Zambesi. When he entered the little cabin, as Sir Lewis delighted to narrate, he found Livingstone alone reading his Bible, and had great difficulty in persuading the retiring traveller to accept the thoughtful attentions of the Government officials.

† No uncommon thing in those days.

with Mr. Young, of paraffine celebrity, his bosom friend and substantial patron, to be buried in one big roomy grave with him like "John Anderson my Joe" and spouse, to sleep together at the foot of some hill in bonnie Scotland. "But you may still qualify for it, Mr. Young!" said an old friend to him slyly on hearing of the majestic obsequies.

"Why do you come out to Africa again, to die of fever or be eaten up by savages, when you have made troops of friends and a great reputation?" asked the captain who took Livingstone across to Zanzibar one evening as they sat chatting on deck, watching the procession of the stars. There was no reply, and repeating the words, "Answer that question," said the bluff captain. "Because I could get nothing to do," drawled out Livingstone. "If I only got the post of a wood forester or a gamekeeper, a fowling-piece, a fur cap and a few mole traps, and," now laughing, "twenty-five shillings a week, would have suited me down to the ground. But nobody ever offered that to me!" In all this there was a substratum of joke. Nevertheless, we may be thankful for the credit of Scotland, that though she made Burns a gauger on £50 a year, she did not make of Livingstone a gamekeeper. I saw him sit down to his last Communion, which was in the Free Church of Scotland on the Esplanade. Shortly after he embarked for Africa, from which he was destined never to emerge alive. Some four years of silence followed, and then a letter came by the hands of Stanley,* written with a reed on coarse foolscap. It had been evidently penned under great exasperation, for it denounced the Nasik boys as having "broken every command in the Decalogue." These boys had been African slaves, rescued from dhows, and placed at Nasik for their education. Fortunately, they did not all turn out as bad as they seemed, or there must be some goodness in things evil, for to Susi and Chuma, two of these boys, we are indebted for an account of his last days, for his last notes and maps and for his bones, which, as our readers are aware, found a final resting-place in Westminster Abbey. On his way out, at Marseille, a youth, outward bound, stumbled against Livingstone oddly

* To Dr. Wilson.

enough. Some Algerine merchants got up a discussion after dinner on elephants' tusks, and what and where was the largest one, in which a bronzed, middle-aged stranger joined. After a time the merchants left the table, leaving the youth and the stranger alone, who speedily broke ground on the then all-absorbing topic of African exploration. "Do you know what old Livingstone is doing now?" quoth the youth as he rose to light his cigar which had gone out. Looking down at his boots, after a pause, the stranger slowly uttered this astounding reply—"*Aye, he's here.*" Whatever difficulty there was in the lighting of that cigar, there was none in the relations of these gentlemen from this contretemps, on the way out. It did not in the least mar the native-born courtesy of the great traveller, for he became the close companion of the youth on his voyage.

Thomas Chisholm Anstey.

At the risk of registering other hours than shining ones, we now pass on by way of violent digression to Thomas Chisholm Anstey, essentially a man of this period. He, too, burned his baggage on several occasions before setting out for India. He did not burn (which he ought to have done) a copy of Scott's novels which he had annotated. It was the Abbotsford edition, having broad margins in which he could write upon. He brought with him also a verbatim report of Thomas Carlyle's *Lectures on European Literature*, now in our museum,* and

* "In the course of his erratic career in the House of Commons, at the bar, and on the bench of the High Court of Bombay, the late Mr. T. Chisholm Anstey did many remarkable and some useful things. But he unconsciously excelled himself when, in the summer of 1838, he took notes of the lectures on European culture and literature from the earliest times to the nineteenth century, which Thomas Carlyle delivered that year in London. Carlyle himself had no copy, not even notes, of what he doggedly spoke and would not write, and he was not then sufficiently famous to attract the reporters of the daily press. The full notes which, in the form of a quarto volume of 214 leaves, Mr. Anstey kept in his library, reached the valuable collection of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society on his death some eighteen years ago. There they were virtually buried, save for a few incorrect extracts published by Dr. Dowden in the *Contemporary Review*. It has fallen to a native of India, Mr. R. P. Karkaria, to publish the lectures in a royal octavo volume, with some intelligent notes and an introduction. So we

a fierce and ungovernable temper. The French proverb hath it that a certain personage must have been good-looking when he was young, so Jane Carlyle writes in 1838, that he was "the most judicious young Catholic she ever met or dreamed of." At a later period, and more to the point, wrote Thackeray—at any rate, the clever lines are attributed to him—

> "In former days it was supposed that Schism
> Was the first convert from Catholicism,
> But from his habits, you would say that Chish'm
> Had been converted to the faith of Isl'm."

Punch has immortalised him. He recommended that the annual search for a Gunpowder Plot, in the vaults of the House of Commons, should be abandoned, as T. C. A., M.P., was wet blanket enough for any conflagration.

It was in Bombay on the Bench that this fiery and chaste legislator distinguished himself by some playful displays of judicial activity. The memorable words, "I am astonished at my own clemency," under which he signed his name in red ink, "Thomas Chisholm Anstey," across a petition for revision or mitigation of one of his preposterous sentences, forwarded to him by His Excellency the Governor, marked a new era in his Constitutional History of England—an era in which his little finger became thicker than his father's loins—at all events, such fathers as we had ever been accustomed to on the Judgment Seat. He began by defying one Governor and ended by insulting another at a public entertainment; and after a wild Walpurgis Dance of ghastly memory at Bridgewater, disfranchised in 1870, he disappeared from the scene, leaving a name at which the world—fortunately a very limited world—

> "grew pale,
> To point a moral and adorn a tale." *

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owe to Calcutta some of the finest essays of Macaulay when he was law member of the Governor-General's Council there. He used to print them at the *Englishman* press, and send home carefully-corrected copies to the *Edinburgh Review*. The best literary work of Sir James Mackintosh, Sir John Malcolm, Colonel Grant Duff, and Sir John Kaye was done in the quiet of Indian exile, with the thermometer under the punkah at ninety-six degrees."—*Scotsman*, January 28, 1892.

* His tomb in Sivri cemetery is now (1888) a neglected mass of chunam.

Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod and John Connon.

Norman Macleod came out in the Autumn of 1867, and was the guest of Donald Graham, C.I.E. He was the friend of the Queen, a man of great catholicity of sentiment, and of the deepest piety. He was the "Friend of India," yea, even India for the Indians, Church and State, as soon as you are able to put them together and build up the fabric discreetly. He knew

REV. GEORGE BOWEN.

everybody and everything and went everywhere. Dined at Government House, and with another guest recalled Glasgow student days, Peel Banquet, in which he bore a conspicuous part, and the old, old days when Brougham thundered on Belief and Campbell drank deep to belie the *Pleasures of Hope*. He

sought out Bowen.* "Well, how many converts have *you* made?" "Not one," answered this servant of Christ, for it was all for the Lord, and nothing for himself, and Heaven does not expose all its secrets upon earth.† "What do you think of this?" said a friend as he drove him along the bungalows on the Marine Lines. "I think," said the Doctor, "I have seen something like this in Livingstone's travels!" This for the benefit of the Bombay Extension Committee. At Poona, people saw in his burly form a resemblance to Dr. Samuel Johnson. "Yes," said Sir Alexander Grant, humorously, reminding a group of listeners that Macleod's grandfather had entertained the great lexicographer on his tour to the Hebrides. At the Scotch Dinner that year he was the central figure, like Christopher North in the *Noctes*, in a white heat of humour and eloquence:

> "——the Hieland heather,
> In lands like this where a' the year
> There's nought but simmer weather."

There he stood the *vis-à-vis* of Lord Magdala, that brilliant soldier who had seen his new name to be, only on the map, and discoursed toast and sentiment amid shouts of fervid patriotism and Highland welcome. A great crowd listened to his preaching in the Town Hall. He utilized everything. Pointing with his finger to that sublime effort of the genius of Chantrey which adorns the hall, and which has looked down with its stony smile on many a revel, he drew lessons of wisdom from the marble, as effectively as did Macaulay from "the eagle eye and outstretched arm" of Chatham. At times he seemed to

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* I know that there are other versions of this story; I am content with the above.

† Born at Middleburg, Vermont, 30th April, 1816; died 5th Feb., 1888. He began life as a dry goods merchant, but left it for literature and lived in Paris; in 1842 his betrothed died, after which his life was changed, and he studied for the ministry; was ordained 4th July, 1847, and arrived as a missionary in Bombay, 29th Jan. 1848. He started the *Bombay Guardian*, and for nearly its whole existence edited it. His volumes of devotional reading are well known.—B.

He had been long *imago mortis*. A dense mass of weeping men and women present round his grave on Monday morning. He died early on the first day of the week, when the disciples went to the sepulchre to see where the Lord lay. I saw him in his coffin with a brow like alabaster.

break away from his moorings, but it was only to bring you back to the good and the true. He roamed over the politics of the world, and his peroration, I am certain, was something like this :—"Italia, Italia, risen from the tomb, like Lazarus, with her grave-clothes on, and a napkin bound about her brow and the voice of God thundering in the nation's ears, Loose her and let her go." He closed the book and clasped the clasp.

MR. JOHN CONNON, CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF BOMBAY.

I do not know whether I can pass over the scene in the General Assembly's Institution. However, nobody is discredited by it, and it illustrates life in these days and that when people want to agree they will find ways and means of doing so. At this great gathering Dr. Macleod gave an account of his mission and the object for which he had come to India. It was arranged that Colonel Marriott, a high Government official, and

the Hon. Alexander Brown, a leading merchant, should follow, but at this juncture there was an awkward pause, each, in courtesy, deferring to and expecting the other to commence. Dr. Macleod did not know this. His was an impetuous nature, and he must have construed the silence into callousness or indifference, for he rose abruptly with "Is there no one here to bid us God speed or stretch out the right hand of fellowship or welcome to us?" The words had no sooner been uttered than a voice came from the right, to which all eyes were immediately turned. It was that of John Connon, who in an evil moment had accepted the challenge. "Yes, there are a few Christians here, and I may add,"—now looking round about him—"some heathens to welcome you," and then followed something about the august presence of the worthy Doctor, rather overshadowing the small figure of Dr. Watson *—a most excellent man. It is the weakest spoke in the waggon that creaks, but John Connon was not the weakest. Only of two mistakes he committed one. Dr. Macleod was, of course, very wroth, and I could see his feet going under the chair—a perfect windmill of indignation. The speakers as arranged, however, speedily came to the rescue, and the meeting afterwards passed off satisfactorily as if nothing had occurred. "Are you the man who spoke at my meeting?" said Dr. Macleod to Mr. Connon, on the way to Elephanta, "for I want to ask you if you know that when the Queen appoints a commander to an expedition she entrusts to him the selection of his officers? I am the commander of this expedition. I chose Dr. Watson, Dr. Watson did not choose me," and so amid much laughter of themselves and bystanders, they shook hands, Macpherson, the Padre, looking on with genial and unmingled satisfaction at the happy conclusion of this episode. Norman Macleod lived a few years after this tour, but I suppose everybody is agreed that the seeds of his fatal illness were laid in India. We sometimes kill our guests with kindness, and there was a vein of truth in General U. S. Grant's parting shot some years ago to the

* "Is it not true that in India Dr. Macleod was always preferred before you?" said a relative to Dr. Watson, in Dundee. "No; on the contrary, the palkywallahs always made a rush for me!"

Hon'ble James Gibbs, at the Railway Station, who had apologised for the absence of the Governor. "You have done everything except to *bury* me!"

Norman Macleod died in the capital of St. Mungo. His body, by his own request, was wrapped in his Scotch plaid, the same doubtless that he brought with him to India. The motto

REV. DR. D. MACPHERSON,
PRESBYTERIAN CHAPLAIN, BOMBAY.

of Glasgow is to "flourish by the preaching of the word," to which he contributed more than any other man in this century, always excepting his illustrious predecessor, friend, and early patron, Thomas Chalmers.

John Connon was an upright and conscientious judge, and I

may add an upright and fearless journalist. "I have been of the Press," said he in his happiest vein of pleasantry at a public dinner, and at a time when he had left the Press for ever; "and —I may take to it again, and I hereby give fair warning that if any man vexes, torments, or unduly persecutes me without cause, I shall—start a newspaper and hunt him down!" The English Cemetery of Alexandria is a forbidding place, no doubt in all conscience now deeply enough ploughed by the British Army of Occupation. Here on this bleak and sandy waste, where an Empire was lost and won, under scanty shadow of tamarisk or acacia and under the granite of his native district, lie the mortal remains of John Connon. The long inscription, like his own character, does not vaunt itself to the passer-by, for though granite is well-nigh imperishable,* it is the nature of this conglomerate that the deeply-cut letters on its surface of glittering particles are nearly illegible and leave his merits undisclosed. In the words of a forgotten poet—

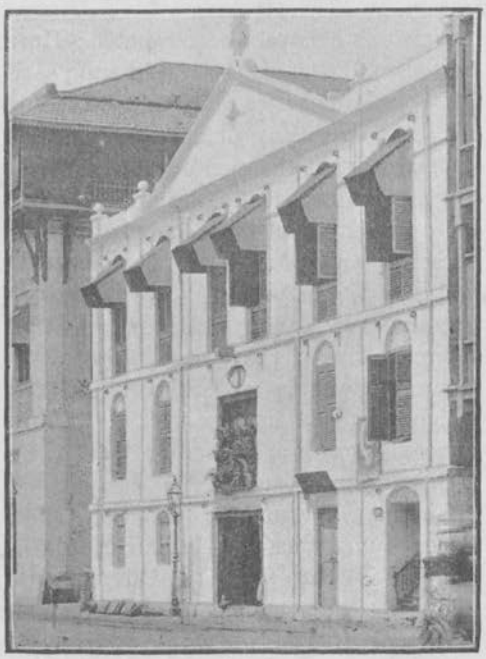
> "A foreign tomb contains thy mouldering frame,
> And foreign characters express thy name;
> By strangers thy last obsequies were paid,
> By strangers in the grave thy corse was laid."

* There is an inscription on the red granite of Pompey's Pillar that can only be *seen* that it exists, for a very short time each day, when the sun is at a certain altitude.

CHAPTER XIX.

An Old Bombay Firm.

The financial condition of the Bombay Government in 1803 is laid before the reader in the "Forbes Correspondence." But the first indication that the Government were getting scarce of money appears to have been on the 1st December, 1801, when seven Bombay merchants signed an agreement to purchase 85,000 bales of their cotton. The price was to be what it cost the E. I. Company, with Rs. 10 per bale cash down; war risk was almost eliminated, as armed cruisers were to accompany the ships as a convoy on their way with the cotton to China. The merchants agreed to purchase no other cotton until this transaction was implemented. This was called the Northern Loan of 1802. To some people nowadays the transaction will not*



REMINGTON and CO.'S OLD HOUSE AND BUSINESS PREMISES.

* See below, p. 253.

appear a large one, but even in 1866 it is doubtful whether any single contract covered so many bales. But considering the value of money at the time, the limited resources of the place, and the then infant state of our cotton trade, and that it was the first instance of the commercial men of Bombay coming forward to assist the Government with ready money, it was an important transaction, and one to which the attention of the reader may well be directed. On the one side was the Government, on the other side seven of our foremost men. These men were:—Charles Forbes, who represents the firm of Smith, Forbes and Co.; Henry Fawcett, who had been Accountant-General in 1792, represents Bruce, Fawcett and Co.; Alexander Adamson we have already noted; Hormusjee Bomanjee and Pestonjee Bomanjee (two brothers); Ardaseer Dady Shet and Sorabjee Muncherjee Readymoney. No living man (1889) has conversed with any of them in Bombay, for they had all disappeared before the men of the present generation came on the stage. But Lowjee Castle and Readymoney Hall contain the representatives or descendants of three of them, and the ancestral lands of the Dady family, with their Tower of Silence, you may see on your left as you ascend the Siri road on your way to "the Hanging Gardens." John Hector Cherry acts as representative of the Bombay Government in this affair. His monument was in our Cathedral, but whether the marble slab which records his merits is still within its walls or hustled into some godown, like Colonel Dow's, the author of the *History of Hindustan*, I cannot tell.

The firm of Bruce, Fawcett and Co. was then in full swing. Bruce was a Bombay civilian of 1766, and before 1792 had established the firm, as Government servants were then allowed to do, and in that year he appears as Mayor of Bombay. If you wish to realize what that was you must roll all our judges into one, for he is chief of the Administration of Justice. See him in his black silk gown with scarlet facings, and read that letter of his to Jonathan Duncan (*infra* p. 264), written, no doubt, after he had been badgered by importunate natives for their money, the heat still on him; he could not get his, and they could not get theirs. You will then see that Patrick Crawford Bruce "The Worshipful"

is not a man to be trifled with. He, no doubt, would have quiet moments, and shut himself up occasionally from the madding crowd. For one or more decades several Government servants had sent in their papers for safe custody to his firm. They were quite as safe as at the secretary's, and had this advantage, that they could not be forthcoming at once against the sender. Bruce could amuse himself when he was storm-stead by the monsoon, at least with some of them, say the Gombroon Diary of 1752.*

Here is a letter written by John Hunter in England to Governor Hornby, dated 23rd May, 1783. Hornby left Bombay for England 1st January, 1784; so in these days of laggard posts he may never have received the letter, or he may have made it over to the firm on leaving the country, or it may have fallen accidentally into their archives. One never knows into whose hands letters may fall, so perhaps the safest plan (there are exceptions) is to burn them. Anyhow this letter, however come by, deals with matters of great public and private import to a Governor of Bombay in 1783, and is not without interest to us, capitals and all. We have space only for:—

"The man at the head of your army is without temper or prudence. Power proposed to be given by Lord Advocate's Bill to all future Governors-General would make him more arbitrary than any Highland Chief that ever lived in Scotland, even than he who in Days of Old (and Ignorance) was used to blow a Horn as leave to all the Kings and Princes upon earth to go to Dinner. I suppose Suffrein has left the Coast. Mr. Francis is most talked of for Bengal. The Bill will probably secure your seat and Governor Hastings for another year."

The "other year" did not come to Hornby, though it came to Hastings. Goddard is the General whose forces got a hammering between the Ghats and Kalyan in 1781. The "Lord Advocate" is Dundas of Arniston, afterwards Lord Melville, President of the Board of Control. We have here also a decree of the Mayor's Court signed by Mr. Bruce himself in 1792; both the document and seal attached are possibly unique. The Hon. Mr. Jardine kindly remarks thereon:—"A precious memorial of the past.

* Chap. XI., p. 155.

The seal is wonderfully preserved. The Latin under the scales and serpent is, I think,—*Nec spe, nec metu.*"

I suppose it means that the Mayor was as wise as a serpent, and held the scales of Justice at an equal poise, without fear, or hope of reward. Bruce left Bombay and established himself at an early date in London, for Sir James Mackintosh, in 1804, mentions Bruce, De Ponthieu and Co. as a house of call for old Indians. On and after 1816 the name of Remington and Co. (Mr. Remington had been in Bombay from near the beginning of the century) takes the place of Bruce, Fawcett and Co., and this firm strode lustily along on the road to fortune. In the first decade of the century Forbes and Co. and this house were closely allied. They had so many interests in common that in vulgar parlance they could not afford to quarrel. They were two leading names—in fact the only leading names—and were often identified in one common enterprise. It was so, we see, in the Bombay crisis of 1803, when they were linked together in their praiseworthy relations with the Government. John Forbes was a partner of Bruce, Fawcett and Co. in 1812. But not only with Government, but in every gathering in Bombay, political, commercial, or social, these two firms for nearly three quarters of a century were represented, and they were the leading representatives. In the church as in the world seats were vested in their names for all time. Forbes' pew was next the Governor's, *seniores priores.* But next to Forbes' was Remington's. Outside the charmed circle was all the world to take its place of rest, and outside the Cathedral, in that narrow fringe cut off from the Bombay Green, their dead may be found at no great distance from each other. It is seldom indeed that commercial firms have maintained such a long supremacy, and we are not, we think, exceeding the bounds of truth when we say that for fifty years no vacancy in the Legislative Council, and latterly no seat in the old Bank, while it lasted, could be filled up without them. So late as 1838, when the Chamber of Commerce was established, it was remarked that by the absence of their names the new venture, which was so successful, seemed to be shorn of half its strength.

And on any great public occasion—take Outram's Banquet for example, in 1842, when Henry Fawcett was elected to the

chair—popular opinion was in the same direction. The position was a well-earned position, for it had been won during a long series of years, by intelligence, industry, and perseverance. I am not astonished if Charles Forbes and Patrick Bruce were proud men. They had reason to be proud, for no living man in Bombay nowadays occupies a precisely similar position. They were individuals, not persons. Bombay in its early days was altogether different from what it is now.

The political machine itself was different. Its Governors made treaties with the great powers of Western India, with the Marathas, with Haidar Ali, with the Shah of Persia. Its judges were merchants. So was it with the commercial machine; all the financial talent which now floats in so many busy brains was centred in the heads of one or two people. No communication by telegram to warn, instruct, or vex. Two firms did all the banking business of the place. There was no Government servant so small that he did not use Forbes or Remington, and none so big as to be able to do without them. The firm of Remington and Co., near Apollo Gate, and that across the seas in Broad Street, for our purpose were one. The partners, as we have seen, began—one as Mayor and another as Accountant-General. They ended (this was the London House), before there was any Suez Canal, by furnishing a chairman to the P. and O. Co., and a member of parliament to the City of London. This was in the Reformed Parliament of 1833.* But why do we weary the reader? Is not the air in politics and literature still rife with Colvins and Crawfords, men of mark—men distinguished from their fellows by force of character and indomitable will?

A friend writes:—

"The last of the old race of banker merchants was Robert Wigram Crawford, who, after retiring from Remington and Co., joined the home firm of Crawford, Colvin and Co. as its senior.

"He was Liberal member for the City of London between 1857 and 1874, was once Governor of the Bank of England, and was offered a Baronetcy, which he declined. He was always

* William Crawford was M.P. 1833 to 1841, and R. W. Crawford, his son, was M.P. 1857 to 1874.

listened to with respectful attention, when Commerce or Finance were before the House.

"He died in London at a good old age, Aug. 3rd, 1889, having practically retired from the City some years before, although he retained to the last the important function of Chairman of the East India Railway Co."

It would be a great mistake to conclude that the men of this generation in Bombay were of the usual type, "lean and sallow," which romance has given to the "Nabob" of an earlier date. You have only to spend five minutes in our Town Hall to get quit of such an idea. You will there see three men done in marble by Chantrey. They are purposely of heroic proportions, but they were all men of uncommon size and intellectual strength. Malcolm's head and feet were so big that he had to order his hat and shoes from England.* The weakest and most intellectual of them lived the longest. These three men often took counsel together and went to the House of God in company. There were giants in those days, and one of them was Sir Charles Forbes, about whom we have something to say. Another error is that the Indian merchants confined their dealings to gold and silver, to silk or precious stones. This also is a mistake. They were engaged in supplying the material wants of an increasing colony, which was half military, half commercial; they were engaged in shipping the products of India to Europe or to China, as all Indian merchants have been from the days of Solomon. A glance at the Remington papers dispels all such notions. Amid the gleam of pagodas and Venetian sequins we descry bales of cotton, piles of timber, heaps of cordage. Plate, wine, guns, crop up at intervals. An invoice of presents from some potentate to the King of England is followed by an order for 500 canvas bags from Bankot. "Do you want any more horses from Anatolia?" writes one from Asia Minor. "Insure," writes another, "Rs. 8000 on 90 Caffres from Goa to Colombo;" while a third requests his name to be put down for one more share of the "Insuring Insurance Society." Or James Outram, from the storming of Panala, sends a sick man, "and withal to pay his passage home, money or not money—put that to my

* Nussirwanjee Framjee Patil, Esq., is my authority on this point, p. 218.

account." To play base ball at Matunga, to saunter on the battlements, to eat oyster suppers at Uran, to drink punch at Cameron's Tavern, dignified with champagne and the name of the "Sans Souci Club," once a month, were their amusements. Only once do I find in fifty years one of their partners, more adventurous than the rest, making an excursion to the Dekhan. "I hope Stevenson has returned sound in body and mind, notwithstanding the seducing Caves of Elora." This was in 1816. For days he was detained in one place by the Pindaris, and could not proceed to Poona until he got an escort of twenty soldiers. From Poona it was quite as bad. The "Pins" (as we speak playfully of the "Gyps") had murdered a European woman at Karli, so he made a run for it, and by dint of strong relays of horses and a fair wind from the south managed to get to Bombay in one day. "Send some dinner to Panwel and my *gari* to the New Pier, and tell Jehu to wait all day and all night, for how can I tell when I may arrive." You may be sure the sun was quite as hot and the mosquitoes quite as big as they are now, and that there was a bundle of musty letters from home six months old awaiting his arrival, for Bombay had not yet tasted the benefits of steam or a weekly mail.

Charles Forbes was a son of the Rev. Geo. Forbes of Lochell, a parish in the Highlands. He had noble blood in his veins, for after he was created a Baronet for his worth, wealth and personal abilities, a jury at Aberdeen found he was the nearest heir male to the third Lord Forbes of Pitsligo. His residence and place of business in Bombay, within and close to the walls, is now occupied by David Sassoon and Co. at the corner of what has been called after him Forbes Street. He was married in 1800, and at the time he wrote the letter to Governor Duncan in 1803 on the Bombay crisis, he was 29 years of age. The present is the fifth Baronet. The poet's words are often verified :—

> "Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
> Now green in youth, now shed upon the ground;
> So generations in their course decay,
> So flourish these when those have passed away."

The Governor of Bombay paid him a high compliment in

asking for his views on the pecuniary distresses. But everybody will agree that he was worthy of it, for his letters display uncommon ability in one so young, not only in expression, but in the remedies he suggested, the best proof of which is that his measures were carried out by Government and tided the "Company" over until the needed relief came.

In those letters which have been placed before the reader, the intensity of the crisis in which the Bombay Government was involved is apparent. They may be perused with interest, but a glance at the account current of Bruce, Fawcett and Co. with the Bombay Government gives a more vivid picture of the state of matters and the straits to which it was reduced. On the 1st day of August, 1806, the Government seems to have completely resigned its function as paymaster in Bombay, and relegated it to this firm. On that day we find the following entries:—Paid Thomas Lechmere, Senior member of Council, Rs. 4,166-10. Sir James Mackintosh his salary, Rs. 3,333-13-3. Then follows payment of a bill drawn by Mountstuart Elphinstone at Nagpur, and a contractor's account to Cursetjee Manakjee, whose statue at Byculla is familiar to us, and whose son was still more familiar, until lately, at all gatherings of our citizens, the late Manakjee Cursetjee. Then follow stable rent and wages. Although this document is merely a draft, and the debit and credit columns occupy more than a dozen pages of quarto, it is beautifully written out, and the figures finally on 31st December resolve themselves into a balance against the Government of eighteen lakhs, ten thousand six hundred and eighty-one rupees. This document is indorsed in a strong hand, with the words "I fancy the within contains all. W. C." Happy William Crawford! But not happy. As true as if we saw him, he rises from his *narghilch* or hubble-bubble, with a strong wheeze, and puffs away all outside concerns, with the white wreath of smoke which leaves its trail behind him. There he stands looking out of the window of his upper room, in his white jacket. Karanja is there, Karnala is there, but he sees them not; and the sun is setting far to the south, for it is the 31st. Dec., and he sees it not; and the sailors stream through the Apollo Gate to have a night of it in the Fort, and bring in the New Year with "We won't go home till

morning." He hears them not. He only repeats dreamily, "I fancy the within contains all." So ends 1806.

He is now, however, in smooth water, but long before this, in 1803, both firms were in mighty straits from their heavy advances to Government. We have their own words for it. The one says his advances have been made far beyond the bounds of prudence, that the credit of his firm is at stake, that "we have given you a great deal more than what belongs to us," and the other declares its credit is at hazard, and that bill-holders have gone away unsatisfied from his doors. These are their own words. Clamorous merchants from the Bazar, and all the more clamorous as the plot thickened (that was to be expected), with no Bank in Bombay, and its Government with an empty treasury, it is to this period that tradition assigns a recourse to the ruse adopted by the Bank of England during the Rebellion. But whether it was by relays of wagons or payment in the smallest coin of the realm, time and patience soon put panic to flight, and people were afterwards ashamed of themselves, so much has sentiment to do with all such rushes.

There is one thing quite clear, that every man on the Northern Loan must have benefited by it, or they would not have entered on the same line again in 1803. Hormasji, ere he died in 1828, experienced the truth of the saying that "one good turn deserves another," and Dady had the eulogium pronounced upon him by Sir James Mackintosh, that "he was certainly the best of all our natives," and Forbes went home in 1812 in the same ship with the great Philosopher, to the long career of honour which awaited him.

For some part of that honour Charles Forbes was unquestionably indebted to the Duke of Wellington, who had met him often in Bombay. No man had a juster view of money than the Duke. Money is the sinews of war, and the sinews of peace. If you have no money to pay your way, war will fail you and peace will fail you. Forbes was instrumental in raising money for the Duke's paramount purpose, which we need not say was an immediate dash at the force which disputed our position in Western and Central India.

There is a coign of vantage at Matheran named Chauk Point, so called from a village of that name in the plain below. Barren,

bleak but beautiful withal, from amid black boulders, withered vegetation and stunted mango trees, a splendid landscape bursts upon the vision. That landscape includes in these latter days the "Duke's Nose." At the spectator's feet lies the village like a cluster of wigwams amid some greenery. Had the spectator been here on the 18th of May, 1804, he would have seen a different sight, for the plain was then a camp of armed men, dotted with innumerable tents. In one of them sits Arthur Wellesley, and he is writing to the Right Hon. Lord William Bentinck, Governor of Fort St. George, amid his guns and drums from his camp at Chauk: "When at Bombay I gave much attention to supplying the subsidiary force serving with the Peshwah with money hereafter, in consequence of orders I received from Lieut.-Genl. Stuart, and I had much conversation with the mercantile gentlemen there, particularly with Mr. Forbes, a gentleman of great respectability, who is at the head of one of the principal houses, and who has frequently come forward in aid of Government, when his assistance has been required." And on the 27th of the same month, from his camp at Panaula, he drives the matter home in a letter to the same address. "Upon the occasion of addressing myself to your Lordship, I cannot avoid adverting and drawing your Lordship's notice to the public spirit of Mr. Forbes, who seeks opportunities to render his private speculations as a merchant useful to the public service. By this conduct he has upon a variety of occasions, and particularly in the last year, given most material aid to the cause of the British Government on this side of India."

No wonder that the men of Bombay looked upon themselves with complacency at the commencement of the nineteenth century. Indian commerce was now about to make a new departure. England was no longer to use the chintzes, calicoes and muslins of India, but set herself in earnest—it was the dawn of mechanical forces in Lancashire—to supply piece goods to clothe the millions of India's population, and the revolution was speedy and effective.* There was also the influence of current events, which followed each other with astonishing

* In 1806 the import of Indian manufactures into England was valued at two millions sterling, but from and after this date it speedily declined.

rapidity almost at their very doors. Orme, the historian, says that "inactivity or retreat in war is never in Hindustan imputed to prudence or stratagem, and the side which ceases to gain successes is generally supposed to be on the brink of ruin." We had gained successes—great successes in 1803—and our case was the reverse of all this, and the men who bore a part in this eventful time partook of its spirit and enthusiasm. No doubt an Athenian after Marathon considered that he was the equal of any ten men, and the citizens who came after caught the infection and reflected the lustre of the golden age. So was it in a measure in this age. These were the young giants of our early commerce. To us indeed already they have the hardihood of antiquity. Hence the men of those days were stronger, bolder, more outspoken, not so mealy-mouthed as we are apt to be, not frightened of losing an appointment, or Bruce could not have bearded Duncan as he did on the 13th April, 1804, or Munro—he who to his credit had come out to India a man before the mast—would never have had the courage to write Arthur Wellesley that he had sacrificed more of his men at Assaye than was at all necessary, and have his letter taken in good part, nor Arthur himself dared to write of the Bombay Government, "I wish to God I had nothing to do with them!" I daresay we are quite as sincere nowadays, but what men will think or say, or do, comes in often as preliminary digression. There was a rough and iron-handed method of dealing in those days to which we are altogether strangers, and the instances I have cited would I am sure be set down as conduct *outré*, masterful, obstreperous or insubordinate in 1889.

We are recording history when we say that in dealing with our own as much as with native interests, the measures we were then engaged in, in this part of India, precluded all dissimulating. They had to be bold, prompt and rapid. It was now or never. For what did Assaye give us? People forget nowadays that within two months of that decisive battle, a treaty was signed by Sindia by which was ceded to us the great provinces of Agra and Dehli. The Doab also, with all his possessions north of Jaypur, yielding a revenue of two crores of rupees. Had Bombay nothing to do with this? The Forbes Loans are the best answer to the question. They

commenced as we have seen in 1801, and the battle of Assaye was fought on the 23rd September 1803, and some credit is certainly due to the men who at their desks, with much anxiety to themselves, supplied a great deal of money, for the immediate prosecution of the war. This spirit of blunt but righteous independence, was born and begotten of such eventful times, and it will be a woeful day for Bombay should it ever be extinguished. That spirit which long before this induced old Hornby to tear up the Treaty of Wargaon and scatter its stipulations to the winds rings out in the words of Elphinstone, when he was asked to petition for an act of indemnity for something he had done. "If I have done wrong, I deserve to be punished; if I have done right, I do not require an act of indemnity." It was the same spirit which existed in the commanders of the Indian Navy, those bluff skippers on barque or buggalow, who chased the pirates from the seas. And it lingered long after. It was the breath of Outram's life and the exaggeration of Napier's. It survived in Souter. It lived in the merchants and bankers of past days. When David McCulloch* was manager of the Commercial Bank in 1847, the partner of a leading firm asked him to call on them about a matter of business; he quietly replied, "The distance between Messrs. — & Co.'s. office and the Commercial Bank is precisely the same as that between the Commercial Bank and Messrs. — & Co.'s. office." It was not unknown among the clergy. When a great official in the Town Hall newly arrived lifted up his hands and said he "thanked God he wasn't a Scotchman." "For the meanest of the mercies, I suppose," said Dr. J. Wilson jocosely. It exists among the judges, for who can forget the war in Malcolm's time. But whether among governors, bishops, judges, generals, bankers, merchants, or the community at large, native or European, it is an everlasting factor in the Bombay public. It takes its time from neither man nor place. With Burns:—

> "For God's sake, Sirs, then speak her fair,
> And stroke her cannie wi' the hair."

Of course when this spirit is *in excelsis*, it runs into all

* See Chap. XLII.

kinds of excesses, and stops short of nothing: Robert Knight's * "Centre of the World," Sir George Birdwood's "Babylon of the Revelations," or even our later name, the "Kingdom of Bombay."

In a review of these letters and papers (some of them fragile and brittle as tinder, falling in pieces at the touch) I have purposely confined myself to such as are of historical importance. I have come across many names which in their day and generation held high place in Western India, and there is nothing here to affect their reputation. There are no skeletons in the house. Not one man of mark is prejudiced by them. Those names which are household words, and have established themselves in our veneration and affections, remain as before. Their aims are the best of ours. The same deeds of unrecorded beneficence, limited by neither race nor creed; the same enlightened policy; the same independent views; the same righteous purpose; and when things were at the worst—as in the old times before them—the same undiminished faith in the future. Their future has become our present. We are now heirs of all the ages and foremost in the march of time. Bombay has had many builders, from him who laid its foundations in 1674 with the words "the city which by God's assistance is intended to be built," and it is not yet completed. When it will be no man knoweth, but standing where we do, on the scaffolding of the unfinished building, and looking on the long series of years from the first feeble beginnings until now, we may be allowed to scratch on the plaster:—"King's daughters are among thy honourable women, and thy traffickers the honourable of the earth."

THE FORBES CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following letters, relating to the preceding chapter, have been kindly placed at my disposal for publication, and now see the light for the first time, without addition or abridgment of any kind.

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* R. Knight, editor of the *Statesman*, &c., died in Calcutta Jan. 1890.

(*Private.*)

THE HON'BLE THE GOVERNOR.

HON'BLE SIR,—Agreeably to your desire, I now have the honor to lay before you my sentiments upon the causes of the present pecuniary distresses of Government and the means of relieving them.

The present pecuniary distresses of Government do not arise from an impaired credit, on the contrary, the Company's credit is now higher than it has been at any former period during these last 10 years, which will clearly appear by the following observations:—

In the year 1793-4, the Governments at the different presidencies, 6 per cent. notes were at a discount of 3 and 4 per cent. which, in the course of the six following years, became depreciated 20 to 25 per cent.; but from the year 1799 they have gradually risen in value, and are now saleable in Bombay at 5 per cent. and in Calcutta at from 3 to 4 per cent. discount. The 10 per cent. decennial loan paper, which was issued in 1798-9 at par, now bears a premium of 7 to 8 per cent., and the 8 per cent. loan paper at a discount of 5 per cent. may now be reckoned at par or very nearly so. Neither do the distresses of Government arise so much from any temporary increase there may be in the expenditure of public money, but principally from the present uncommon scarcity of cash which operates equally to distress many individuals, although on a smaller scale, and therefore attracting less notice.

This scarcity is no doubt real in a great degree, arising from various causes, such as the limited importation of Bullion last season from China, from Government having been obliged to send considerable sums in specie off the Island for the payment of their troops, and from the large sums that have been exported by individuals, as well as to the Northward, for the purchase of cotton as to Malabar; but, at the same time, it is in no small degree the effect of that general distrust which has prevailed in the settlement since the late calamitour fire on the 17th February, inducing many persons to collect and hoard up their money instead of lending it out at interest as formerly, upon the principle of its being better to lose a little than risk the whole. The scarcity of money may also be partly attributed to a combination of the Shroffs, who usually deal with Government, and whose interest it no doubt is that Government should be distressed for money. Be this as it may, until specie either becomes more plenty, or that some other efficient circulating medium is substituted, this general distress must be expected more or less to continue. The issue of Government Treasury Bills has, therefore, contributed greatly to the convenience and advantage both of Government and individuals, and if carried on upon a regular and moderate system might still be rendered so; but the greatest possible caution ought to be observed in the mode of issuing them, and in avoiding any act that may in the smallest degree tend to depreciate them.

In times of such general scarcity of cash as the present, Government might perhaps be warranted by precedent in resorting to the strong arm of Power to give currency to their paper, and we have examples of this kind before us, not only in the mother-country, but nearer at hand; such measures as these,

however, must be very unpleasant, and it is doubtful whether they are not in the end more hurtful than beneficial to the public credit. If, therefore, the same effect can be produced by less violent means, they ought to be adopted, even under a sacrifice on the part of Government, which, if timely resorted to, may, in my opinion, still be the case.

With this view, Government should endeavour to secure the assistance of the Principal European Merchants and Agents in the Settlement, who have the greatest command, not only of cash, but of Company's paper, belonging to themselves and to their constituents, may be said to have in a great degree the regulation of the relative value of each, unconnected with such acts of Government as may tend to raise or depress any particular description of their securities. This assistance Government have hitherto experienced upon all occasions of difficulty, and certainly they never required it more than at present.

The co-operation of the Merchants once secured, it is to be understood that they will upon every occasion advance the interests of Government, as much as may be in their power, with a due regard at the same time to their own; that is to say, they will throw into the Company's treasury from time to time as much money as they can collect and spare, they will pay and receive Treasury Bills *at par only* and endeavour to make them answer the purposes of cash, as far as may be practicable, until specie shall become more plenty, when it may so happen that Treasury Bills will, as heretofore, have the preference in many cases.

This appears to be the only way in which Government can obtain relief at present without making very great sacrifices in point of interest or in exchange of their drafts upon Bengal, and even by making those sacrifices it is very doubtful, if they would experience relief in a greater degree than they will derive from the plan here proposed, for it is more than probable that if Government were once to give way to the Shroffs or others, either by lowering their Exchange or raising their interest, every new sacrifice would render a greater succeeding one necessary and by hurting their credit might produce the opposite effect to that intended, for it may be remembered that Government were never more distressed for money than when they were giving 12 per cent. interest and their exchange on Bengal down to 90 B. Rs. per cent.*

The next point to be considered is the terms upon which it would suit the merchants to co-operate with Government in the plan above-mentioned, and although I do not possess the authority of the merchants collectively to propose any particular terms, yet I would suggest the following to be offered for their consideration. Government must be aware of the great and increasing discount that their Treasury Bills now bear and the consequent enhanced value of specie. Those Treasury Bills are now procurable at 7 to 8 per cent. discount, and may be soon at 10. It is, therefore, but reasonable that for such assistance as the merchants may have the power of rendering to

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* Ten per cent. discount.

Government, they should receive a fair and proportionate, but at the same time, moderate recompense.

With this view I would propose: *First*—That the merchants shall have credit with Government for such sums of money as they may from time to time be enabled to pay into the Treasury upon a running account bearing the usual interest to the 31st December next. *Secondly*—That all Treasury Bills when due, all Bills of Exchange, and other public demands on Government which the merchants may present to the different offices, shall be carried to the same account, without, however, restricting the merchants from demanding payment thereof in cash should they require the same. *Thirdly*—That the merchants shall be supplied by Government with Bengal Bills as they may require them to be passed to their debit in account with Government at an exchange of 3 per cent. under what the merchants may negotiate them, which, however, they are upon no occasion to do at a lower exchange than that at which the shroffs draw their Bills, and as the merchants must in many instances remit the Government Bills to their agents at Calcutta and redraw against them, thereby incurring an agency of 1 per cent., they will in those cases derive a clear gain of only 2 per cent. by the transaction, whilst Government will be assured of receiving a fair exchange upon such Bills as the merchants may be so supplied with, as the shroffs generally buy and sell Bills at a difference of from 2½ to 3 per cent., that is to say, if they buy from Government Bills on Calcutta 105 Bombay per cent. S. Rs.,* they will sell their own bills at 107½ and 108 Bombay per cent. S. Rs.* *Fourthly*—That on the 31st December next the accounts of the merchants with Government shall be made up with the usual interest and a premium of 2 per cent. added to the amount that may appear due to the merchants, on striking the balance, for which they shall be entitled to receive promissory notes bearing interest at 9 per cent. payable half yearly and the principal in 3 or 5 years, at the option of Government if in India—but with an option to the holder of the notes to demand payment by bills on England at any preceding period at the rate of 2/6† per Rupee 9 months, leaving it optional with the Court of Directors to extend the period of payment for 3 months longer on allowing interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, being nearly on the footing of the Northern Loan of 1802. These terms, to which on the part of the Firm of Forbes and Co. I should accede, and am also authorised to do so on the part of Bruce, Fawcett and Co. will, I hope, appear not only fair and reasonable but moderate when it is considered that by the purchase of Company's paper the merchants might make a profit of more than double the amount here required, a process, however, which would naturally be attended with injury to the Company, both in their credit and purse, for it is evident that the more their Treasury Bills become depreciated, the higher consideration must they give in all their contracts, and upon all their purchases which are paid for in those Bills.

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* For 100 Sicca Rupees.

† 2*s.* 6*d.* per Rupee.

On the contrary if the proposed agreements should be concluded between the Company and the merchants, the interests of the one would then in a great measure become those of the other, thereby forming a plan of co-operation which would at once tend to support the credit of the Treasury Bills as well as the Exchange on Bengal.

The advantages which Government would derive from this arrangement are, therefore, too obvious to require comment; in a short time, I have no doubt, their Treasury Bills would rise again to par and their Bills on Bengal would proportionally increase in value to what they bore six months ago, namely, a premium of 6 to 7 per cent. on Calcutta; whereas the best terms now offered by the shroffs (Manordas Dwarcadas and Gopaldas Manordas) for the supply of cash to Government are to enter into a contract for payment of only 5 lakhs of rupees into the Treasury within three months for Bills on Benares at par, and on Calcutta at 102 per cent.

As it will not, however, be in the power of the merchants to meet the necessities of Government to their full extent (and indeed this is not to be expected), it is to be understood that Government are at liberty to make such arrangements with the shroffs, or others, as they may deem advisable, giving intimation of the same to the merchants for their guidance, a measure necessary to the interests of both parties.

To insure the desirable consequences before-mentioned, however, it will be absolutely necessary on the part of Government to observe the following precautions with respect to their Treasury Bills, on the great and sudden depreciation of which it may be necessary to say a few words. This depreciation is not altogether to be attributed to the scarcity of specie, although no doubt that is the principal cause, as previous to the month of March last, they were readily convertible into cash at a discount of 72c.* per cent., but very rarely offered for sale; the commencement of their depreciation may therefore be dated from the 17th February, a day which brought many other misfortunes along with it. I must, however, take the liberty to observe that the evil has been greatly increased; first, by issuing those Bills to too great an extent, and in many cases where they ought not to have been issued; secondly, by not providing means for their prompt payment when due; and thirdly, by the officers of Government having in some instances refused them in payment, not only before due but after.

Upon the three foregoing heads I would recommend in the first place that no Treasury Bills should be issued to those who must of necessity immediately realise them into cash upon any terms to procure the means of subsistence, such as the subalterns of the Army, and other descriptions of the Company's servants upon small allowance, neither ought they to be issued, if possible, to contractors of any description, but particularly those who from the nature of their contracts are obliged to realise them for cash at any discount to pay hire and labour, or for the purchase of articles which can only be procured with specie, the loss on which must naturally fall upon the

* Probably meant for 7½ per cent. discount.

Company in the end. In the second place, great care ought to be observed in providing for the regular payment of the Treasury Bills as they fall due, for nothing is so injurious to the Company's credit as the smallest demur either upon this score or that of paying the interest on their other securities, and the Government ought to make any sacrifice rather than allow their credit to be affected in this respect. In the third place, also, the public offices of Government ought to be open for the receipt of Treasury Bills in payment of the claims of Government of whatever nature, except for Bills on Bengal, for which only specie and Treasury Bills *when due* should be received.

I would also recommend that Government should open a loan upon such terms as may be deemed advisable with the view of drawing in as many of the Treasury Bills now in circulation as possible by the time they fall due. This will not only greatly relieve the Treasury in its cash payments, but tend to keep up the value of the bills that may remain in circulation and such as may hereafter be issued.

With regard to the terms of the loan it should be recollected that as the Treasury Bills bear an interest of 9 per cent., and the principal payable in a twelvemonth, it is not likely that any holder of them would yield them up to bear an inferior rate of interest and the principal payable at an indefinite period, without having some other object in view than interest, and as the late 8 per cent. loans may be supposed to have afforded opportunities of investing their money to all whose object it was to draw the interest and ultimately the principal thereof in England, I am inclined to think if a loan upon the same footing should now be opened it would be better at once to offer a small premium, say 2 per cent., upon subscribing cash or Treasury Bills to it, and giving notice that it will only continue open until the 31st July next, or without specifying any particular period, reserving to Government the option of closing it when they think proper.

The foregoing measures will, I hope, be found to produce the most beneficial effects, but they will require a little time to operate, and therefore with the view of affording immediate accommodation to the public in the present extreme scarcity of a circulating currency, I would further recommend the purchase of Spanish dollars by Government (of which there is now a considerable number in the market) to be stamped in the mint, and issued as currency to continue in circulation as long as may be found necessary upon the same plan that was adopted in England some years ago during the great scarcity of specie arising from the exportation of bullion to the Continent on payment of subsidies, when Parliament authorised the issue of dollars by the Bank under the town stamp at the valuation of 5-3 * per dollar (4 equal to a guinea), although their extreme value is only equal to about 4-6.†

The measure would not only be extremely convenient to the public, but advantageous to Government, for although they might lose 2 or 3 per cent., on recalling the dollars into the Treasury by the possible fall in their price at a future period, this loss would be more than counterbalanced by intermediate

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* 5*s.* 3*d.* per dollar.

† 4*s.* 6*d.* per dollar.

advantages in point of exchange on Bengal, and keeping up the value of Treasury Bills,

These dollars should be carefully stamped so as to prevent counterfeits, and ought to be issued at such a valuation, as will not only keep them on the Island, but render the transfer and payment of them as little complicated as possible. Having made a calculation at the different rates of from Rs. 234 to Rs. 240 per cent. dollars, I find that Rs. 237½ per cent. dollars * would be the most convenient valuation to avoid fractions under 2 annas or 50 Reas on each dollar, as will appear by the accompanying statement of the value of one dollar to one hundred at that rate.

If this plan is carried into effect, the following estimate will show the probable result when Government may deem it advisable to call in the dollars so issued; 100 dollars purchased at the present market price of Rs. 232 issued from the Treasury at Rs. 237½, gives a gain to Government of Rs. 5½ per dollar. If called in about the month of March, when their lowest value may be reckoned about Rs. 226 per cent.,† the difference between that price and 237½ would be a loss to Government of Rs. 11½ per dollar, from which deduct the above gain on issuing them, and the real loss will be equal to Rs. 6½ per dollar, equal to Rs. 2·2 10 per cent. It is, however, more than probable that dollars will keep up in price to about 230 per cent. for a considerable time to come, particularly during a cotton season, when they will, as usual, be much in demand for remittances to the northward, and in this case the loss to Government on calling them in would not amount to 1 per cent.

Having now, Hon'ble Sir, given you my candid and disinterested sentiments upon the points which you did me the honour to refer to my consideration, I have only to beg that if you should deem them worthy of attention, and wish to make any public use of them, you will do so in such a manner that my motives in laying them before you may not be misunderstood; for considering as I do the measures proposed much more calculated for the public good than for any private interest, I should naturally feel hurt and disappointed were they to be viewed through any other less liberal medium.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

(*Sd.*) CHAS. FORBES.

15th June, 1803.

No. 2.

DEAR FORBES,—Mr. Duncan has desired me to prepare with your assistance the proper form of notification to the public respecting the Spanish dollar to be issued. I accordingly send that I have drafted requesting you will cut and carve it according to your own more correct views on the subject. The Assay Master has been called upon to suggest what he may

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* 237½ Bombay Rupees per 100 dollars.
† Rs. 226 per 100 dollars.

deem a proper impression to be put upon the dollars, and I have in consequence left a blank for its insertion.

On the subject of the proposal contained in the 11th para. of your letter of the 15th, Mr. Duncan (at the same time that he wishes to be understood as entirely acquiescing in it, as it now stands) has desired me to ascertain from you whether in pursuance of the like latitude left to the Court of Directors on the occasion of the Northern Loan (at concluding para. of the minute herewith sent, and which I will thank you to return) you would have any objection to insert after the words "nine months' sight," leaving it optional with the Court of Directors to extend the period of payment for three months longer on allowing interest on the amount at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

You shall, in the course of an hour, have an answer from me in acceptance of your proposal on behalf of your own and Bruce's House, and also respecting the dollars. I send your letter of the 15th, as you may have occasion to refer to it, but as I also shall want it pray be so good as to send it back as soon as you can after making (should there be no objection) the addition above pointed out, but this Mr. Duncan does not make a point of, considering the agreement as already concluded.—I am, &c.,

JAS. GRANT.

Saturday morning.

No. 3.

CHARLES FORBES, Esq.

SIR,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th, bearing the address of the Hon. the Governor.

On consideration of the terms which you have offered in the four clauses of the 11th para. of that letter on behalf of your own firm and that of Messrs. Bruce, Fawcett and Co., the Hon. the Governor-in-Council directs me to signify his sense of the laudable motives that have led you in particular to suggest them, and his ready acceptance of the aid thus rendered, with this qualification that instead of the terms on which it is to be afforded being considered to continue in force till the month of December, Government remain at liberty to declare them no longer in force at any intermediate period.

In reference to the suggestions contained in the last four paragraphs of the same letter, I am directed by the Hon. the Governor to intimate that Government are ready to receive for the purpose of being issued as therein proposed as many Spanish dollars as you can supply at the rate of Rs. 232 per cent.—I am, &c.,

JAS. GRANT,
Secretary to Government.

Bombay Castle, 24th June 1803.

No. 4.

THE HON'BLE THE GOVERNOR.

MY DEAR SIR,—The pressure of demands on us in consequence of our exertions to assist Government (which have been carried on far beyond the bounds of prudence) begin to be a little heavy, and what is worse they are likely to increase. Assistance we cannot look for at present, but I hope you will be able to repay us soon a part of what we have lent you, and you know this is understood, for we have given you a great deal more than belongs to us. On reflecting, however, how uncertain life is, that what passed upon this subject was between ourselves, and that our credit is at stake, I think it a necessary precaution, and hope you will look on my request in the same light, that I should have something under your hand to show that my letter of the 15th June is not to be considered as binding us to lock up in Government securities all the funds which ourselves and Bruce, Fawcett and Co. have paid you or may hereafter pay you under our agreement, but only such part thereof as we can conveniently avail ourselves of, and that we shall be at liberty to call upon Government when we have occasion so to do for assistance in cash or otherwise, in which we shall, of course, study their convenience as much as possible.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES FORBES.

31st October 1803.

No. 5.

C. FORBES, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—In answer to your letter of the 31st ult., I have no hesitation in assuring you that considering the extensive assistance that your firm and that of Bruce, Fawcett and Co. have given to the Hon'ble Company's treasury during the last five or six months, and will, I have no doubt, continue as far as your respective means may admit as long as the extraordinary pressure of demands may continue and the expected relief from Bengal be deferred, your letter of the 15th June ought to have no other construction put on it than as expressed and understood by the one from you which I have now the pleasure to acknowledge.—I am, &c.,

J. DUNCAN.

November 2.

No. 6.

THE HON'BLE THE GOVERNOR.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just read the enclosed note from Mr. Travers, and what to say in answer to it I know not, with every inclination to assist Government in their present difficulties, I really have it not in my power. The shroffs have not paid a rupee into the treasury for some time past, and it is with difficulty they allow a few small drafts to be passed on them occasionally in favour of Poonah bill-holders who are now several lacs in

arrears. There is, however, a very good reason for their backwardness in parting with their cash. The horse contractor, whose petition you referred to me some days ago, has just applied to me for some bills on Calcutta at the regulated Exchange of Bombay Rs. 101 per cent. S.* for the purpose of making them over (as he reluctantly acknowledged) to Thakoordas at 96 per cent., and as a proof of the reality of this arrangement he made me an offer of the same kind on a premium of 3 per cent., to take his demand on Government, and give him cash for them which I, of course, declined. I also recommended his waiting a day or two, and that I would endeavour to do something for him. Under all these circumstances, and the demands of the Treasury being now upwards of six lacs in arrears, I am induced to make you the following proposals as a last resource, and I am sorry to say it is the last assistance I may have in my power to offer for some time. We have reserved about two lacs of rupees in gold and silver bullion imported per "Sarah" and "Asia" from China for the purchase of remittances to the northward to buy our cotton with, for Surat bills now bear the enormous premium of 10 per cent., and will soon be up at 12. I am loath to part with these funds on any terms, for fear of our being put to inconvenience by unforeseen events, but if you will engage to repay me the amount on the arrival of the "Essex" and "Anne" (by those ships I understood a considerable supply is expected by Government from England), I will let you have the bullion alluded to, crediting our account for the same under the terms of our agreement with Government of the 15th June last. It must, however, be expressly understood that if these ships arrive we are to be paid in dollars, which is the description of specie they will bring, for that is the only coin which will answer to the northward, and this makes me the more unwilling to part with our bullion (which will pass everywhere) for fear of a disappointment which might be attended with heavy loss and inconvenience to us. The bullion is in gold and silver, and the former will answer very well at the Mint, and the latter, though too high priced in the market at present to be coined without loss (as every description of silver specie now is), may nevertheless be immediately realised by sale in the bazaar, and if more agreeable to you, I will sell it and pay the amount into the Treasury in the current coin of that place, considering it however as understood that we are to be allowed the usual interest from this date. The gold is, of course, to be reckoned at a fair market price, being all I wish for, and I have no objection to allow its value to be ascertained accordingly by the Mint and Assay Masters.

This is the only mode I know of by which Mr. Travers can be kept going on at the Treasury, and I am afraid it is only putting off the evil day a little longer, for the demands on it become so numerous, heavy and pressing, that nothing but the speedy arrival of the ships in question or the long looked-for assistance from Bengal can give effectual relief. You will see by Mr. Travers' note that he requires Rs. 35,000 to-morrow to pay interest due on 8 per cent. notes independently of all other demands, and his cash balance is only Rs. 2000. It is also to be recollected that on the 1st January next half a

* Per 100 Sicca Rupees.

year's interest will become due on paper of the same description issued in January last to the amount of 48 lakhs of rupees.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES FORBES.

19th December, 1803.

The loan does little or no good, only about 4 lakhs subscribed—all in Treasury Bills.

No. 7.

C. FORBES, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sensible that our Treasury must long ago have stood still, and our credit being in sundry instances exposed but for your constant and cordial attention to keep us going, and by occasional aids to which your application have also contributed from the house of Bruce and Co.

On the whole I accept of your offer, and request you will send cash in part thereof for the payments to-morrow, and for those that will fall due on the 1st January.

I shall also record your note and its impressive enclosure together with this answer in our secret records for the information of our superiors.—I am, &c.,

J. DUNCAN.

19th December, 1803.

No. 8.

CHARLES FORBES, Esq.

SIR,—The Governor-in-Council adverting to your letter of the 15th June, 1803, and considering that from the late favourable change resulting from the peace with the Mahratta chiefs, the demands on their Treasury will be diminished, whilst from the same cause and from the commercial intercourse with the interior (now so long interrupted) being thence renewed, the calls for Bills on the Bengal Treasuries may be expected to increase, it has thereon been determined to annul the stipulation which is comprised in the third article of the eleventh paragraph of that letter, by which it is provided that your firm and that of Bruce, Fawcett and Co. shall be furnished with Bengal Bills to be brought to account at our exchange of 3 per cent. under what you may negotiate them. Henceforth you will receive such Bills at the current exchange of the day as previous to that stipulation.

With the exception of the article in question Government are desirous that your firm and that of Bruce, Fawcett and Co. should, for the present, continue your pecuniary aid, it remaining, however, optional with Government wholly to annul the agreement as soon as circumstances may admit of their dispensing with this assistance, since originally the arrangement on which it is founded was not meant to operate subsequently to 31st December, but has therefore been extended by mutual understanding in view of the public necessities.—I have, &c.,

JAS. GRANT,
Secretary to Government.

Bombay Castle, 9th February, 1804.

Secret Department.

JOHN FELL, Esq., Accountant-General.

SIR,—In transmitting to you the enclosed copy of a letter from Mr. Charles Forbes, under date 15th ultimo, I am directed by the Hon'ble the Governor-in-Council to apprize you that the terms offered in the eleventh para. thereof on behalf of his own firm and that of Bruce, Fawcett and Co. were under that date accepted, and Mr. Forbes at the same time advised that Government would receive as many dollars as he could procure at the rate indicated in the concluding part of his letter, viz., Rs. 232 per cent. for the purpose therein suggested.—I have, &c.,

JAS. GRANT,
Secretary to Government.

Bombay Castle, 3rd July, 1803.

No. 9.

THE HON'BLE JONATHAN DUNCAN, Esq., President and Governor-in-Council, Bombay.

HON'BLE SIR,—We were yesterday called upon by your assistant-treasurer for the payment of a bill accepted by us on the 13th ultimo, and he intimated that it was expected we should discharge it in hard cash.

We confess that we felt considerable surprise at being thus called upon at a time when our open account with your Treasury shows so large a sum due to us of advances made in aid of the exigencies of your Government, but this surprise was greatly increased by the alternative proposed by the assistant-treasurer in the event of this bill being passed to our debit in account, by his informing us that Government looked for the same advantage thereon as is allowed to us under the financial agreement subsisting between Government and our firm, and we cannot but believe that if the nature of this agreement had been adverted to, payment of this bill would not have been so required, nor such an alternative offered.

We are unable to refer you to this agreement, for such has been our confidence in your Hon'ble Board, and in the person, through whose medium it was entered into, that we are without any kind of voucher as to the particulars of it, but we do perfectly recollect that it was a fundamental part of the agreement, and without doubt we must have been out of our senses to have acceded to it, that on any emergency it was perfectly understood your Treasury was to be open at our call for such assistance as we might require.

If, therefore, this bill had been held by an individual, and we had found it necessary to call upon you for assistance, we presume under our agreement it would have been readily afforded, and certainly without a premium being exacted from us for it.

The present seems to us an exactly parallel cause, and so far from the passing this bill to our account being an accommodation of that nature as to render us liable for any premium, we can view it in no other light than as a convenient mode to Government of liquidating an inconsiderable part of our

account, and it must be needless that we show your Hon'ble Board that if you require an equal advantage from us on your repaying our advances as it was proposed we should derive from making these advances, the profit held out to us, limited as it is, must altogether disappear. We shall forbear on this occasion to intrude upon your consideration any observation regarding the extent we have carried our advances, or the inconvenience we have suffered by them, but we may be permitted to state that during the past month of March we passed to account nearly two lakhs of rupees on which, if it had been paid us in cash, we could, without trouble or difficulty, have reaped an advantage triple in amount to what we are to receive under our agreement. That we have in several instances put our credit at hazard by parting with the means of discharging cash calls upon us, and that bill-holders have gone unsatisfied from our office at times when we forbore in consideration of the state of your treasury to seek even that assistance we are entitled to, and that this has occurred to us lately when commercial credit was with difficulty maintained in consequence of the serious apprehensions entertained for the safety of a very considerable part of the property of this place.

If, indeed, the situation of our account with your Government should be reversed by your becoming in advance to us, we shall then readily admit the equity of your claim to reciprocity of advantage.

We beg only to intrude upon you by the assurance that if after these explanations, and a candid reviewal of the circumstances of the case, it shall be deemed expedient to insist on any diminution of the advantages accruing to us under an existing financial engagement with your Hon'ble Board, we shall much less lament our pecuniary disappointment than the marked alteration such a resolution will evince to have taken place in the sentiments we persuaded ourselves your Government held towards our establishment.

We shall in any result derive satisfaction from the reflection that in endeavouring to contribute towards assisting your treasury for these eight months past the extent of our aid has been confined less by our inclination than our means.

Your assistant-treasurer has not yet made us acquainted with the amount which is claimed from us on the bill in question. This we request he may be ordered to do, and that a certificate of your Assay Master be furnished us, correspondent to the demand, and showing that to be what your mint yields in the coinage of dollars which is a necessary document for us to send to our constituents at Madras.—We have, &c.,

BRUCE, FAWCETT & Co.

13th April, 1804.

No. 10.

CHARLES FORBES, Esq.

DEAR FORBES,—Poverty again begins to stare me in the face. I have only a balance of Rs. 3233, pray inform his honour.—Yours, &c.,

P. P. TRAVERS.

11th May, 1804.

No. 11.

THE HON'BLE THE GOVERNOR.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you a note from Travers, from which you will see the low state of the treasury. It is totally out of my power to assist him. We are not only greatly distressed for funds to make our cotton purchases, but also daily *dunned* to perform the engagements entered into by us to assist Government, in the hope that the arrival of the "Anne," with the long expected treasure, would have enabled them before now to repay us a part of our heavy loans to them.

Our advances to Government, since the 15th June last, amount to 30 lakhs of rupees, and our account with the Company to the 30th ultimo will exhibit a balance in our favour of about 22 lakhs of rupees; besides which we have now demands on the treasury lying by us to the amount of 2 lakhs more, which I do not present because I know they cannot be discharged, although such a sum in specie would at this moment be extremely acceptable to us. There is now no engagement existing between you and the merchants for passing their demands on the Treasury to account, it having been terminated on the 30th ultimo, and you are not only largely indebted to the other house (Bruce, Fawcett and Co.), whose balance must be above 10 or 12 lakhs in their favour, but they also have heavy demands on the Treasury which, of course, must be paid in cash, except some new arrangement is made for passing them to account. Such an arrangement I would certainly recommend being entered into, and I think a transfer of the cotton to the merchants to be shipped by them in the Company's tonnage of the expected Bombay and China ships, in the same manner as last season, might form the basis of it, which would enable us to let you have those funds, that must otherwise be retained for our cotton purchases in the market. You are, of course, the best judge how far it may suit your finances to retain the cotton, and forward it to China on account of the Company particularly under the approaching war with Holkar, but if you approve of my suggestion, and will authorise me to negotiate an arrangement accordingly, I might, perhaps, be able to secure a considerable part of Bruce, Fawcett and Co.'s China treasure, which will otherwise be shipped for the northward in the course of a few days, the season being now far advanced.—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. FORBES.

11th May, 1804.

No. 12.

MY DEAR SIR,—In consequence of the conversation which happened between us on Saturday, I have now to propose the following arrangement to your consideration, on behalf of ourselves and Bruce, Fawcett and Co., requesting your decision thereon as soon as possible, the season being now far advanced, and the opportunities of making further remittances to the northward in specie will therefore cease in the course of a few days. In the first place we will become the joint purchasers of the Company's cotton, to be settled for upon the terms, that it may stand them, agreeably to the arrangement

entered into by Government with the merchants for supplying cotton for the Bombay and China ships of this season, as particularly set forth in a letter from the merchants to the Government, bearing date the 10th February last, with the Board's answer thereto of the 15th following.

Second.—We will load the said cotton in the tonnage of the Hon'ble Company on board the expected Bombay and China ships at a freight of Rs. 30 per ton, payable into the Canton Treasury.

Thirdly.—We will pay into the Canton Treasury the net proceeds of the cotton for bills to be granted by the supra cargoes on the Hon'ble the Court of Directors at the exchange and sight of the season.

Fourthly.—We will pay into the Bombay Treasury, on or before the 31st inst., the sum of ten lakhs of rupees, or more, of which seven lakhs at the least shall be in specie or bullion deliverable immediately and the remainder in ready money demands on the Treasury, such as Treasury Bills overdue, Bills of Exchange and interest on Government Paper.

Fifthly.—The specie and bullion so to be paid into the treasury being partly Spanish Dollars and partly Sycee or pure silver, the former shall be reckoned at the rate of Rs. 107 per 100 tolas, being Re. 1 per 100 tolas, and dollars, respectively, under the present market price.

Sixthly.—The amount purchased of the cotton when ascertained shall be set off against the payments so made by us into the treasury, which payments to the extent of the said purchase shall not be subject to any charge of premium.

Seventhly.—The overplus of such payments after deducting the amount of the cotton, shall be subject to a premium of 2 per cent. in our favour.

Eighthly.—We will engage to afford our cordial co-operation to Government in their financial arrangement, and every pecuniary aid in our power to the Treasury in the same manner as heretofore up to the 31st October next, with an option on the part of Government to extend the same to the 31st December, at either of which periods, as Government may determine, our accounts shall be made up with the current interest of 3-4 per cent. per month and a premium of 2 per cent. added to the credit side thereof after deducting the amount of the cotton purchased before alluded to, and any actual cash payments that Government may have made to us.

Ninthly.—That on making up our accounts, or at any time previous thereto, we shall have the option of receiving any part of the balance due to us, in paper of the same description as that stipulated for by our letter of 15th June, 1803, and the remainder in cash, Bills on England, Bills on Bengal, or in any other manner in which it may best suit us consistent with the interest of the Company, it being understood that the convenience of Government is at all times to be studied by us, whilst, on the other hand, we shall confidently look to them for that liberal consideration of circumstances which may be so essentially requisite to our accommodation under our heavy advances for the Public Service.

Lastly.—Should these proposals be acceded to, we must solicit and rely on the assistance of Government to enable us to warehouse the cotton, which we cannot otherwise hope to accomplish, and as Government must no doubt

have had in view the housing of this cotton, we hope they will, without inconvenience, be enabled to extend their aid to us in that respect.—I am, &c.,

CHARLES FORBES.

14th May, 1804.

No. 13.

CHARLES FORBES, Esq.

SIR,—I am directed by the Hon'ble the Governor-in-Council to advise you of the acceptance by Government of the proposals submitted in your letter of the 14th inst., on the part of your own house and that of Bruce, Fawcett and Co. on the grounds of which the Hon'ble Company's share of the cotton bought this year in partnership will be made over to you at the same price as it shall turn out to stand the Company when the accounts of purchase shall be adjusted.

2. This cotton is to be laden with as much despatch as possible on the Company's three ships arrived, viz., the "Glatton," Captain Drummond; "Cirencester," Captain Robertson; and "Winchelsea," Captain Campbell, for which purpose you are allowed to occupy three-fifths of the whole tonnage, builder's measurement, without reckoning as part thereof the kintledge and dead weight, as per following estimate calculate.

E.G.—Suppose the builder's measurement 1500 tons; 315 for the Company, 900; kintledge, 147; dead weight, 150; total tonnage to be occupied by Company, 1197.

3. The remainder of the tonnage the ships may be capable of conveying is to be allowed to the commanders and officers.

4. The tonnage of the cotton to be thus put on board of the three above-mentioned ships of this season is to be inserted in the bills of lading, of which you are to furnish one set to be transmitted to the Hon'ble the Court of Directors, and another to the supra cargoes at Canton.—I am, &c.,

JAS. GRANT,
Secretary to Government.

Bombay Castle, 20th May, 1804.

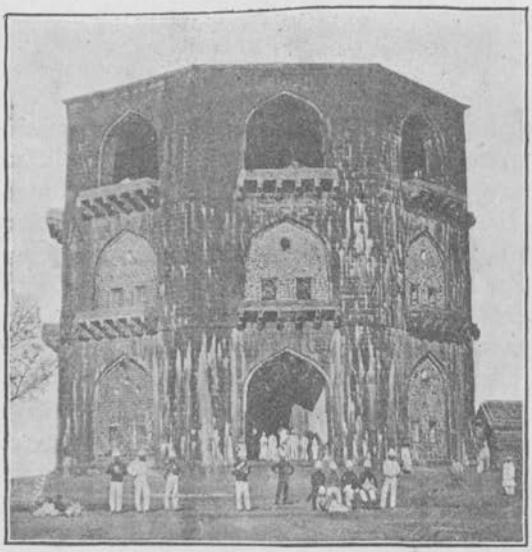
No. 14.

CHARLES FORBES, Esq.

SIR,—The Hon'ble Company's Bombay and China ships, "Glatton," "Cirencester," and "Winchelsea" having, by a committee of survey, been reported to be ready to receive cargoes for China, the commanders of those ships have in consequence been advised of the reserved proportion of the tonnage in each having been let to your firm, and to that of Bruce, Fawcett and Co., to whom they have been referred, Government thereon desiring that you proceed to occupy such reserved tonnage with your cotton to the end that the ships may proceed on their voyage with as little delay as possible.—I am, &c.,

JAS. GRANT,
Secretary to Government.

Bombay Castle, 15th June, 1804.



SALABAT KHAN'S TOMB AT AHMADNAGAR.

CHAPTER XX.

FERISHTA IN BIJAPUR.

GENIUS belongs to no country, and Bijapur may fairly claim Ferishta as the greatest of her sons. For though he was a Persian from the shores of the Caspian, he and his work are essentially creations of the Dekhan. Born at Astrabad he was twelve years of age when he reached Ahmadnagar. His father, Ghulam 'Ali Hindu Shah, was appointed Persian tutor to the young Prince Miran Husain, and died there. He was in his twentieth year when he arrived at Bijapur.

> "Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,
> He chooses Athens for his riper age."

It was in Bijapur that he wrote his *History* and spent the remainder of his days. Here for the first time on the palmy

plains of India the Muse of History sat down, pen in hand, and the everlasting tablet on her knee. There had been histories before in these parts, but we may say of them—

> "Ships were drifting with the dead,
> To shores where all was dumb."

Ferishta wrote his history during the most flourishing period of Bijapur, and it was fortunate that Ibrahim Adil Shah II.—he who sleeps under the majestic mausoleum of the Rauza—was his patron. He told him to write without fear or flattery, and he has done so: which cannot be said of our own great writers under either Elizabeth or James I. Witness their sycophantic dedications.

He was engaged twenty years on the work, and General Briggs a similar period on the English translation, which was published in 1829. Since that date enormous advances have been made in the science of Indian history. Moreover there are many names of places in Ferishta that require verification, others are little known, and of some the locality is vague, and not seldom incapable of identification by the reader. What we now want (the book being now scarce and costly) is an annotated edition abreast of the age. If Dr. Burgess in his learned leisure could now be persuaded to do this, his knowledge of Indian topography and Indian mediæval history would supply the desideratum.

When Ferishta left Ahmadnagar in 1589 he was a very young man; but he had seen a great deal more than most men see in a lifetime. They had in fact been making history for him in that capital, and he had ample opportunity of seeing everything, as he was Captain of the Palace Guard. For some years the gigantic shadow of Akbar had fallen on the Dekhan kingdoms, and sooner or later (the sooner the better) they were all to go to the wall. Nagar's turn came first. But long before this came about, the ground was well ploughed up by intestine divisions. One claimant to the throne sought protection under Akbar, two lay captives in the Fort of Logarh, while a madman, known in history as the *dewâna*, was put to death by his own son,—that son, *i.e.* the next king, in his turn was executed by the people, the youth having already extinguished most of

the aspirants to the throne by murdering fifteen princes of the blood in one day.

These are some of the tableaux in this Witches' Dance of Ahmadnagar, the gates of which were burned down and the ashes so red-hot that people could not go out or in; with of course the usual revolutionary cordon of bluelights and fireworks—heads hoisted on poles—ditch filled with dead bodies—prime minister on an ass with his face to the tail. This was the work that was going on in Nagar (1588) when Ferishta was there, but he does not speak much about it—merely dovetails those events with which he had the deepest concern into a few pages of his history, and, like a man who has been in the horrors of shipwreck or the carnage of battle, does not care to speak about it. John Knox does very much the same in his *History of the Reformation*. When Ferishta therefore left Ahmadnagar for Bijapur in 1589, you may believe it was not with a heavy heart, but rather with a feeling of relief, when he turned round and saw the last of the capital of the Bahmanis and Nizam Shahis.

He had no doubt had his amusements there like other young men. There was chess in the Garden of Eden, the so-called eighth Paradise. There were single-stick and wrestling in the palace courtyard, and duels in galore in those palmy days of single combat. Often he had watched nobles, princes, philosophers, and divines measuring their strength and dexterity, and seen some of them carried dead from the maidan. *Chaugan* may have been played,—*polo*, though Poona was non-existent. One of the early Kings of Dehli lost his life by a fall in the game of *chaugan*. And some Tara Bibi (ah! these Tara Bibis somehow come to influence a man in the turning-point of his existence), who knows, maid of Chand Sultana,* perhaps she whose tomb we see to-day, or otherwise, may have made an inroad on his affections. He must, however, bid good-bye to them all; so past the Black Mosque, past the Farah-bagh Palace

* Daughter of Husain Nizam Shah I. of Ahmadnagar, and wife of 'Ali 'Adil Shah I. of Bijapur, after whose death, in 1580, she was Regent of Ahmadnagar, and defended that city successfully against the Mughalsin, 1595. She was put to death by the Dekhanis in 1599.—Beale's *Dictionary*.—B.

with its lakes and singing birds, across the Sina where he remembers, for he has noted it, the great flood (1562), which rolled away to destruction 25,000 men from the camp of the Bijapur general. With one last look at Salabat Khan's tomb, perched on its lofty eminence, he bids a final adieu to Ahmadnagar and all its interests, and hurries his steed to the new world that lies before him. A day or two would bring him to Bijapur.

The Bijapur which we see to-day is not the Bijapur which Ferishta saw in 1589, more than three hundred years ago. We now see its ghost. But from the Palace of the Seven Stories we can see the ground he often travelled over and the place he made his home. That great street, nearly three miles in length, which bisects the city now crowded on either side with the ruins of tomb, mosque or mahall, was then alive with thousands of people. We are not left in doubt on this point, for we have an exact description by one (Asad Beg, 1604) whom Ferishta knew, for he travelled with him that year to Burhanpur. The *bazar* which lined this great street was filled with shops, brimful of every commodity that the East and the then West could furnish. Cairo or Damascus to-day may exhibit its counterpart but not its extent. All the luxuries and necessities which the ingenuity of man could devise—crystal goblets, porcelain vases, gold and silver ornaments, rare essences and perfumes, double-distilled spirits from Dabul or Goa, tobacco also and the finest wines from Portugal, with groups of pleasure-seekers, fair-faced choristers and dancing girls: everything to fill with wonder the stranger from distant provinces. As he passed the great suburbs of Shahapur and Torvi, now a white heap of ruins, he saw indications of what awaited him in the palaces of the nobles and the garden houses of the rich, embowered in greenery, flowers of every hue and creepers trailing up to lattice and jalusi, with bubbling springs of water, fountains and streams which transported his mind to the *Qoran*, Paradise and the Garden of God.

The Ibrahim Rauza which we see to-day, battered with age, the elements and Aurangzeb's cannon, had then the appearance of a forest of bamboos, covered here and there by tattered screens to hide the workman from the heat and his mason craft

from the public gaze. Amid piles of timber and masses of stone, hewn and unhewn, the design of the architect was dimly creeping out, and through the network the skeletons of a half finished minaret or bulbous dome that was to be, projected their outlines. But the din was overpowering from hammer, anvil and bellows, and the work was never to cease day or night for the next twenty years: 5000 men were engaged on it when Ferishta entered the city of Bijapur. He saw the Jama Mosque, and was doubtless at the earliest opportunity among its 5000 worshippers who bent the knee to the one God; and he was in Bijapur when the two hairs of the Prophet (he does not say of his beard) arrived from Mecca. He saw the lovely Mihtar-i-Mahall spick and span, not one cornice or frieze abraded, not one line blurred or effaced, a perfect gem of exquisite purity and grace. The moat in the picture in Ogilby's Atlas (1680) is full of open-mouthed crocodiles; but he does not mention them. One building he did not and could not see, and that was the Dome of Mahmud, who succeeded Ibrahim. He could walk round Nagar in half an hour. He found half a day was too little for the circumference of Bijapur.

Ferishta in his *History* never falls into the extravaganza of Greeks and Indians in tracing the genealogy of his dynasties up to the gods: a very fine thing no doubt on paper, but Moses and Muhammad herded cattle, so the progenitors of his kings are mostly mean men. The Empire of Dehli was founded by a slave, so runs the proverb, and Yusuf Adil Shah, reputed son of Amurath II. of Constantinople, was sold as a Georgian slave before he clambered up the steps of the throne of Bijapur. Ahmad Nizam Shah, *primo huomo* of Ahmadnagar, was a slave. Gulbarga's first sovereign turned up a heap of antique golden coins (bright and shining as that treasure-trove, the hoard of Indo-Scythian Kings, unearthed beyond Peshawar the other day) and is forthwith invested with the shadowy ensigns of royalty. Sometimes he tacks on a legend, as Buchanan does with his *Rex Scotorum*: "Who will buy the Kingdom of Dehli for Rs. 2,000?" (I am afraid rupees were not invented then, but never mind) shouts a Dervish from his dung-heap (1350). "I have only Rs. 1,600" replied a passer-by, Bahlol Lodi, Afghan. "*Shabash!*" said the Dervish. The bargain is

concluded, and the House of Lodi commences business. The buyer argues that, if he loses the Kingdom of Dehli, he can't be far wrong, for he has secured the blessing of a holy man.

One more legend. (It happened once on a time that the father of Mahmud of Ghazni was engaged in the amusement of the chase, and he saw a doe grazing with her fawn. Spurring his horse he seized the fawn, which he could do without losing his seat, and having tied up its legs proceeded homewards. Happening to look back he observed that the doe was following him exhibiting every demonstration of affliction. His soul melted within him, and he unbound the fawn and set it at liberty. The happy mother turned her face to the wilderness but looked back again and again on the face of her benefactor.) That night he had a dream, when lo, the Prophet of God, on whom be peace, appeared unto him, and spoke these words to the sleeper :—

"That generosity which you have this day shown to a distressed animal has been appreciated by God, and the Kingdom of Ghazni is assigned to you as your reward. Let not thy power, however, undermine thy virtue, but thus continue to exercise thy benevolence towards mankind."

Europe itself has not furnished a legend more beautiful, and it will commend itself to every race and creed under the sun as long as there are hearts to beat in unison with that great Creator of whom it is said that mercy is His prevailing attribute. A legend and lesson in one.

I have read somewhere that the Dekhani kings governed their subjects wisely and well. I have serious doubts about this. I don't think that the history of the world, the Twelve Cæsars excepted, furnishes so much bloodshed in the same time. Nagar, Bidar, Golkonda, Bijapur had all armies disproportionate to their size. Each of them could bring out almost as many men as the British force now in India. Bijyanagar's 800,000 men are mythical, and not bearing on the point one way or another.

No amount of reasoning will ever convince us that nations with such armaments can be either happy or comfortable. All productive labour, that is labour to cultivate the soil or manufacture its products, was swept away, and none left but the

lame, the halt and the blind, those who were under age and over age.

"I have come to hunt men not beasts." Gulbarga was infested with banditti, and the Shah Bahmani (1368) cleared the country of 8000 of them, and piled their heads in a ghastly pyramid outside the gates of the city. What boots it that the throne of Golkonda cost four millions sterling, that Bidar had 100 dishes of gold, each to hold a roasted lamb, and 100 vessels of the superb porcelain of China; that Bijapur's prime minister had 250 servants, 400 horses and 200 elephants; and that the streets of Nagar on a gala day were adorned with gold and silver tissue, velvets, brocades, with other rich cloths and costly ornaments?

"Ill fares the land to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Trite but true.

Some things Ferishta knew and some things he did not and could not know. Talikot (1565) was nearer to him than we are to the Crimean War, and when Bijyanagar, that great bulwark of the Hindu world, went down with the roar of artillery, which then for the first time reverberated among the fastnesses of the Krishná, he only saw Islam triumphant. Triumphant and intolerant! Was not the power of the sword the history of Muhammadanism? But he could not know that this intolerance would subvert every kingdom in the Dekhan, arm Sivaji with unconquerable strength, and create the new nation of the Marathas who were to water their horses in the Ganges. He was an enemy of duels, and had seen six respectable persons who had no real animosity to each other lose their lives in a few hours. The Duke under the walls of Nagar had to preach the same sermon over the bodies of two of his officers in 1803. He was a Free Trader, and were we not assured of the veracity of the translator, we might fancy that some of his sentences were written by that sturdy old radical General Briggs himself for some Anti-Corn Law Catechism. He was the declared enemy of strong drink, for the reason that, when men form themselves into societies for drinking, they unbosom their secret thoughts to each other and often hazard desperate undertakings. "Shah Bahmani II. (1443) held conversation with neither Nazarenes

nor Brahmans." Ferishta must have done so, or where did he get the following sentences? "Bâber rendered good for evil." "There is a gratification in having it in one's power to pardon far superior to that of indulging in revenge." And again, "Clemency is a virtue that descends from God." He speaks of conduct unworthy even of Franks and Kurds. In other words:

"For Turkish force and Latin fraud,
Will break your shield however broad."

Most notable is Ferishta's respect for women. In this he vindicates our higher human nature and gives India a place in the history of chivalry. Over all his 2000 pages there is not a single type of cruelty taken from the fair sex. None of his women are Jezebels, Messalinas or Lady Macbeths. Amid a weltering sea of blood the Dekhani woman stands forth as she did in the Mutiny, a refuge for the oppressed and a consolation in the hour of need. He has only two Sultanas. Of the one, Raziya (1236), he says, "You can find no fault in her except that she was a woman, for she had every good quality of the ablest of princes." Chand Sultana (1599) he has placed on a pedestal among the "immortals" side by side with Joan of Arc. He describes her "in armour, a veil on her face and a naked sword in her hand." That veil has now been gently removed and reveals to us blue or grey eyes, and a thin aquiline nose. Her face was fair, but her character was fairer; her form was light and graceful, but she was of womanly resolution and had the soul of a heroine: and the pedestal on which she stands is a bastion of Ahmadnagar. A fell woman is this *Noble Queen.*

In the year 1601 the Emperor Akbar set his heart on a great marriage, no less than that of Prince Daniyal, his youngest son, Viceroy of Berar, to Zohra Begam Sultana, daughter of Ibrâhîm 'Adil Shah II. of Rauza celebrity. The Prince was dissipated. Of Zohra little is known, but I shall always believe, until I am corrected, that the suburb of Zohrapur, outside the Fathke Gate and near the tomb of her father, preserves her name. Her body lies in the vault of Ibrahim's Rauza. (Cousens' *Bijapur*, 1889.) The first overtures must have come from Akbar. The political reasons are obvious, and so the betrothal took place, and Mir Jamal-ad-din Husain was sent from Agra to

bring the bride home. But Zohra did not like the man—positively disliked him, though he was an Emperor's son. He was a drunkard, and no woman in her right senses will marry a drunkard.

So Zohra took to her devotions and embroidery, resolved not to marry the man or to have anything to do with him. Every art was no doubt plied, but all was of no avail. Jamal, who had £100,000 a year from their Majesties of Golkonda and Bijapur, kicked his heels and her father beseeched, but she was as hard as the nether millstone. They then thought that time would come to their aid and mitigate the dislike. Time did nothing of the sort :—

> "Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

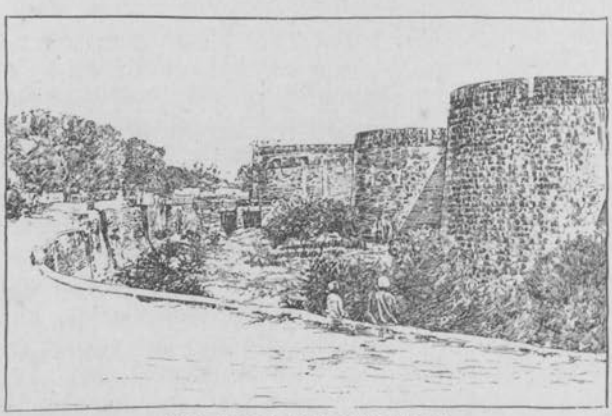
And the impression, as I have said, was most unfavourable. So 1601–2–3 and 4 passed. Akbar at first fretted and fumed and laid the blame on Jamal. It was all very well for him with his ten lakhs a year. He would stay as long as he could. He sent for Asad Beg and swore a great oath, the exact words of which were that, "By God's will I will send some one to bring him back with dishonour, and he will see what will become of himself and his children." So he sent Asad. "Bring the bride and don't remain in Bijapur more than one day." The decree was inviolable, for who can stand before the wrath of the king: and if he hadn't brought her, I have no doubt his head would have answered for it.

So Asad went and—I can scarcely bear to write it—brought away the bride of Bijapur. Their first halting-place was on the Bhima. I daresay you know the place, the ferry on the old road to Sholapur: it was the frontier of the kingdom to which Zohra was now to bid adieu. Ferishta was in the cavalcade—what part he played in the episode I am about to relate I know not. He is a dark horse, for it is not to him that we are indebted for this account but to Asad Beg. I wish that Ferishta had told us all about it, for it would have been ten times more interesting than these wretched Bahmani kings. They halted, as I have said before, on the Bhima, and I am sure the bride wished herself sewn in a sack and thrown into the Bhima, any-

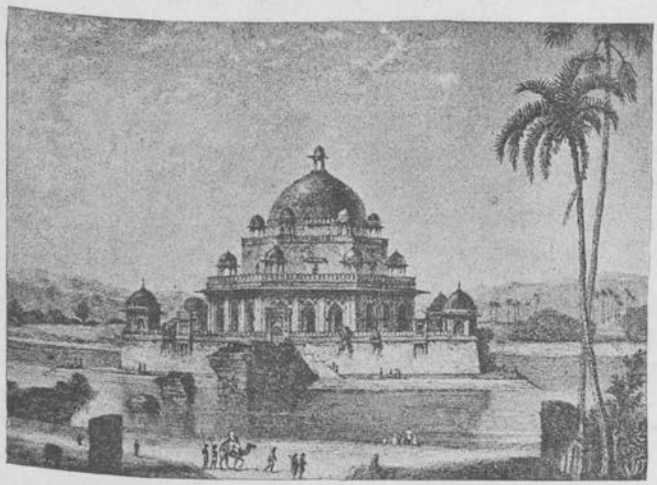
where—anywhere out of the world, rather than proceed to the dismal Daniyal at Burhanpur. Here she was, however, on the threshold of the unknown, with a dark and stormy water before her. What strong crying and tears came from that curtained couch and scarlet palanquin I know not; but I know that there were black and lurid clouds when the sun went down that night, and the wind began to rise and catch up the sand in eddying columns, spinning them away to the dusky horizon, and little waves began to plash and moan through the seething reeds which quivered in the wind like her own forlorn hopes on the margin of the Bhima. A great storm arose: it blew down the tents and scattered the bride's trousseau to the winds, and when the morning dawned the bird had flown. What did she care about the throne of the great Mughals?

But she was brought back, I am sorry to write it, "in great shame." The story is soon told—on to Nagar and Prince Daniyal: on to Mungi Paithan on the Godavari, which you may see on the map, and there the marriage took place: on to Burhanpur, the seat of the Prince's Government (still accompanied by Ferishta), to drink and doom.

"Tak' awa' your bluidy bridegroom," was the bitter cry of Lucy Ashton, the Bride of Lammermoor—which Death did to Zohra's infinite relief, April 1605. Akbar died in October: and you now know the reason why.



THE WALLS OF AHMADNAGAR.



TOMB OF SHER SHAH AT SAHSARAM.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHER SHAH AT CHANDERI.

THE appearance of Sher Shah in history is something like that of Cromwell. Both rise from obscurity, both interrupt a great dynastic succession, and after a few years of rule both disappear, leaving the stream of genealogy to flow on as if their names had never existed, but making a mark on their age which no subsequent times have been able to obliterate.

The historians do not know what to do with them. Should Cromwell have a statue? The Stuart adorers answer "No!" and the great house of Timur brooks no interruption: so we are left with the chapters of usurpation, defeat, exile and restoration, where Humayun takes the place of Charles II., and Naseby the great defeat on the Ganges.* The existence of such men makes a great gash in our preconceived notions of things, for they

* At Kanauj, 17th May, 1540.

come suddenly, sailing across the sky like one of those comets which no human agency has predicted. "This land is the property of him who can hold it by the sword," said Shahab-ad-din: and Cromwell and Sher Shah were evidently of the same opinion.

The story of the Afghan "usurper" has received but scant attention, and I daresay that it was with surprise that many people learned for the first time that his military tact and combinations wefe without an example in the previous history of India.

Sher Shah was born at Sahsaram, seventy-two miles south-east of Benares, and his tomb is there also, an interesting object to the passing traveller. Buried on an island like the Macgregors of Glengyle, and him also, the last of the Rob Roys of the iron visage, so familiar to many of us until lately, Sahsaram was his paternal *jagir*, and furnished 500 horse. What Raygarh was to Sivaji, that was Sahsaram on a larger scale to Sher Shah, the old family roof-tree to which he always returned after his expeditions, and here in "a lake with one small lonely isle," he sleeps at last.

If much of Akbar's land administration is due to Sher Shah, whatever was effected in this way you may depend on it that it had its germ and beginning at Sahsaram. Here, when yet a young man uncorrupted by ambition, he made himself acquainted with and mastered the details of land survey and revenue. This was his daily work for years, and he had a hard fight of it. But by dint of evictions, shooting down some cruel zamindars, and selling recusants into bondage, he managed to produce a model *jagir*, and his praise as a land administrator was over all Behar. "The cultivators on whose labours the prosperity of the district depends"—this is his own axiom dug out of Sahsaram. Political economy can take you no higher than this—the corner-stone of Akbar's land administration. Fergusson gives Sher Shah a niche in the Temple of Architecture. His words are these:—"He certainly pointed out the path by which his successors obtained such eminence."

How a man living the wandering life that he led, for a long time seldom two nights in one place, with so much of the soldier of fortune about him, how he had the time to look at public

buildings, far less influence the history of architecture, is more than we can comprehend. But the secret may yet be found among the ruined mosques and tombs of Sahsaram. The first rupee coined in India (1541–42) was certainly not at Sahsaram. Sher Shah had no mint here, though he had one at Rohtas on the Son, distant thirty miles. But it will be new to some that "he reconstructed the currency upon a most comprehensive basis." *

The previous rulers of India were bimetallists, which does not go without saying that their coins had two ingredients in their composition, *i.e.*, silver and copper. Sher Shah employed in all his mints, and he had many of these over India, avowedly simple metals. He was thus a declared enemy of bimetallism, which in those days (1539 to 1545) meant merely passing off bad money for good. Sher Shah knew what he was about, for the makers of bad money are always hated.

There is only one recorded meeting of Baber and Sher Shah. It was at Chanderi in the year 1528, and as Baber died in 1530 it is not likely that these two men ever met again. Sher Shah was then fighting under the Emperor's banner. At the entertainment where they met a solid dish was placed before Sher Shah which he did not know the customary way of eating, but he soon solved the problem by cutting it in pieces with his dagger. Fingers made before forks did the rest. Baber was surprised at his ingenuity, and remarked to Khalifa, his Prime Minister: "He is a clever man. I see the marks of royalty on his forehead, and the sooner we arrest him the better." Khalifa dissuaded him, and the Emperor was silenced. The Oriental mind, however, is exceedingly alert in interpreting glances, and on coming away Sher Shah said to himself: "The Emperor looked hard at me to-day, said something to his Minister and cast evil glances at me. I will go and leave the Emperor." Without losing a moment he escaped from the royal camp and fled. Well mounted, he did not let the grass grow under his feet till he reached Sahsaram. By looking at the map you will see the distance.

Before we leave them we may as well take a look at these two

* Thomas' *Pathan Kings.*

men. Tartar and Afghan, the one holding the Empire of Dehli, the other seeking his way to it. Baber was now forty-eight years of age, Sher Shah some years younger; but both are sunburnt, weather-beaten in many a storm and night watch when they filled in the time with snatches of Saadi. Both are married men with sons on the battlefield. It is difficult to say which had the hardest up-bringing, for they often rose in the morning and did not know where, when or how they would get their dinner. These were the days when they wandered unknown on the banks of the Son or of the Oxus, when they shod their horses backwards to baffle the pursuer, and when they nurtured in their young breasts eternal hate to "the whisker-twisted vaunters of Hindustan." Both have learned the hard lessons of adversity and exile. Both are athletes, Nimrods, men of war from their youth up; for had not *Sher* gained his name from the slaying of a tiger,* and Baber killed five champions in succession with his own hand in single combat? Baber is the bigger man of the two, great in leaping and swimming, a long-armed man, and "Long arms," as sayeth the proverb, "is an unerring mark of valour," so he could run along the battlements and leap over the embrasures with a man under each arm. Bearded, booted, spurred and armed by the institutions of Islam or unwritten law, Baber has done his work. Sher Shah has still his to do and will do it. For if Baber invaded India five times before he came to Empire, Sher Shah shall make as many attempts as Robert the Bruce, and, by perseverance and climbing up that spider's web of his, succeed in his object at last.

Somewhere in the gardens of Kabul are inscribed these lines:—

"Give me but wine and blooming maids,
All other joys I freely spurn,
Enjoy them, Baber, while you may,
For youth once past will ne'er return."

He had his wish and shortened his life by it.

Of the two, with all his faults, I prefer Baber. Give me Baber for a host, and I will not trouble myself where I sleep as

* While in the service of Muhammad Lohani, king of Behar. His original name was Farid.—B.

long as he is master of the house. A big, well-built, genial jovial man, who always takes the brightest view of things, a man, powerful in strong drink, a kind of convivial Jupiter, who will see all his confrères under the table or, higgledy-piggledy like the sheeted dead, around it, he marching over their recumbent bodies to his sleeping apartments, where sleep of some kind, of the just or the unjust, awaits him. Sher Shah, however, atrabilious as he is, could do a chivalrous action. I think it is the only one recorded in his history. When on that fatal night when Humayun's kingdom was taken from him at Kanauj, when he floundered on a *masak* across the Ganges for his life, he left his wife and harem in the hands of the enemy. The moment they came from behind the *pardah* Sher Shah alighted from his horse, showed them every attention, provided carriages for their safe transport to Agra and Rohtas, and issued an order that every female, child or slave, was to be brought into his camp under pain of death.

If ever there was a trimmer in this world it was Sher Shah. "I seek not you but yours," was his motto. Up to 1536 he had been everything by turns and nothing long, a constant worshipper of the rising sun. Whenever there was a crack in the wall, and he was sure to be the first to discern it, he fled from the crumbling ruins of authority to plant his footsteps on some tower of strength. It mattered not to him what was the dynasty or dominion, for he served them all and scorned them all when their day was done. The last kings of the house of Lodi and the first kings of the house of Timur found him a willing worshipper: Sikandar and Ibrahim, he who was slain by Baber at Panipat (1526). With Baber also he joined in arms and left him without the slighest intimation; and as if to put the culminating point on his tergiversation and which deprives him for ever of the name of patriot, Humayun—he whom he chased across the Indus—to him also he once bowed down with obsequiousness and servility. In his early days, when fighting against Humayun, by a secret understanding he withdrew a portion of his forces at a critical moment, and so enabled the enemy to win the day; and at Chapar Ghat (1539), after terms of peace had been settled, he made a night attack on Humayun and destroyed his whole army.

He acquired Rohtas by treachery. But all these villanies fade into insignificance when we come to consider his faculty of revenge. It was not only fierce, but secret, sustained, unabated and sometimes spun out for years. Nobody could see a ripple on the surface, but it was there, for he could bide his time, knew the exact moment when and how, and as if unpremeditated, to hurl himself on his victim. Unpremeditated! On his charpoy, in the jungle reed hut, at the camp fire, sailing down the river by moonlight, in Darbar, with his victim before him, *nazr*, *khillát*, and all the rest of it, he carries it hidden in his bosom. A man is never safe from the revenge of an elephant, a cobra, or an Afghan, and Sher Shah was an Afghan:—

> "In friendship false, implacable in hate,
> Resolved to ruin or to rule the State."

I question if human history has anything more appalling to offer than the siege of Raisin, and it fulfils all these conditions. That fort, as many of our readers must be aware, lies 23 miles N.E. of Bhopal, and about 10 miles from Sanchi and the Bhilsa Topes, which have engaged so much archæological attention. Perched on a peak of the Vindhyan mountains, it is seen from afar, its scarped sides of sandstone running up several hundred feet above the plateau to an elevation of 2500 feet above sea-level.

A black pall already hung on this fort of Raisin before Sher Shah came to it, and one would have thought that it had enough of sorrow and of suffering. There was not a soul within a hundred miles of it who had not heard of the deed, and many of them had seen the smoke and flame ascending to heaven on that great day of dread in 1532, when that devil incarnate, Bahadur Shah of Gujarat, came with death and desolation in his train, and 700 women by *jauhar* were burnt to ashes.

But Raisin was twice doomed. It was when the memory of this event was as fresh as of yesterday, that Sher Shah came like a hateful apparition before the gates of Raisin (1543). Rising from a sick-bed of fever and ague in Bengal, where he had made a vow that, if he recovered, he would wreak his vengeance on its owner because he had not assisted his son and kept some Muslim women in durance, he came one morning

with a great army and sat down in his velvet-lined tents before Raisin. He sent for Puran Mall, its Governor. Puran Mall went, and I do not wonder that on parting that day from him, with a strong presentiment and instinctive fear of death, his wife, Ratnavali, said to him: "I will sit on this bastion and watch for you, and shall neither eat bread nor drink water until you return." He came to the Emperor accompanied by 6000 horsemen, and the Emperor bestowed upon him a Judas' kiss in the shape of 100 horses and 100 splendid dresses of honour, the "toasted cheese" which he had pre-arranged to put in the trap. Ratnavali watched from her bastion and saw him return; it was to be her last welcome. After battering the place for six months he sent for him again. Bring out your wife and children, and all the families you possess, and Sher Shah swore by the most solemn of oaths to see that no evil befel them. So they all came to the camping-ground set apart for them. Ratnavali sang Hindi melodies very sweetly. Next morning all was over.

> "Her tent, at sunrise, on the ground
> A darken'd ruin lay."

It was *jauhar*, not by fire this time, but by the sword, so there was neither smoke nor flame. Puran Mall took the initiative with Ratnavali: and hear this, ye lovers of the ancient régime. Ratnavali's daughter was given away to a band of itinerant minstrels, a dancing girl made of her to amuse the Malwa bazaars, and her three sons were mutilated. "The Hindus in the fort," says my sapient historian, "fought like hogs at bay," so the massacre was complete. The boar, however, has some chance for its life; here there was none. Treason did its worst; but the self-immolated victims of *jauhar* by the glittering sword were beyond its reach.

There is one trait in Sher Shah's character which has not been commented on, I mean his admiration for the fair sex, and how he used it as the means to an end, that end being his own aggrandisement. It was not beauty of person or accomplishments, for females of his day and rank were not without their accomplishments, it was none of these that awakened his irresistible passion. What he desiderated in a wife was "the

wherewithal." Beside this, all else was mere dross. Women were his stepping-stones by which he rose to power, and when he dotes on any of them the reason is not far to find. If Akbar married a Rajput on account of her ancient lineage, and Jahangir Nur Mahal for her beauty, none of these weaknesses interfered with the play of Sher Shah's affections. No peerless *huri* from the deserts of Khorasan, no "pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree," though it could stretch back to the god Rama, had the least attraction for him." What he wanted was power, and the power that money gives; so, whenever he is not on the battlefield, you may be sure he is in some out-of-the-way corner plying his mean machinations. Take the first of all his acquisitions—the fort of Chunar.

The tiger, wild elephant and rhinoceros of that delightful region had no terrors for him, for a lady was there, Lad Malika, whose husband, its Governor, had been murdered by her step-son. Sher engaged to deprive the parricide of his nose and ears, which was done, marries her, gets command of the fort and of nine lakhs of rupees. This is number one: a fair beginning. Next comes Dudu. She was a concubine of Sultan Muhammad of Behar. Muhammad dies. She has a son, Jalal Khan, to whom Sher is appointed deputy. After her death Sher manages the affairs of the kingdom, which enables him to conquer the Bengal army. This is number two. Then Bibi Fath Malika appears on the scene. Her father had been Sarkar of Oudh, and the family had been hoarding money for generations, so, on inheriting the money, she became a perfect nugget of wealth. To let her slip would have "grieved him to all eternity" (*Tarikh-i-Sher Shahi*). His sweet persuasive tongue was all-powerful, for she came and lived with him, and gave him 300 *mans* of her "red hard gold" (40 to 50 lakhs as I make it) wherewith to equip an army for the conquest of Bengal. He left, however, something to go on with, for the chronicler faithfully notes enough of money for her immediate expenses! Finally he marries Gahar Kushain, widow of Nasr Khan of Sambhal, and got 60 *mans* of gold with her. How many more conquests of this nature there were deponent knoweth not.

But as an indication of how very much he was married, it is worthy of note that when he was at Bahrkundi, he had so many

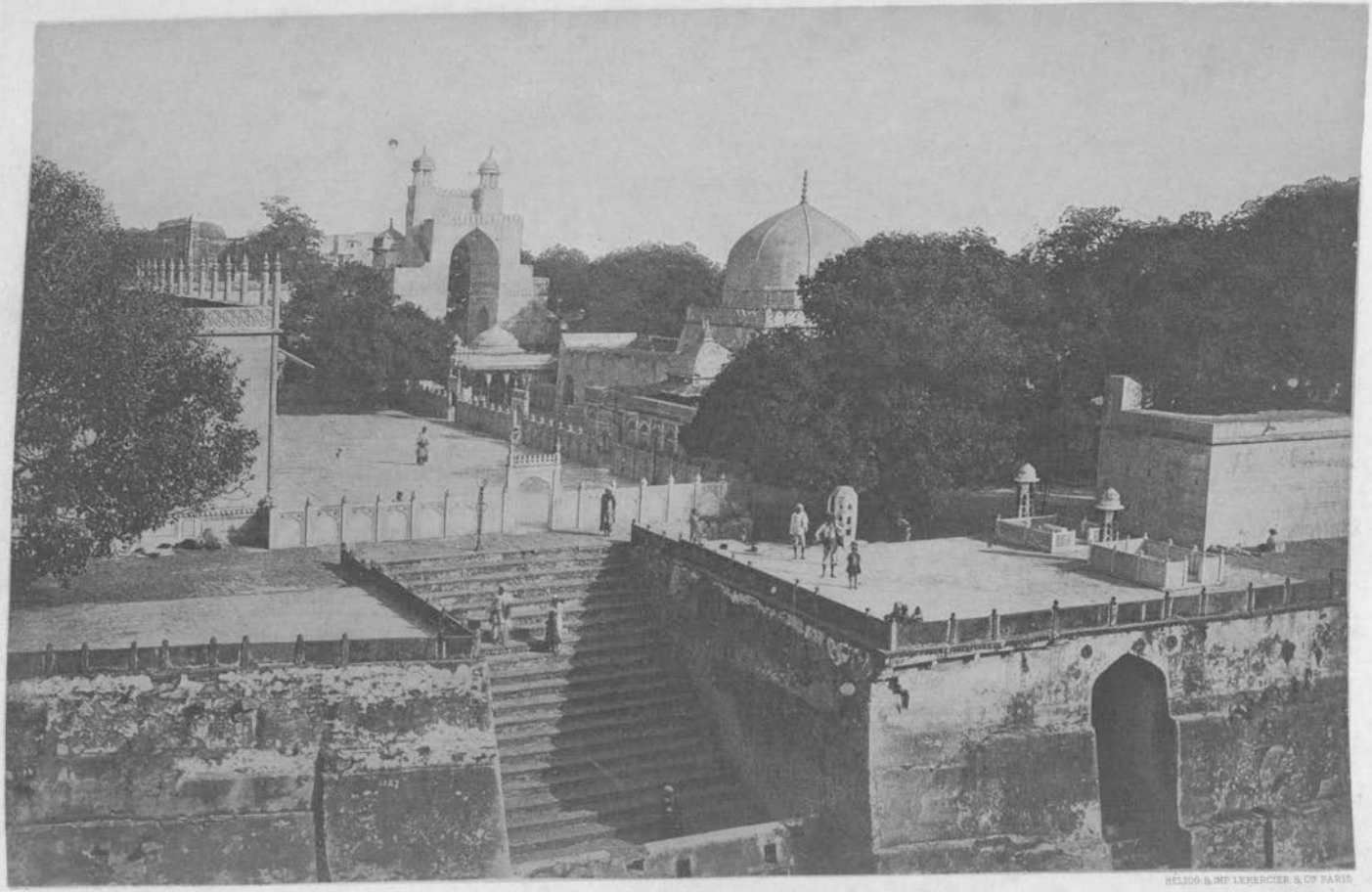
families with him that this fort could not contain the whole of them. He then took them to Rohtas, which, even in his day Ferishta says, was the finest fort he had ever seen. It was 28 miles in circuit, and would surely hold all his belongings. The Nemesis, however came at last. He ought to have died by the sword at Raisin, but another death awaited him. For once he was captivated by a pretty maid. In the year 1545, hearing that a dancing girl, whose praise was in everybody's mouth, was in Kalinjar, to obtain possession of her he laid siege to that fort. The fort was taken, everybody slain. We hear nothing even of the dancing girl; she perished no doubt by *jauhar* with the rest of the women. On the very day of its capture, Sher Shah was killed by the explosion of a magazine. An inglorious yet a fitting end for this great woman-hunter, that he who had made the pursuit a chief end of his existence, from it, in death, was not to be divided. We may well say—*Finis coronat opus.*

CHAPTER XXII.

Akbar's Invasion of Gujarat.

In the month of September of the year 1572 Akbar, Emperor of Dehli, issued from the gates, such as they then were, of Fathpur Sikri on a great enterprise. This was no less than the conquest of Gujarat. That great and rich province was not unknown to him by report, for when Mahmud (1024) was master of some of the fairest portions of India, he once meditated moving his seat of empire from the wilds of Ghazni and his black flag to Gujarat. It was in truth a goodly land and its fertility was unbounded, for it was watered by four mighty rivers. It drew its riches also from the sea, for Bharoch was as old as the times of the Romans. Its wells, its tanks, its tamarind trees were all familiar to Akbar, and its great banyan trees were sufficient to shelter an army from the noonday heat. On bidding Sikri adieu he looks well at it, for he knows not whether he shall return. Before him was a wooded country, beautiful scenery, stretching away for thirty miles, river, plain and mountains, a scene of which he should never tire during his long and splendid reign, in the centre of which he had laid the foundations of what was to be

KOS MINAR; ONE OF AKBAR'S MILESTONES.



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TOMB OF MU'IN I CHISHTI AT AJMIR

his home, and *his* only, for no other Emperor ever shared it with him. And when he looked behind him to bid adieu to the spot, though not one of the buildings we see to-day was in existence, for he came to Fathpur Sikri only in the previous year, they were all planned and in his mind's eye—the great mosque, the tomb of Chishti, the Khas Mahall, the palaces of his wives, gigantic blocks of rough unhewn stone lying about to be converted into the fairy tracery, pillar and portico which have attracted the admiration of all succeeding ages. He has seen Jaunpur; he will be none the worse for seeing Ahmadabad, now that he is building a city of his own. Akbar was a great sportsman and finds employment as he travels. With most men sport is an amusement, with him it was an overmastering passion. He kept up great establishments of cheetas, of hounds and hawks. He regretted that he could never make up his kennel of cheetas to 1000; death or desertion for ever thwarted the vanity of human wishes.

We are quite prepared, therefore, to learn from the chronicler that on this expedition he enjoyed the chase on the way to Ajmer, which was his first great halting-place. Here he sent on in advance 10,000 horse. Ajmer had a strange fascination for Akbar. Mecca was nothing to it. He made so many pilgrimages to it that he soon found it necessary to build a palace there. This tomb-worship of Akbar began in this wise:—He made a vow that if he took the fort of Chittur he would walk on foot from Agra to the tomb of a holy man in Ajmer named Khwajah Mu'inaddin Chishti, and which had been venerated as a place of pilgrimage as far back as A.D. 1397. The fort was taken (1568) and the vow was paid to the letter—he had made a similar vow before the birth of Jahangir in 1567—and for ten successive years he made an annual pilgrimage to it;* and he was very particular that it should be done once every year, for when he projected the conquest of Bengal and found that he might be more than twelve months away, he took time by the forelock and did the pilgrimage twice in one year, so that there might be no balance against him on

* On Sept. 7, 1579, it is recorded that he made a pilgrimage to Ajmer, which seems to have been his last.

that Great Day when the recording angel made up his account.

At his *kamargahs* or battues sometimes 5000 animals would be slain. He hunted elephants in Malwa, and was once present at the capture of 350.* He shot 16 wild asses in Bikaner. Once from his horse he cleft a tigress across the loins with his sword and laid her dead on the plain, leaving the cubs to be speared by his attendants. This was nearly as good as Outram spearing a tiger on foot. When his army was on the march, he was perpetually shikaring, and between Agra and Ajmer, a journey he often made, it was said that ultimately every milestone was decked with some antlered trophy of the chase. If on going into action a black buck had bounded between him and the enemy, so much the worse for himself and the black buck. And he did not shun danger; at Lahor he plunged into the river on horseback and swam across, two of his equerries being drowned; there was no lack of courage, hardihood or endurance, as we shall see further on.

I note that in 1581 he sends his son Daniyal, then eight years of age, to do the business vicariously, and in 1583 Jahangir is sent on the same errand to Ajmer. These are straws that show us how the wind of his belief is blowing. Akbar, thy *faith* faileth thee.† Clearly thy tomb-and-spirit-worship of dead men is being sapped, disintegrated, undermined. So he leaves this preposterous business of dethroning God, and substituting the spirit of a fellow-mortal, lands himself in latitudinarianism, sun-worship, monotheism, heterodoxy, as you will, a chaos of speculations on which he nor no man else shall ever find firm footing.‡ This is anticipatory, but a good deal of Akbar's early mental history is built up out of Ajmer. He leaves (for what reason will appear) one of his wives here and is again on the march—Westward ho!

His next bivouac was Nagor; and the march to it is not without incident, for when he was within two days of it he hears by swift messengers that a son has been born to him at Ajmer in the house of one Shekh Daniyal; hence his name.

* He had 5,000 elephants.
† Preached the *Khutbah*, June, 26, 1579.
‡ Deification also. Curious to note, the nimbus in our illustration.

There were, of course, great munificence and rejoicings, the usual joy when a man is born into the world, greater in India than elsewhere. Prince Daniyal was a very fine infant no doubt, but an unfortunate pickle. Akbar remains here fourteen

AKBAR.

days. Nagor was famous for its breed of cattle, and here he arranges the supply of his army.

Mirta comes next. It stands high, has a striking appearance, and I think Colonel Tod is loud in its praises. We are now

in the Rajput State of Jodhpur, Sirohi, 67 miles north-east of Dísa, famous for its swords, known over India and Persia; its reeds, too, for arrows were in great request. This town is 360 miles from Agra. Here a scene met Akbar's eye which must have astonished him. He was, of course, acquainted with *jauhar*, having seen it on the most appalling and gigantic scale which was ever displayed in India. I mean in the case of Chittur. That was on the eve of the sack of a fortified city; but here was self-immolation of a new and a strange character. Apparently not a hand was lifted up nor violence offered to any one in Sirohi,* yet 150 people, unwilling to survive Akbar's passage through their country, shut themselves up in the temple and Raja's house and committed self-destruction. Akbar was scared, and immediately sent a party forward to see that the roads were all open to Gujarat. At Sirohi an ambassador from Khorasan came into camp with presents of Persian and Arab horses, and was received with due honour.

Mount Abu now came in sight, towering 5000 feet above sea-level. You may be sure it attracted his attention. Like Baalbek or Daulatabad, you cannot pass that way without seeing it. Then came Disa. This most interesting station, where so many of our officers have spent happy days, is passed without remark (*Tabakat-i-Akbari*). Pattan is the next stage. Akbar does wisely in resting here with his army for a week. He is now within sixty miles of Ahmadabad and may draw breath. There are sermons in stones here, for Pattan Anhilwara has a great history, architecturally and otherwise, and her kings stretch back to the twilight of fable long before Ahmadabad had an existence, for which see Kinloch Forbes (*Ras Mala*). Two stages from Pattan Akbar meets with a strange incident. A man who had been in hiding in a cornfield was brought trembling before him. It was one of those instances of fallen greatness so often recorded in the book of history. This poor wretch was Muzaffar III., the last of the great dynasty of the Sultans of Ahmadabad, wandering for lack of bread, and offering with both hands crown and kingdom to the Emperor—a spectacle

* "Akbar's Commander-in-chief had been treacherously stabbed. There had been a fight in consequence."—Noir's *Life of Akbar*, 1890.

for gods and men. Akbar was touched and treated him kindly, and the turban cast at his feet was speedily replaced by him. Of him among the *Jauari*, rather than of Bigarah, Hudibras might have said :—

"The King of Cambay's daily food
Is asp and basilisk and toad." *

Itmad Khan, Governor of Ahmadabad, soon after made his appearance and presented Akbar with the keys of the city. He it was who had besought the Emperor to come and rescue Gujarat from anarchy, for he himself had been besieged in the city for six months, and it was only when his assailants heard the news of the Emperor's arrival that the siege was raised and he managed to get out. The Emperor now pitched his camp on the banks of the Sabarmati: the *Khutbah* was read in all the mosques, and the people with their wives in their best dresses flocked in multitudes to the royal camp. It was a great gala day, you may be sure, when Akbar held his *darbar*, when he passed in royal progress under the Tin Darwaza, and when the Imperial standard of Dehli floated for the first time from the citadel of Ahmadabad.

You will say that Akbar's invasion of Gujarat up to this point was a mere pleasure excursion: and so it was. But business now looms ahead: Baroda, Bharoch and Surat are now held by the Mirzas, a group of scions sprung from Tamerlane himself, who were born to worry Akbar, and had fled in their extremity to Gujarat to see if it were possible to exploit a throne for themselves out of the anarchy and ruin with which it was overspread. Akbar now resolved to free Gujarat from their "rebellious power." I like this expression of the *Tabakat*, which is written in the interest of Akbar, when we remember that every man of them all, from Mahmud of Ghazni downwards, had been a rebel to "the powers that be" at some time or other.

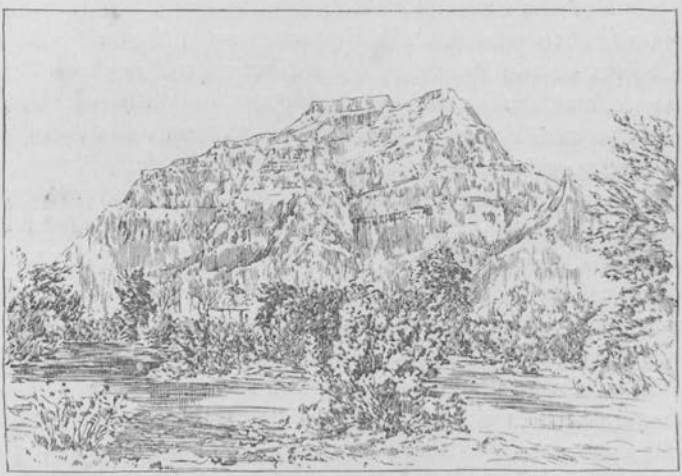
But Akbar proceeds. To be or not to be Emperor of Gujarat, that is the question. So, knee-deep in sand, his bullocks plough

* "This man gave Akbar great trouble afterwards. He headed a rebellion in Gujarat, was put down, and killed himself, Dec. 27, 1592."—*Life of Akbar*, 1890.

their weary way in deep ruts to Cambay. He himself, no doubt on camel-back, does the fifty-two miles in four days. "He came," says the *Tabakat*, "to look at the sea:" and he had a good look at it, for he remained five days at Cambay. Some of us remember our first look at the sea—*Thalassa, thalassa!*

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free."

Not much "open," you say, in the Gulf of Cambay, with some such coast-line as fair Dholera blocking up the view. Good Muslim as he now is, he bows the knee in the Jama Masjid, and when calm disports himself in a felucca on placid



PAWANGARH.

waters, or asks inquiringly for *khabar* of the *Untia Bagh*, the lion of the Gîr, fiercest and strongest of its race; or watches the Bore coming in with a speed greater than that of the fleetest courser—the big wave, ten feet high, crested with foam, which heralds the mighty tide behind it, or listens to its roar like thunder, as Burns or Scott or Carlyle did on the Solway, as it fled like a thousand witches past the Abbey of Dundrennan: Queen Mary also, in whose bosom unfortunately—

"Love swells like the Solway,
But ebbs like its tide."

Adieu to Cambay! In two days we shall be in Baroda. "When the Mahi is crossed there is comfort," says the proverb. We shall see.

Crosses the Mahi and reaches Baroda. Akbar had no sooner pitched his camp at Baroda than he learned that one of the Mirzas who had been lording it over all this country was on his way from Bharoch with 1000 horse, with the design of effecting a junction with the forces of another member of the family. There can be little doubt, I think, that this body of men was on its way to Champanir, held at this time by Shah Mirza. That great fort Pawangadh, "the hill of the winds," seen from afar, dominates fifty miles of country, and its vast bulk standing out against the sky must be familiar to many of our readers from the railway or otherwise. The news which came to Akbar was that Mirza would pass at a point eight *kos* from Baroda, and he at once resolved to intercept him. As what followed has been narrated by three different native historians, it is of sufficient importance to engage a little of our attention.

Akbar was to go in person, and the enterprise was most hazardous, as it had to be done, if done at all, in hot haste. From what we can gather the Emperor on his arrival at Baroda had out-distanced the main body of his expeditionary force, which we can well believe, and he was advised to await its arrival. But he was bent on this wild foray and would do nothing of the kind. With one blast he summoned as many men as were ready for the fight, and buckling on his armour he set out with 200 good men and true in quest of his mortal enemy, leaving his harem, including his son Jahangir, who was then six years old, behind him in his camp at Baroda. This was Jahangir's first visit to Gujarat. The march, begun in the afternoon, was continued the greater part of next day. Akbar's scent was good, for on arriving on the banks of the river he descried what he was in quest of. I have found thee, oh mine enemy!

We seem now to be reading *Blind Harry* or Barbour's *Bruce*, for his company was now reduced to forty—he was such a hard rider. A halt, however, brought up sixty more, making up his comrades in arms to 100 all told: and with this handful he

determined, as one would say, with Quixotic impetuosity, to attack 1000 men on the opposite bank, on which a fort loomed ominously, around it clustering the narrow streets and wattle and daub houses of an ordinary Gujarati town.

When Akbar's blood was up, woe be to the man who showed any hesitation. Taking the lead he dashed into the stream, crossed over, clambered up the steep banks and was at the water-gate of the town in a twinkling, followed by his crashing, splashing host. Here and in the streets his entrance was disputed, but he fought his way valiantly, and a Calmuck ahead of him made several of his adversaries bite the dust. It was the sudden rush that did it all, not forgetting the name of the Emperor, the fear and dread of which was beginning to fall on every man. And so it came to pass that by this time the Mirza had made his exit on the other side of the village, resolved, as he would have it, to give battle in the open. This "open" was such broken ground as you may see outside any Indian village—full of rubbish, cut up with a perfect network of lanes, so narrow that between the cactus hedges two horses could not go abreast. Akbar sent into this labyrinth forty bowmen to see what account a flight or two of his deadly arrows would render in dislodging the enemy. By this time Akbar's men were completely separated from each other, broken up into knots of twos and threes, every man fighting for "his ain hand."

Akbar engaged in successive single combats, hewing and hacking his adversaries: a glorious scrimmage, as if—

> "—of Wallace wight,
> Or well-skilled Bruce who ruled the fight;"

minus the cactus hedges.

Akbar was soon master of the field and returned to Baroda, where he was received with acclamation, while the Mirza and his followers that were left fled in terror to the deserts of Abu. In all this wild raid we hear nothing of firearms; there is the hurling of spear and javelin, the clashing of sword and sabre, or the deadly arrows of Sirohi whizzing through the air.

I have been at some pains endeavouring to fix the site of this *mêlée*, which was undoubtedly a memorable exploit. It is called by the native historians "the Battle of Sirnal and the river

Sakanir." These names are in the English translations, and Professor Dowson, their editor, makes Akbar recross the Mahi on this adventure, which would be going back on his old ground and barely suffices for the narrative, for whatever river he crossed it was not the Mahi. Dismissing the word "Sirnal," let us examine "Sakanir." In our modern map there is a town Sankheda, which in Clive Bayley's ancient map (*History of Guzerat*, 1886) is spelled "Saonkheira." The place lies at the extreme easternmost end of the Baroda narrow-gauge railway, and is quite in the direction Mirza would be marching to, Champanir. In lieu of a better I therefore determine the modern Sankheda as the locality of this big skirmish of Akbar. Distance, direction and the actual topography of the place dovetail themselves into almost every detail of the narrative. Sankheda is seven miles from Dabhoi, a Hindu city of the twelfth century, on whose antiquities His Highness the Gaikwar has just signalised his reign by the publication of a sumptuous volume in the highest style of art.*

But to our story. The Emperor proceeds to Surat, and on this well-known ground the reader is asked to accompany him —cold season, 1572. He had sent Todar Mal shortly before to knock at the gates for admission. But though Todar was of high military repute as well as a revenue administrator, there was no reply, and the commander shut them in: so that by the time Akbar arrived at Surat, they, *i.e.*, Mirza and the Suratis and the "hatted people," the Portuguese who had come here in 1512, were so strictly besieged that a mouse could not creep out without observation. Before Surat was entirely hemmed in, however, the Begams, who were princesses, with the instinct natural to their sex, took flight to the Dekhan.

On some rising ground, therefore—for the city was by this time surrounded by earthworks—you may, if you like, take a look at Akbar with the inevitable Todar Mal beside him, gazing wistfully on that dim old Surat, in which not one word of the English tongue has yet been uttered by man of woman born, for all her greatness as a commercial emporium is yet to come, and the men—Dutch and English—are not yet born who are to fill

* See page 354.

the costly sepulchres of Surat. I copy his portrait, and the likeness is faithful after three hundred years. He is now thirty years of age, having been born in 1542, of middling stature, with a tendency to be tall, wheat-coloured complexion and rather inclined to dark than fair, black eyes and eyebrows, stout body, open forehead and chest, long arms and hands, with a wart on the left side of his nose. He has a loud voice, like all men born in the jungle, though he now speaks in a whisper. In one glance at the scene before him he takes in the whole: endless "wattle and daub;" one four-storeyed Portuguese house; walls thick and formidable, with the castle of Khudawand Khan, round the sea-wall of which (there is a moat from the river) the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours. A poor affair this compared with Ahmadabad and its glories of Masjid and Mahal, Sarkhej and Kankaria Lake.

But water is now the cry in Surat. It is January, and the windows of heaven, as a rule, are not open in Surat in the month of January. A besieged city, with the ground mined under it, and water everywhere and not a drop to drink—what are the poor people to do? Cave in on the forty-eighth day of the siege. The wretched Hamzaban, the commander, had his tongue cut out. But this was the only incident that marred a bloodless victory, for Akbar was a merciful man, at least, during this campaign.

After numbering the people and taking account of the revenue the Emperor returned to Fathpur Sikri, covered with the honours of war and the glory of his first campaign in Gujarat. But the fruits of it were not to last long, and the second campaign came upon him like a whirlwind. In the first he simply walked over the course; the second was to be made through blood and conquest, ending in dominion that nothing will touch for a hundred years, for Todar Mal's land administration and the subahdars of Gujarat were to exist when he and his should be no more.

What he was engaged on when the first news of the revolt in Gujarat reached his ears, we know not. If it was at night, and it was dark, he may have been playing at *chaugan* with fire-balls; and if during the day, he would no doubt be taking note with his overseers of what progress had been made during the time he was away (the campaign lasted twelve months) in the

great buildings he had projected at Sikri. But night or day, pastime or work, he left everything behind, and nothing was allowed to come between him and his duties, which the new emergency called into motion. He was only returned a month when it was "I'm off to the wars again."

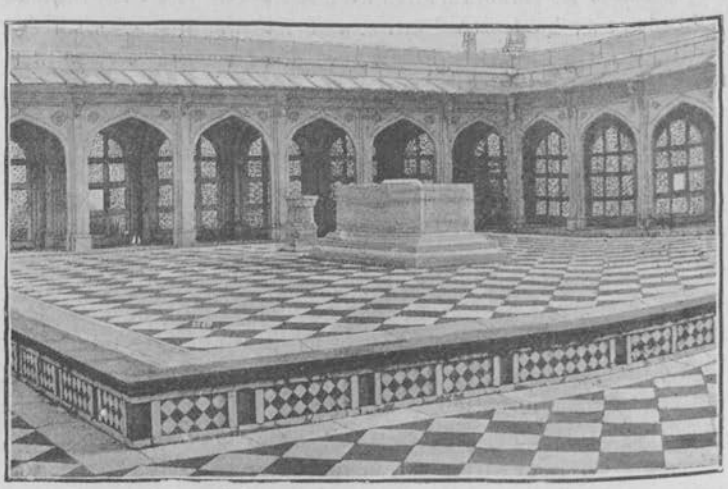
If the reader reflects that this news came to Agra or Sikri during the rains—that period of damp, mud and discomfort, when the difficulties of moving large bodies of men are enormously enhanced—that his soldiers were worn out by their long march, their clothes in tatters and their accoutrements needing renewal, and that they had not time to receive money from their *jagirs*, he will faintly realise Akbar's position in 1573, on the eve of his second invasion of Gujarat. There was no damp, however, on his ardour. The time had now come when those Mirzas were to be rooted out once for all. There is to be no mistake this time; rain or no rain, it was with Akbar do or die. Accordingly he sends in advance 2000 horse who were to make the best of their way to Pattan, and follows himself with 300 gentlemen, the chivalry of Hindustan. No need of experts to show the road this time. He lost no time, and no account is given of the swollen rivers he had to cross; but when in nine days he had with his forces reached the banks of the Sabarmati, and sat down before Ahmadabad, the sentries on the Bhadr could not believe their own eyes, but considered it was all an apparition.

His march was a wonderful one. The first two days—Agra to Ajmer, 220 miles—he rode a she-camel. Napier at sixty-three did 75 miles on a camel without a halt. But never mind. At Ajmer amid all this hurly-burly, his talisman, the tomb of Chishti, is not forgotten. It was bright moonlight, and he travelled night and day; so what with changing his position, snatching an hour's rest, oiling his body to allay the friction, getting on horseback, or changing to a swift cart, he performed this feat of 450 miles, great enough at any time, but greater still when the land was enveloped in sludge, and half the journey through toilsome wastes of sand. Mirta, Pali, Jalor, Dísa and Pattan were the great milestones of this expedition, and the Mirzas of Ahmadabad soon found out that the hosts on the banks of the river were no apparitions, for the

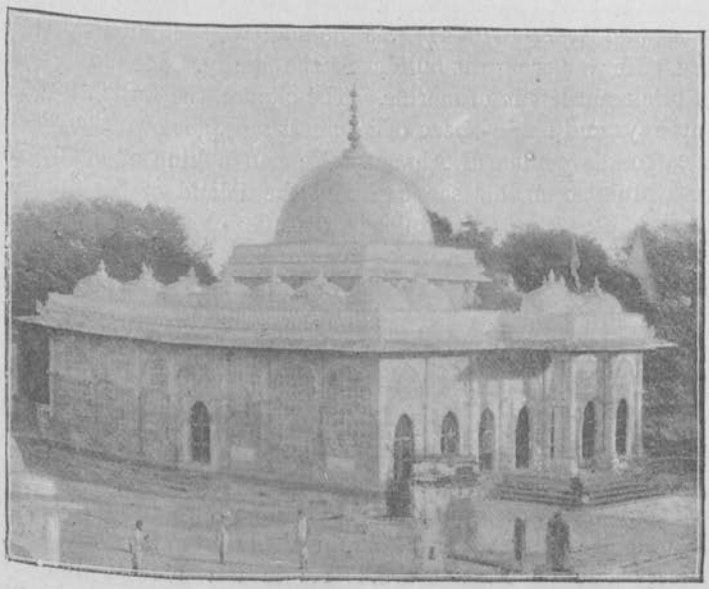
Emperor crossed it at once with his 3000 men and defeated 20,000; he smote them hip and thigh and put an end to the Mirzas.

There was no more trouble with Gujarat.* The blow struck by Akbar was solid and effectual, and riveted Surat to the throne of Dehli for 160 years. With a few attendants, the Emperor on a grey horse, each with an uplifted spear—the conquering hero—was seen entering Sikri after an absence of only forty-three days. He left behind him a pyramid of 2000 human heads at the gates of Ahmadabad.

* Except the resultless rebellion of Muzaffar in 1592.



AKBAR'S TOMB AT SIKANDRA, NEAR AGRA.



TOMB AT SHAH ALAM, AHMADABAD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JAHANGIR AT AHMADABAD.

THE rise of the Kingdom of Gujarat in 1411 is coeval with that of the House of Stuart. There were some cruel and bloody sovereigns among them, and they came to sudden, violent or untimely ends. Of the nine consecutive Sultans of Gujarat six of them were poisoned or murdered, and "a fair strae death" among the Stuarts was a rarity. The great House of Timur rose about the same time, for Tamerlane was proclaimed Emperor of India in 1398. Their case was different. They seem to have been born under a lucky star, and died in their beds. From

Tamerlane and Baber to Aurangzeb, not one sovereign died by poison or the dagger of the assassin. Mahmud of Ghazni, before his death, called for his most costly treasures and shed tears that he was so soon to leave them.

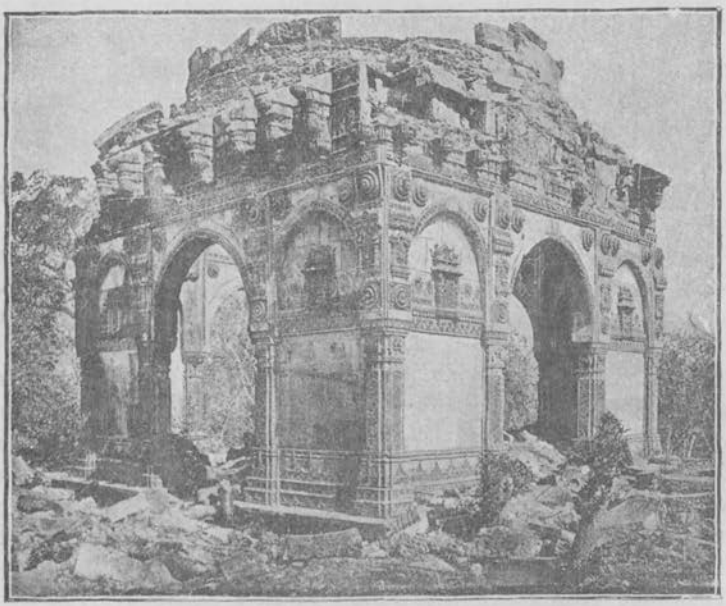
Ahmad Shah (1410–41) was the man who founded Ahmadabad. He was the great builder of the family. He found a city of brick and left it of marble. The citadel, the walls, the three gateways and half-a-dozen of its finest mosques owe their existence to the genius of Ahmad. He had a kind of connection with Mumbai, for his son captured the Island of Mahim, and harried it of a whole shipload of stuffs, cloths and precious stones. As was then the custom, he settled matters by marrying his cousin Fath Khan to a daughter of Qutb Rao of Mahim, bringing with her, no doubt, an ample dowry of betel and cocoanuts from that Isle of Palms.

Sultan Qutb-ad-din (1451–58) made a slash at an infuriated camel, missed his mark, cut his knee and died thereof. Some say it was not a real camel but the "Angel of Death"—the black camel.

Mahmud Shah Bigarah (1458–1511) has a European reputation, for which see Butler's *Hudibras*, his *King of Cambay*, and the nursery tale of *Blue Beard*. He is the biggest hero of Gujarat, and more lies have been fathered on him than on any other man. That he killed his son, planted all the mango trees in Gujarat, built Champanir and finished Sarkhej (where we have seen his tomb) after the model of the temple of Mecca, that he never shirked his drink, and was a good "all-round man," we willingly believe. But that he, like Mithridates, took poison to prevent himself being poisoned, that mosquitoes alighting on his arm fell dead on the spot, that he could kill a man by breathing on him, that his moustache was so big that he could tie it in a knot over his head, that "his daily food was asp and basilisk and toad," we leave all these tales to the nursery and folklore. This is certain, that the glory of his name is enshrined in tradition, that he affected Ahmadabad during the rains, and that he loved melons dearly. He is the most ugly and interesting man in Gujarat history. Like the sky-terriers, his beauty consists in his ugliness. He is attractive and repulsive. As was said of Lauderdale by his wife: "The

brute is an elephant, but he has an ivory tusk." This is Bigarah.

Muzaffar (1511–25), curious enough, preferred Ahmadabad during the hot season. It was the healthiest weather, for the sun is a powerful disinfectant. In his days Gujarat was so full of elegance and delight that no foreigner ever thought of leaving it, nor did any native of the country ever wish to settle elsewhere. The reason is not far to find. He would have nothing



TOMB AT CHAMPANIR, CIRCA A.D. 1500.

to do with intoxicants. This was the golden age of Gujarat for teetotalism.

Sultan Sikandar (1526) comes in by way of a foil. A drunken debauchee. All his days were like the days of the *Íd*, and all his nights were like the nights of *Barat;* Muhammadans will understand this.

Bahadur (1531–37), "King of the Land, Martyr of the Sea:" so runs his epitaph. A fine Bahadur! He bought from the Rum Europeans 1300 maunds of rose-water, no doubt to wash

his filthy hands of the Chittur business (1532), for all the gold and silver which he raked from the ashes of the women who performed *jauhar* (many hundreds) on the day of that dread melodrama he gathered together in a lump and presented the same to one Burhan-ul-Mulk, and—he took it. From all such tyrannies and beastliness, good Lord deliver us! Though he hunted wild elephants in Malwa I have no interest in the man, and feel a degree of satisfaction in reading that Humayun (1533) battered Chittur about his ears, entered Ahmadabad, and that an end of him was made by the Portuguese at Diu, and the body of this profligate wretch cast into the sea (1537). He could neither read nor write, which was one blessing. No man, we think, will ever try to whitewash Bahadur. He was the man who is reported to have said: "The throne of Dehli is founded on wheat and barley, that of Gujarat on coral and pearls." Though he lies where pearls lie deep, his name crops up, a beacon light on the coast of Western India, warning all rulers where they ought *not* to go or they will share the same fate. It must have been in his reign that the capital of Ahmad merited the name of "Jahanamabad" and anticipated the joke of Jahangir.

Muhammad III. (1537–53).—His reign is called "the happy time." Music and singing were heard in every house and in all the streets and bazars. But it was only among the Musalmans. The Hindus had a hard time of it, for the genius of intolerance was now in the ascendant. But as this was the very time when in our own country Beaton and the Lord Chancellor of Scotland looked out from a window on the burning body of Wishart, perhaps the less we say on this subject the better. But ho! Akbar is at the gate—comes like an avenging angel (1572), and summarily transfers the crown of Gujarat to the Emperor of Dehli.

Humayun (1535), *Akbar* (1572) and *Jahangir* (1618) are the names of the Dehli Emperors who visited Ahmadabad. The previous city was Asawal, and Mahmud Tughlak, of Daulatabad unhappy memory, spent the rains here (1346). It is not likely that Mahmud of Ghazni was here, though on his way to Somnath (1024) at Pattan he was within sixty miles of Asawal. All these royal visits, however, fade into insignificance when

THE EMPEROR JEHANGIR GIVING AUDIENCE TO SIR T. ROE, AMBASSADOR OF JAMES I. TO THE GREAT MOGHAL.—1614-18.

From an old painting in the

compared with that of Jahangir. The period he spent here (nine months); the time at which it took place; the personages who accompanied him and their position in the Empire, and the narratives which have come down to us, so full and graphic, whether native or European, render it one of the most interesting episodes in Mughal annals. For Englishmen it has an additional interest, for here and at this time was completed the first Treaty of the Great Mughal with an accredited Ambassador of the Court of England.

We are told by the historian that it was on the termination of a glorious war that Jahangir entered Ahmadabad accompanied by his wife, the celebrated Nur Jahan, and his son who had just brought Udaypur to reason—Shah Jahan, the next Emperor, and already (to give *éclat* to the occasion) declared king and heir to the Imperial Throne. The picture which appears in the *Journal of Indian Art* (No. 25, 1889) displays in gold and colours Jahangir's meeting, perhaps with Sir Thomas Roe at Ajmer. Poor Tom Coryat, you may remember, had preceded them to his last camping ground at Surat. It is the work of a native artist, appears to be in marvellous preservation, and Jaypur, amid all its vicissitudes, deserves great credit for its careful keeping of this precious heirloom for 270 years. Jahangir was fond of pictures, and at one look could tell the name of the painter of whatever picture was shown to him. Roe among his presents gave him a picture of Venus pulling a Satyr by the nose. This was suggestive of Jahangir's government by the *sâri:* but he did not resent it nor inquire about the artist.

The work of the native painter to which we direct the reader's attention is stilted, as is the manner of Dehli nowadays. But it fulfils its purpose, and supplies us with an illustration of the men and time we are attempting to delineate. The scene is in a garden. There is a kiosk, and on a raised platform, on a plain wooden chair, sits the Lord of the World. There is no cloth of gold nor Peacock Throne here. Jahangir, now 51 years of age, appears of middle size, shaven, except a small moustache, bare feet and bare legs—in fact, the only man without shoes or boots in the company—with one leg thrown over the arm of the chair

in that attitude of lazy nonchalance so dear to the old Indian and a man behind him with a whisk keeps the flies off. He has not the bloated look one would expect from his roystering life and boisterous habits; but, with a sharp eye and attention in his look, seems to be listening to the speech Roe is addressing him. Roe stands beneath and before him, in no slavish nor cringing attitude, but erect and on his feet as becometh the majesty of England. In a loose coat bound round his waist, with shoes on his feet and hunting-cap of a dark colour on his head, amid a group of *sawars* and interpreters, with swords dangling, stands erect the representative of James I. of England, every inch a man.

Jahangir wears a similar hunting-cap. Roe may have given it to him, and he is now wearing it out of compliment to the Ambassador.* Two gazelles lick each other in the foreground. Was it this Emperor who had the pet deer which followed him everywhere, and over which he erected a tomb? Jahangir was fond of wild beasts and a mighty hunter of them. He had a white leopard. He had a tiger and a goat in the same cage. He had shot 86 tigers with his own hand and 17,168 wild animals during his life. He tells us that he caught fish, strung pearls in their noses and let them go again. He was a man of taste, and when in Kashmir stuck oleander, or the violet petals of the saffron, on his servants' turbans; and when he saw the *palasa* tree or a clear running stream he bethought himself of wine. He grew the pineapple in his own garden at Agra, which he had obtained from the Europeans at the seaports. I think it was at Ahmadabad he first coined the Zodiac rupees: the silver ones there and the gold ones at Agra,† as the late Mr. Gibbs has informed us. Like Baber, he thought the people of India "not handsome," so he married a Qandahari. "I have loved a moon-faced beauty, but I cannot fall in love with every black

* Or *vice versâ*. See the account of Akbar's receiving the present of a cap from his father. "Being too big he put his hand on it, which gave rise to the custom of people, on being presented at Court, putting their hand on their head."—Count Noir's *Life of Akbar*, 1890.

† There is a very fine gold rupee in the Bombay Asiatic Society's Museum, which Dr. Codrington pointed out to me. There is an effigy of Jahangir on it holding a drinking-cup to his lips. It was coined at Agra.

woman," quoth Abdur Razzak. Such is the first actor during these great days at Ahmadabad.

Next in the book of precedence comes Nur Jahan, wife of Jahangir. She was of Persian lineage, born of poor parents, while on their way to India seeking their fortune, and was married to Jahangir in 1611 in the 34th year of her age. A high-spirited and artful woman, wise, witty, and sometimes wicked, a maker of verses, the inventor of *attr* of roses. She was the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. Her face was her fortune: and it made the fortune of her family, for Mirza Ghyas, afterwards named Itmad-ad-Daula, her father, was made Grand Vazir of the Empire, and her two brothers, Asaf Khan and Itqad Khan, were raised to posts of exalted eminence.

When Jahangir, on the day after a drinking bout, was moody, morose or taciturn, Nur Jahan, like Barbara Palmer, "would still be jocund, and chuck the royal chin." She did not remain shut up in the recesses of the harem, a flower to blush unseen, but came forth boldly, rode upon an elephant, could kill a tiger at the first shot, or appear with bow and quiver in the thick of battle amid death and carnage. She coined money, stamped her name thereon, and literally governed the Empire. Jahangir died in 1627, but she lived until 1645 in splendid captivity on a pension of £23,000 a year. They were both buried at Lahor. At Ahmadabad she is in all her glory—mistress—queen-regnant—entertainer-general of the whole realm, riding through the city in a bullock *gari*—with the jovial Jahangir as driver by day, and by night amid a feast of lanterns, in velvet and *kinkab* and ablaze with the diamonds of Golkonda—herself a perfect picture of beauty and Oriental magnificence.

Shah Jahan! It is not for nothing thou art in Ahmadabad. The living shall praise thee yet, and on the Jumna men from far-off America and Australia shall marvel at thy works and thrill with ecstasy before thy dream in marble. I see thee pacing the dusty streets of "Gardabad,"* a haughty, austere,

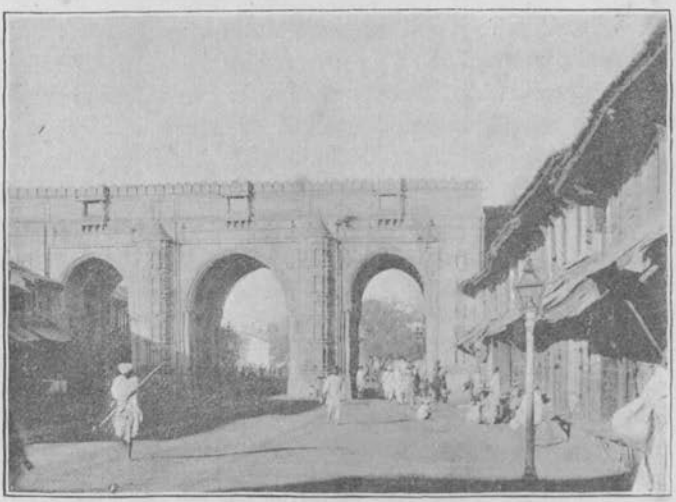
* "Dust-town," an epithet applied to Ahmadabad by Jahangir.

SIR THOMAS ROE, ENGLISH AMBASSADOR TO THE GREAT MUGHAL (1614–1618).

gloomy and solitary man, gravity in thy face and the weight of future empire already on thy brow. Thou art a star that dwells apart. "Flattered by some, envied by others, loved by none," you will be flattered, envied, and loved by all. So he leaves his father, the Emperor, to Bacchus and Diana, leaves him to his hawks of Junagadh, the lion of the Gir, the gruesome boar of Sabarmati, or to Nur Jahan and her *attr* of roses; peradventure she may croon some verses in the ear of the great inebriate. These are not thy gods, O Shah Jahan! Thy god is Architecture, and thy light the seven lamps thereof. For as sure, as people say, the Devil is to be seen at midnight in Darya's Tomb, Shah Jahan is up, at each rising of the sun—golden glory, fretted window, tracery and arabesque—watching the flecked light as it falls on pavement of marble or alabaster; alone and silent, observing, measuring, comparing, digesting, perhaps copying, drinking in all wisdom, deftness of hand, cunning craft and workmanship, beauty of colour, harmony of form. For, as Michael Angelo said of Ghiberti's Gates, some of the screens and windows of Ahmadabad were worthy to adorn the Gates of Paradise. I see him at Sipri, at the Three Gateways, at the Jama mosque, at Shah Alam, at Kankaria. For the city had already a history and a long line of stout kings for a hundred and fifty years. Ten of her mosques which we can see even to-day were built before Columbus discovered America. They existed before one stone had been laid upon another of Ibrahim's Rauza, or Mahmud's vast dome at Bijapur, long before Baber swam the Ganges, or beheld Canopus for the first time from the slopes of the Hindu Kush. Is it too much to suppose that it was here the master-builder drank in the elements of his taste which was to display such glorious results elsewhere—the bud was here: the blossom and fruit to be in Agra? Everything has a beginning, Greece before Rome, Damascus before Cairo, Agra follows Ahmadabad.

Had he wandered to Cairo he would have seen no more graceful minarets, no more beautiful domes among the tombs of the Khalifs. But did he do anything himself to beautify the city? asks the reader. Yes! In a season of scarcity and famine

he built the Shahi Bagh or the Garden Palace. You remember its innumerable arches and pillars, and the glorious view of Ahmadabad and its minarets, with a woody country for twenty miles around to keep his memory green, for he gave his people work and wages when they needed it sorely. "Give us this day our daily bread," and the cry did not go up to Heaven in vain. It was on the Garden Palace, and for such a beneficent purpose, that Shah Jahan tried his prentice hand in Ahmadabad.



THE TIN DARWAZA AT AHMADABAD.

That Mumtaz Mahal,* the Lady of the Taj, was at this great gathering, there seems to us the clearest circumstantial evidence. There is no record of it, and we could scarcely expect it. For if when she was Empress of India (1627–29) not one jot or tittle of her history during that period has come down to us, how could we expect any record of her when she was the wife of the Viceroy of Gujarat (1616–22)? The silence or seclusion of the harem bars the way to public notice, and seems the only

* Her proper name was Arjumand Bano Begam, born 1592. She was niece of the celebrated Nur Jahan Begam, and the favourite wife of Shah Jahan.

explanation of what otherwise is unaccountable, for her history is dumb until death drags her into fame, and gives her a sepulchre which is one of the wonders of the world. Strange, is it not, that Roe should not vouchsafe her a single word? Happy the nation that has no history—happy the woman whose history is in the bosom of her family.

Nur Jahan was different. No Muslim woman ever came upon the stage as she has done, nor played such tricks before high Heaven. Hundreds of her sayings and doings are recorded. But then she was boundless in blazonry and exploitation, the Lady Governor of Ahmadabad and the wife of Jahangir, Emperor of India, to whom he had resigned every function of Government. So Arjumand Bano is completely overshadowed by the august presence of that proud Persian princess—her aunt—who lives not at all if not *pour l'exposition*.

> "But all beneath the unrivalled rose
> The lowly daisy sweetly blows."—Burns.

Or Goldsmith, if you like it better—

> "Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

The date of Mumtaz Mahal's marriage to Shah Jahan was about 1612, and I have no doubt that during the subsequent eight years she lived at intervals a good deal of the time at Ahmadabad. Sometimes she would accompany her husband; for the exigencies of war did not always prevent the wives and families of the Mughal sovereigns campaigning with their husbands. You will remember how Sivaji detested and abjured this practice of the Mughal sovereigns. They were only left behind when danger was imminent, and sometimes not even then. In Jahangir's memoirs written by himself (*Wakiat Jahangiri*) there is a passage which bears upon this point, and flashes a gleam of light on the stormiest period of Shah Jahan's existence. When Shah Jahan was a fugitive at Asirgarh, in 1623, it is expressly stated that he had his three wives, with Dara and his other children, with him. Mumtaz Mahal was the mother of his children, Aurangzeb being one of them. He had placed his "women and superfluous things" for safety in that strong fort,

SHAH JAHAN GIVING AN AUDIENCE TO DARA SHIKOH. his son.

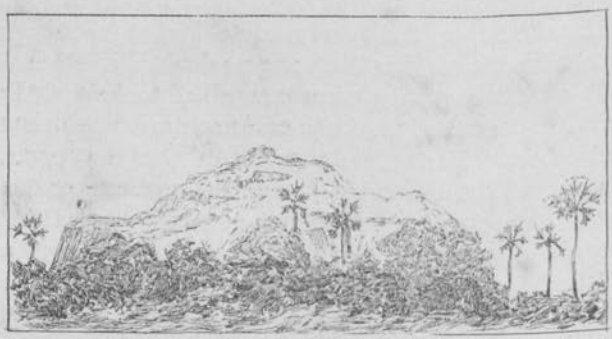
and had at first intended to do so also with his wives and family. But he changed his mind and took them with him (as we gather) through mud and mire all the way in his flight to Orissa—to Masulipatam—until better days brought him into possession of Bengal and made him anxious to secure the Fort of Allahabad. She was with him in storm, she surely would be with him in sunshine, and in a period of profound peace swell the triumph of his train in 1618.

Shah Jahan was never long in one place, and, like his great progenitor Baber, might have said that he had never twice spent the Ramazan in the same spot since his teens. Agra, Ajmer, Mandu, Ahmadnagar were some of those places. There is no reasonable doubt that Mumtaz Mahal resided in them all. But we now come to solid ground. At Dohad she bore Aurangzeb in October 1618: Aurangzeb built a great caravanserai on the spot which remaineth to this day. Dohad is 80 or 100 miles from Ahmadabad on the high road to Malwa. Jahangir left Ahmadabad in September 1618; so no doubt did Shah Jahan and his wife when they were compelled to halt at Dohad. According to tradition, the birth of Aurangzeb was delayed by the astrologers. *Their* "lucky moment" had not come, and they postponed the event which cost the mother her life. In this tradition two entirely different events are warped together. Mumtaz did die of childbirth* but it was at Burhanpur, the then seat of the Mughal Government in the Dekhan, and in the year 1631, where the Emperor Shah Jahan halted on his expedition against Khan Jahan Lodi. We merely note this incident by the way.

Moreover, it is matter of history that 'Asaf Khan, the father of Mumtaz and the brother of Nur Jahan, now next to his sister the ruling spirit of the realm, was in Ahmadabad in 1618, for he this year ornamented the dome of Shah Alam with gold and precious stones. Roe gave him a magnificent pearl as a bribe, for he had been two years endeavouring to get the treaty signed —"All now went on smoothly." Shah Jahan was Viceroy of Gujarat, of which Ahmadabad was the capital. It was a great

* Of Dahar Ara, a daughter, July 7, 1631, O.S.

family party of which some of us will think Mumtaz Mahal was the most distinguished member, since for her, as the Taj testifies, Shah Jahan had an unbounded affection. Did they live in the citadel, or Bhadr, Shahi Bagh or the summer palace Ghatamandal, the jewel of the Kankaria Lake? Those and all such questions we must leave to future investigation, having done our part in pointing out that the Lady of the Taj must have been a guest, and the most famous of them all, at the Ahmadabad Assemblage of 1618.



PAWANGADH FROM MALAV.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THOMAS CORYAT.

A VINDICATION.

"Le type de ces voyageurs que rien ne rebute, et tels que la Grande Bretagne en a produit plus que toute autre nation."—*Biographie Universelle.*

"Thy name a taunt,—thyself a scorn."

ONE evening, as the novelists say, in December 1617, a stranger might have been seen entering Surat by the Dehli Gate. Dressed as a Muslim Faqir, his own mother would not have known him. He had a strong staff, and adopting the Eastern habit, and that of the prophets of old, he grasped it in the middle, and every step he took forward seemed to bend him to the ground. He had walked all the way from Ajmer, and was bowed down with fatigue and dysentery, a bronzed and weather-beaten man, or in Spenser's words :—

TOM CORYAT (1577-1617).

"As he had traveil'd many a summer's day
Through boiling sands of Arabie and Ynd."

He elbowed his way through a jostling crowd of Hindus,

Muslims, Parsis, Chinese, and Dutch, and at length arrived at the English factory. After a few words of expostulation with the porter that he was a *wilayati wala*, he dropped his burden at the gate, and entered the courtyard, the spiked door closing behind him. Like Christian, at the house called Beautiful, the Celestial City lay before him, for this was his last stage. He passed on, making himself known to the English factors, who received him kindly. They had heard of him before, for such a "character" as this could not pass through neighbouring countries without having his fame blazoned abroad.

Like Livingstone, he had been reported dead before his time, drowned in the Bosporus, and Taylor, the Water Poet of London, had sung a comic requiem on him. But we must now speak of Surat, for the Surat of 270 years ago, which Tom Coryat entered, was a very different place from the Surat of to-day, and had none of those costly monuments, English and Dutch, which now rear their lofty summits to the sky.*

Still it was the Emporium of Western India. Very different also was the Greater Britain of that time, in India, with a few dozen of individuals to carry on the business of the East India Company. But human nature is the same in all ages; the Surat factors were hospitable. The plague was all around, but plague or no plague, the stranger was made welcome, and laying aside his beads and turban, he sat down.†

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* "I went to visit those ancient tombs to the Englishmen who are buried here, and they certainly offer a most splendid record of services done to their country, but to me there were several tombs of special interest, and when I went to see the monument erected to Van Reed, I could not help thinking that there was buried a man whose family are closely allied with my own family, because the widow of the last Lord Athole, whose family name is Van Reed, was one of my dearest friends. It also recalls to me the time when my ancestors left England, and the ancestors of the Van Reed family came to England and Ireland. When that exchange took place between Dutchmen and Englishmen, one migrated to England and the other migrated to Holland, and I represent the re-migration into England which has led to my very fortunate association with the presidency of Bombay. In that monument to Baron Van Reed I saw the very identical commemorative tablets—the wooden tablets—which of the same epoch I find in my own parish church in Holland to my own ancestors. I need not tell you therefore that that was a scene which will remain engraved very permanently on my memory."—Lord Reay at Surat, Dec. 20, 1886.

† They were all, no doubt, dressed in native costume.

It may have been Christmas, at all events it was the cold season, and the arrival of a stranger among them—the most travelled man of the age—made this a red-letter day in their calendar by supplying them with the very element they wanted in their exile, and they gave themselves up to festivity and enjoyment. The wine cup went round—his tongue loosed, for he was a great talker,* and he told them the story of his adventurous journey and hairbreadth escapes, of his numerous imbroglios in Europe as well as in Asia. With breathless attention they listened to the narrative, from Skanderun through the Beilan Pass to Aleppo—to the Euphrates—to Mosul and the Tigris, Baghdad, and the great plain of Babylon—all on foot, for he scorned the horse and its rider. Then came Isfahan, Shiraz, and Qandahar, Multan, Lahor, Agra, and Ajmer, so many great milestones on his line of march. He had seen everything; Ephesus, Troy, Jerusalem, and Damascus—the dancing dervishes of Constantinople, and the howling dervishes of Grand Cairo, had said his prayers on the Mount of Olives, bathed in the Dead Sea, and quenched his thirst at the well of Samaria. The few days he spent at Surat were full of interest—nights also, *noctes ambrosianæ* if you will, and Terry indicates as much.† That they drank deep I have no manner of doubt; this was the rule in those times; on such an occasion there could be no hesitation; as the night "drave on," we may be sure the drop-drop of the water clock would have no effect in damping their ardour, nor the owl as he hooted from the neighbouring Khudawand Khan, nor the yell of the jackals as they careered helter-skelter across the maidan, nor at fitful intervals amid the noise of revel, the cry of the *Ramusi* as he announced the morning watches on his lonely round. It was not every day that the exiles could hear of Ben Jonson, of Inigo Jones, and of London; so what with talk of these matters, and how the Emperor Jahangir threw a hundred

* Terry says he silenced the greatest talker in Dehli, a woman who could "brawle and scould" from sunrise to sunset, and this he did before eight o'clock in the morning in her own language.

† "He was killed with kindness by the English merchants which laid his rambling brains at rest."—Dr. Fryer.

rupees from his balcony among the crowd, ended the first sitting.

> "Kings may be great, but Tam was glorious,
> O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

We shall see. A second came, and peradventure a third day with its "killing frost," but I know not, except that one of the company, out of mere kindness no doubt, asked Tom if he would like Sack, some mulled potation of Malvoisie, or Xeres, unknown to these degenerate days of ours, hot from the cook-room, compounded by themselves, biting and potential you may be sure, as it was December, and a searching wind blew cold upon their open pores from the Rajpipla Hills. But here again I recur to the historian's own words: "he calling for it as soon as he heard of it, crying, '*Sack, Sack;* is there any such thing as *Sack?* I pray you give me some *Sack.*'"

Anyhow, the name must have had a magical effect on Tom, some mingled memory of wit and spiced drink in Breade Streete before he bent his steps hitherwards. I gather from other sources that several ships had come in that year to Swally Roads with condiments of sorts. However come by, the sack was forthcoming, and the sack was drunk. On one occasion before Tom Coryat set out from Ajmer, and again on his six weeks' walk hither, he had a presentiment that he would die on this journey, for he was very ill with dysentery. And now the disease returned with mortal unabated strength, and, we need scarcely say, the proceedings were abruptly adjourned—*sine die.*

I doubt not that smoking charcoal was piled under his bed, and asses' dung in a *chatty* suspended over-night in the verandah. But no incantation of occult science nor the *hakim* himself could do him any good, and the end came. Even if Jahangir, the Lord of the World, had come from Ahmadabad, he would have found another Lord who reigned supreme in Surat. I have said that the plague was busy at work, and the black camel kneeling at many a man's door, so when he was waiting for Tom Coryat, the morning dawned, the mist rose, and the curling smoke of burning bodies could be seen rising from the shoals which exist in the bed of the Tapti, at this season of the year, and groups of men swarming like bees

about the piles as they shot forth their angry tongues of flame into the clear sky. This was the scene outside. Inside on a charpoy lay the lifeless body of the pilgrim. His right arm, bare from the shoulder, had been flung as if in mockery in a last paroxysm at full length on the *kamli*—now at rest, for its work was done—it was that arm which had dealt heavy blows on many a marauder from the gardens of Ajmer to the dreary shores of Askelon. A native servant in passing, by a mere accident, had observed strange writing on the wrist, or rather higher up, it was on the fleshy part of the arm, and he informed his masters as to what he had seen. The Sahebs came in, looked at it and went away. It was a fitched cross, pricked into the skin in dirty blue, the Crusaders' badge, and around it, in big Roman letters, the words,

VIA, VITA, VERITAS,

and had been done in the Holy City.* Terry says that he "overtook death," words which seem to indicate that he had a hard race, and came up with the last enemy, not unexpectedly, at this turn of the road. He left no money or property except a pair of old shoes hung up in Odcombe Church.† As it was the time of the plague, his papers and clothes were most likely burned, and the only thing now (1885) existing which we can positively say he handled is the copy of his works which he presented to Prince Henry, and which visitors can still see in the Grenville Library of the British Museum.

It is something to remember here that Coryat must have seen Queen Elizabeth, and had held converse with some of the greatest men of her reign,‡ and that it was the accents of that period—the accents of Shakespeare's time—which were heard in that dim room in Surat, where the companion of the son of the King of England came in the guise of a mendicant to lay himself down and die.

* The Prince of Wales had something of the same kind tattooed on his arm on his visit to Jerusalem in 1869. "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you: I am the Lord." (Leviticus xix. 28.)

† "Which induced a friend of his to remark that if he'd not been *coriatus* he would have been *excoriatus*."—*National Review*, March 1888.

‡ Selden, Cotton, Chapman, Whittaker, Casaubon and others mentioned in this sketch. He calls Sir Thomas Roe his "old acquaintance."

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Thomas Coryat, the son of a country curate in Somersetshire at Odcombe, was born in 1577. His father, a classical scholar, and an accomplished writer of verses, died in 1606. Tom was educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Oxford University. When still young, he was appointed by James I. to the royal household as a kind of companion to his son, Prince Henry, who died at the age of eighteen. On the death of his father, he felt "an itching desire" to see foreign countries, and made a walking tour through Germany and Italy, covering about 2000

ODCOMBE: CORYAT'S BIRTHPLACE.

miles, and with one pair of shoes, which were afterwards hung up in Odcombe Church and remained there for ninety-four years, a votive offering to the Providence which had preserved him by sea and land.

The results of this journey were published in a book called *Coryat's Crudities.*

In 1612 he set out on a much more extended tour in Europe and Asia, and he died in Surat while still prosecuting those travels which he intended continuing to China and the far East.

PERSONAL.

The two pictures of Coryat, which have come down to us in his *Book of Crudities*, are referred to by himself, and thus bear the stamp of authenticity. They represent a handsome man in the prime of life—he was only forty years old at the time of his death. Tom Coryat *pour exposition*, as he appears in these sketches, was a very different picture from Tom Coryat the pilgrim in Europe. In the one we have torn hose, and a big battered wide-awake, high and of formidable circumference. But he is in another pair of shoes than those which hung in Odcombe Church, when he arrives at the "Mere Mayde" Club, redolent of musk and eglantine, where Ben Jonson sits supreme, unless indeed a greater than he were of the company. The strong thick-set beard, now starched to the nines, comes out in bold relief; the frilled ruff round the neck, starched also; a face open and guileless; an eagle-like nose, and a bushy head of hair. Behold our traveller throwing off his short cloak with the gravity of a man who has seen the world, and a "look at me" aspect, a butt of big wits whose society he delights to cultivate, and small wits too, whose travels have never extended beyond Paule's Walke or the sound of Bow Bells. In his own words, "the Odcombian Gallobelgic leg-stretcher," * the immortal furcifer and umbrella-monger, or as quoth Ben Jonson, "an engine, wholly consisting of extremes—a head, fingers and toes; for what his industrious toes have trod, his ready fingers have written, his subtile head dictating."

Tom knows not now that he shall drink sack and die in Surat. But as he said himself, quoting St. Bernard, "the Lord is debonair."

HIS FAME

rests as that of a buffoon, or a man who makes himself ridiculous, but we are bound to say that there is not much in his

* He boldly ascended a minaret (and this nearly cost him his life, for he escaped on the plea of being *dewani*) and shouted, as if he had been a muezzin, *La Alla illa Alla, Hasaret Isa ben Alla*—"God is the God, the Lord Jesus is son of God."

travels which justifies this view of his character. Herodotus himself was no doubt ridiculous in many of his statements, but has outlived the ridicule. The first great requisite in a traveller's narrative is truth.

The Rev. Mr. Terry, who was Coryat's "chambermate and tent fellow" at Ajmer, tells us "he was a faithful narrator of what he saw." But his truthfulness does not rest on this evidence. In regard to his travels in the Grisons, and the Sub-Alpine kingdom, Douglas Freshfield, a well known member of the Alpine Club, informs us in his book on the Italian Alps, that he can verify almost every word Coryat wrote on that region, and that, moreover, he was the first man who made this part of Europe known to Englishmen; and of other places, *i.e.*, Syria, Turkey, Egypt, and the scraps which have been preserved of his Indian travels, every man who has been in these countries will vouch for the accuracy of his narration.

When Tom met Sir Robert Shirley, the Persian Ambassador, on his way between Isfahan and Lahor, the latter held up to his view the two volumes of his travels, bound in velvet. Books are awkward things on camel-back, and unless Shirley had believed there was something in them worth reading, he would not have troubled himself with carrying them across the Babylonian deserts.

THE DESIRE OF TRAVELLING

is a powerful and a praiseworthy passion when it is gratified for useful ends. But like every other passion, it may be abused in the exercise. It was even so with Coryat. Like Ulysses he determined to travel for ten years, and had completed five of them. Some of his aims seem legitimate enough, but when he told Jahangir that his great ambition was to go to Samarkand and see the tomb of Tamerlane, it seems to us a preposterous ambition, for what was Tamerlane to him or he to Tamerlane?

The truth is, his thirst for travel was an insatiable thirst and grew by what it fed on; his eye was never satisfied with seeing. The tomb of Tamerlane! The great wall of China would not have stopped him, for he would have peered over it for Prester John or the Khan of Tartary. He seems to have enjoyed fair

health, and the roughing agreed with him, until on his long walk between Lahor and Agra, though shaded by an avenue of trees, the burning sun took it out of him. Money is the limit of most men's explorations, but the want of money had no terror for him as it hath for most men. Paradoxical as it appears, this was his talisman. When he lay down at night he was secure in this that no man could rob him, and the cut-throats of the Euphrates turned aside from an old shirt and a fustian bag full of bones.

His defenceless state was his defence, for had he had a thousand sequins rolled up in his *kamar-band* he would never have emerged alive out of the deserts of Mesopotamia. I doubt not that he had a hard time of it, this English Faqir, and that misfortune made him strange bedfellows among Bedauins and Bashibazuks, but the bed was of his own making, and we are bound to add he never grumbles or repines, but takes everything as it comes, as a matter of course.

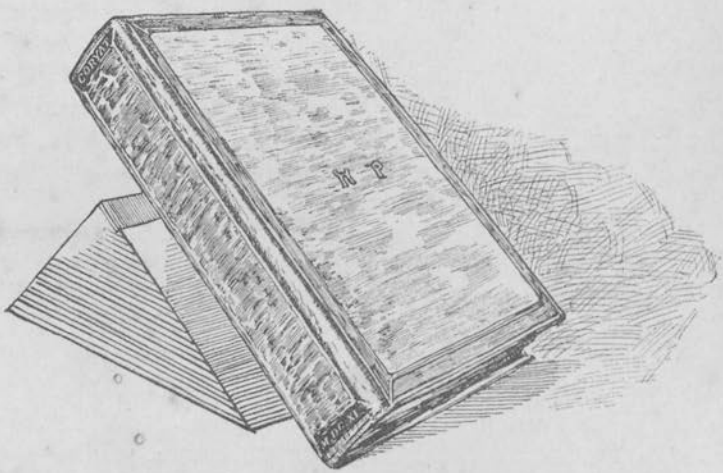
He sometimes eked out his subsistence, as in Germany and Greece, by grape-gathering and treading the wine vat, but his whole career in the East is a standing memorial of the hospitality which has prevailed there since Abraham wandered a stranger from Ur of the Chaldees.

His tour in Europe, 1608, was a legitimate aspiration, but his tour in Asia we must set down under another category, as we are inclined to think that, however voluntary it was in the beginning, it became in the end compulsory, and we take this view in spite of Terry's assertion to the contrary, which our readers will see in the four lines which end this article.

The date of his setting out is significant—1612. That was the year Prince Henry, son of James I., died, and he was Coryat's patron. It seems that Richard Steel, one of the Surat factors, on his way home through the Euphrates valley, had met Tom going outwards. Steel on his arrival in England was presented to the King, on which occasion, on his happening to mention the accidental meeting, the British Solomon ejaculated, "Is that fool living yet?" A just reward this, for the mean servility and adulation with which he had bespattered the King in his dedication: "Most invincible monarch of this renowned Albion and the refulgent carbuncle of Christendom." Anyhow

this affords a possible clue for Tom's protracted peregrinations, and we are not surprised that he declared them permanent, and continued spinning out the skein of his existence in this way until it was suddenly snapped in Surat A.D. 1617. Did Tom fear James I.?

In that same year of 1612, when Tom unconsciously cast from his feet the dust of England for the last time, there was a man there who was to lie in the Tower for ten years, with slight respite, until he exchanged the prison for the block.



THE COPY OF CORYAT'S 'CRUDITIES' PRESENTED TO PRINCE HENRY, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

This was Sir Walter Raleigh, who with others had founded the "Mere Mayde Club" in 1603, of which Tom was a member.*

* The address of the letter he sent to the Club from Ajmer runs as follows:—

TO
THE HIGH SENESCHALL
OF
THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL FRATERNITIE OF SERENIACAL
GENTLEMEN,

who meete the first Fridaie of every moneth at the signe of the Mere Maide in Breade Streete in London give these from the Court of the Great Mogul at the Towne of Asmere in Eastern India.

Better the deserts of Asia than a fate like this. Better the "little grave, like as we see in English churchyards," looking out on the Swally Roads or the Arabian Sea. So I daresay thought Tom Coryat.

HIS DEFECTS.

"Of all the Toms that ever yet were named was ever Tom like to Tom Coryat famed." Unfortunately Coryat wore his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, and the daws were nothing loth when opportunity offered. Some of the passages in his book were construed to mean that he was more virtuous, or thought himself more virtuous than the wits of the age gave him credit for, something above their own average or experience we will believe. This in all times has been a formidable engine of ridicule, by no means limited to the "unco' guid and rigidly righteous" of Burns, for men without a shadow of hypocrisy like Coryat have been shaken from their propriety and righteous resolutions by it, and it requires a strong mind to stand fire under such heavy artillery. Now Coryat had not a strong mind, for though he was strong enough minded to do the right, he did not always do it in the right way, lacked discretion in the doing of it, or bragged or blabbed about it, for he was a most inveterate talker.

Ben Jonson has left on record a fine piece of word painting on Tom's talking and travelling propensities:—

"He is always tongue major of the company, and if ever perpetual motion be to be hoped, it is from thence. He is frequent at all sorts of free tables, where though he might sit as a guest, he would rather be served in as a dish, and is loth to have anything of himself kept cold against next day. A great carpenter of words. The mere superscription of a letter from Zürich set him up like a top. Basel or Heidelberg made him spin." And Richard Martin, in introducing him to Sir Henry Wotton, our Ambassador at Venice, writes:—"Two things I have entreated him to carry with him—discretion and money, two commodities which are not easily taken in exchange on the Rialto." Unfortunately Tom had not much of either. This, however, may be said of him, that he did not need much money, and though with so little discretion apparently, he managed to keep

a whole skin in countries where many a man has lost his life, and after five years of travelling he died in his bed in Surat, unshaken in his beliefs, as far as we can learn, by any of the taunts and missiles that were hurled against him. He might have outlived the ridicule of his age had it been confined to the clubs and the tobacco smoke, which Raleigh brought with him from Virginia, but unfortunately it found currency in a book of sixty epigrams by all sorts and conditions of men from Ben Jonson downwards, and this was the thing that damned him, not only in his own age but in after times. There is this, however, to be said about the epigrams, and he tells it himself, that their publication was forced upon him by Prince Henry; whether they were solicited from these eminent men by Coryat cannot now be determined, but if he did solicit them, it is no more than authors of repute, as it is said, do nowadays, when they ask a friend to do good offices for them with the *Thunderer* or *Saturday Reviler*, and sometimes catch, like Coryat, a Tartar in return.

Had he lived to return to Europe, all this rubbish might have been cleared away, for there is a marked improvement in his writing and general conduct (still, however, dashed with eccentricity), and the year or two that he was in India must have taken the nonsense and superfluous jargon out of his head. But, as we have seen, he died at Surat, and the journals, which contained the account of his travels in Asia, have also been lost, so that, bereft of the thing they would most likely have brought to him, he has never had a chance of his character and conduct being put right with the reading public. Tom lived amid a galaxy of great men and—like a meteor shot athwart the sky—disappears.

DID HE KNOW SHAKESPEARE?

In a perusal of the rambling works of Coryat this strange question comes up and haunts us like an apparition. That Tom met Shakespeare we have not the slightest doubt. He was born in 1577, and Shakespeare in 1564; Tom was at Oxford University for three years, and if from 1603 to 1606 Shakespeare must then have been "blazing away" in London, and his various visits to Stratford led him on each occasion into Oxford. Is

it likely that a young man of his proclivities, who soon was to know everybody, did not know of Shakespeare or seek to see him? But this is not all. Tom knew Ben Jonson, and Drayton knew Tom. Our readers will recollect that so great was Shakespeare's intimacy with these two men, that a tradition asserts that he died from the effects of a drinking bout he had with these worthies. Moreover, Tom's travels were in the main undertaken to gratify not only his own thirst, but that of the members of the Mere Mayde Club; he expressly calls himself "traveller for the English wits greeting." Did Tom know Shakespeare? The facts of Shakespeare's life are too meagre to expect anything on this subject, from the details that have come down to us, and we despair of any certainty one way or the other. Shakespeare does not mention Coryat, nor does Coryat mention Shakespeare, nor have we found a single passage in the one that can be traced to the other. There is an instance, indeed, where one can only fancy that Tom goes out of his way *not* to mention Shakespeare.

He says that the seven Greeks of their Pleiades have their counterpart in English literature, and names Chaucer, Spenser, Sydney and—Daniel, and indicates that the three others may be found among the authors of the eulogistic epigrams on himself which are no doubt Ben Jonson, Drayton, and Donne. So the greatest of them all is conspicuous by his absence. The following fact is also curious. German critics tell us that at the time Coryat travelled in Germany, *i.e.*, 1608, some of Shakespeare's plays were translated and being acted in that country. Now though Coryat actually dilates on the construction of German theatres, and mentions that female actors were then on the stage in Germany, he does not allude to his having seen the works of the great master put on any German stage. The obliviousness of the men of his own age to Shakespeare's genius has become a proverb and may explain both incidents;* but there are other points which increase the difficulty as we have seen. Did Tom know Shakespeare, we ask again?

* Witness James Howell's *Letters*, commencing 1618. A poet himself and the friend and correspondent of Ben Jonson, the name of Shakespeare is never mentioned nor alluded to in all his voluminous correspondence.

T. C. was a great coiner of words, and W. S., who was then making the English language and the methods how to use it, as no man has done either before or since, may have looked upon his 'Crudities' as so much verbiage—mere windle-straws, as they no doubt must have been to the great unapproachable. Did he snub him as an insufferable bore, and reduce him to a state of inarticulateness to all things Shakesperean ever afterwards? —lofty and sour to those who loved him not, T. C. being among the number.

"More people know Tom fool than Tom fool knows."

CONCLUSION.

I have not asked the reader to accompany Coryat in his European tour. In many respects the great sights were the same then as they are now. The big tun of Heidelberg, the horses of the Sun at Venice, the view of the great plain of Lombardy from Milan Cathedral, the thousand and one columns at Constantinople, and in Asia from filthy Skanderun to imperial Dehli with its brazen column of Alexander, it was all the same. Agra was without the Taj, and Bombay and Kachh were a joy of wild asses. "At Damascus I saw roses," a fragrant sentence for all who may pitch their tent there, but no rose of Sharon or lily of the valley was half so sweet in perfume as the smoke of his native *gaum*, and he often yearned for Odcombe as he wandered a lonely stranger on the banks of the Indus, and "the broade thrumbe cap" (whatever that may be) of his mother had more attractions for him than the canopy of Nur-Mahal in all her glory. For generations the name of Tom Coryat and Tom Fool have been synonymous. So was it with George Buchanan.* We institute no comparison between them except in this connection. The greatest scholar that Scotland ever produced, he has been "Geordie" for three centuries, and will be so in story and tradition for centuries yet to come. He was the tutor of that James who called Tom Coryat a fool, and who himself has earned for himself the dubious distinction of "the wisest fool in Christendom."

* You may see his portrait on the cover of Blackwood's *Magazine*.

If Tom Coryat were a fool, so was Marco Polo, Bruce, or Mungo Park, or any man who offers up his life to extend the boundaries of geographical research. He was a fool to all men who lived at home in ease, who despised hardihood and endurance, and had neither the strength, courage, nor perseverance to accomplish such designs. He was a fool to the roystering wits of the "Mere Mayde," because he did what they could not do themselves; a fool to all those who think that religion is an easy thing—easy to keep and easy to throw away; a fool to the men who were content to eat with their fingers, until he brought with him forks out of Italy, and showed them the way to use them.

His travels have never been impugned (except some lies fathered on him by Purchas), which is more than can be said of some travellers of our more enlightened age.

He could speak nine languages, and write or read six, and he wrote his own with the genuine ring of the Elizabethan period.*

Tom Coryat was not only the first globe-trotter but the prince of pedestrians, and the only European who ever walked out to India. He did the distance from Skanderun to Ajmer on foot, 2700 miles, and from Ajmer to Surat, 300 miles. This was greater than Captain Grant's big walk across Africa. From his day to this Coryat can throw down the gauntlet to all travellers on foot, and no man shall take it up. He was not a vagabond who begged his bread, for he tells us, though he fared moderately well, his expenses were twopence a day. From choice or necessity he seldom drank anything but water. He was not a coarse-bred man inured to hardship, but a refined gentleman, a scholar,† a companion of the young Prince of

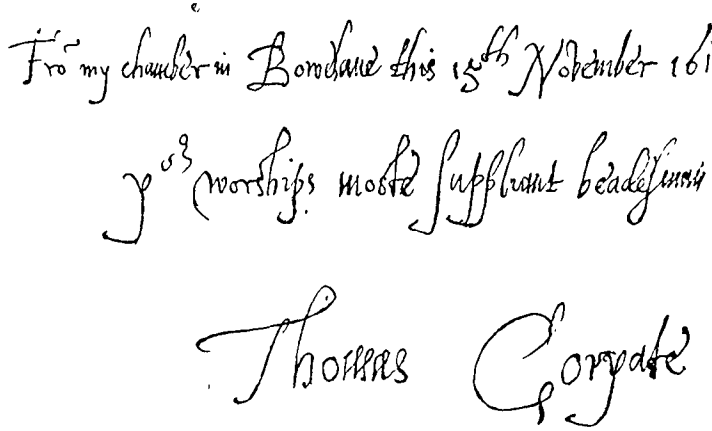
* The Invention of Printing.—"By this art all the liberal sciences are now brought to fulle ripenesse and perfection. Had not this art been invented by the Divine Providence of God, it was to be feared lest the true studies of all disciplines both divine and humane would have suffered a kind of shipwrack, and been half extinct before this age wherein we breathe."

A Great Singer.—"Truly I think that had a Nightingale been in the same roome and contended with him for the superioritie, something perhaps he might excell him, because God hath granted that little birde such a privilege for the sweetnesse of his voice as to none other."

† "He discussed Greek and Latin with Casaubon in Paris, with Gruter at Heidelberg, with Grynaeus at Basle."—*National Review*, March 1888.

England. Almost the first Englishman who died in Western India, his grave is unknown; but no monument in Surat is half so enduring or so well deserved as the fame which has been won by this God-fearing, self-denying, and intrepid traveller:—

"Here lies the wanderer of his age,
Who living did rejoice,
Not out of need but choice,
To make his life a pilgrimage."



INSCRIPTION IN THE COPY OF THE 'CRUDITIES,' IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

CHAPTER XXV.

SIVAJI.

"No plunder no pay."—Sivaji's maxim. sec. 343.

THE statement will surprise many people, that the history of Western India is more abundant in details than that of some parts of the British Isles. Take the case of the Wigtown martyrs. Two women were drowned for nonconformity in the reign of Charles the Second, and though Macaulay devoted a page or two to the narrative in his *History of England*, and though Europe and America were ransacked from one end to the other, not one scrap or letter, printed or written, bearing upon it about the same date as the judicial murder could be discovered, and the souls of righteous men were vexed from day to day at the revilings of Mark Napier, who consigned the event to the region of ecclesiastical myth and legend. It was proved in-

SIVAJI.

dependently of written testimony, but not until an old Session Book was discovered in the Wigtown Manse was scepticism silenced. Now, had any event of a kindred nature taken place in Western India about this period, we would have every particular connected therewith duly chronicled *at the time.* Had Sivaji tied Mr. Stirling, the Scotch clergyman in Bombay of his time, to one of the fishing stakes which then dotted the harbour, and left him to be devoured by the waves and the sharks, we should never have heard the end of it. Every man and woman would have sat down and written long accounts to their friends at home, which would no doubt have been preserved for our edification, and so nothing would have been left to tradition. In the same way, in the sack of Surat in 1664, we make little doubt that an industrious bookworm could make a complete inventory of every pot and pan taken out of it by Sivaji. In the history of Western India, there is nothing more appalling than the amount of *materiel* in English, French Portuguese, Italian, Dutch, Persian, and Arabic, even Chinese is laid under contribution.

These remarks apply in part to Sivaji, the greatest man in Maratha history.* Though many people have vague notions about him, the books, letters, and journals, in several languages, from which the story of his life may be gathered are so full and minute in every particular, that a work like Lord Hailes' *Annals of Scotland,* though it was praised by Dr. Johnson, becomes in comparison dry annal or mere conjecture.

The obvious defects of this sketch are therefore not due to want of materials.

HIS COUNTRY.

It has been said by geologists that the Ghats were the great seawall against which an ancient ocean hurled its remorseless waves, and that Matheran and Mahabaleshwar were islands. Were those black bluff headlands we now call Chauk or Sidney Points once fragrant with samphire and sea pink? Did the waves fret and eddy round the knob of Prabhal or One Tree

* "The great Sivaji."—Macaulay.

Hill,* or mould these cone-like masses we now see rising from the Konkan plain, or

"Boil in endless torture"

in tumbling abysses under the very nose of that sphinx-like projection on Louisa Point? Were the Funnel Hill (Karnala) and Linganagarh fashioned into their present form by the action of the waves; grinding, rounding, and polishing, as if by the hands of some cunning artificer, these mighty outlying bulwarks or skerries of a primæval sea? We cannot answer these questions. Our business is with the Dekhan of history, and of Sivaji.

The highest bit of earth in the Dekhan is Kalasabai, 5409 feet over sea-level.† But the land bristles with hundreds of mountains from 2000 to 5000 feet in height, with steep scarps of volcanic trap crowned with forts and bastions, with almost every one of which is indelibly associated the name of Sivaji. This mountainous region seems to bid defiance to the foot of man and horse. Khafi Khan, who was much about Raigarh—Sivaji's principal residence‡—says:—"The country around may be considered a specimen of hell, for it is hilly and stony, and water is very scarce." Let the strongest pedestrian in this year of grace 1892, as a piece of holiday exercise, travel to and ascend, say twelve out of the five-and-forty hill forts captured by Sivaji. Let him furnish himself before starting with Galton's *Art of Travel*, Crosse and Blackwell's tinned meats, and the best Dekhani *tattu* he can lay hands on, and every appliance and comfort of modern times, and we will be bound to say that his thews and sinews and "poor feet" will come out of the expedition much the worse for wear. As for his boots and shoes he may throw them to the dogs, cast himself on the first

* One Tree Hill was ascended by Lester de Fonblanque on 29th October, 1883, the first ascent made by any European that I know of. I saw him do this feat, and climbing the tree, when he tied his white pocket handkerchief to a branch, where it remained long afterwards fluttering in the breeze. It is a very dangerous ascent, and ought to be avoided. Professor M. Macmillan ascended One Tree Hill in the end of May 1890.

† On your right as you go to Nasik.

‡ About ten miles from Dasgaon.

charpai he can get, and hum himself asleep to a long season of repose with the tune of

"I'll gang nae mair to yon town." *

He will, however, have learned a lesson of the marvellous toughness and endurance of the Maratha, and, more than this, be filled with admiration at what were once heroic virtues —walking, running, and climbing. "The best runner," said Sivaji, "makes the best soldier."

HIS BIRTH.

Some of the kings of the East have had a very humble origin. The first Nawab of Oudh was a petty merchant, the first Peshwah a village accountant, Haidar Ali's father was a belted peon and commenced life as a groom, the ancestors of Holkar were goat-herds; those of Sindia slaves, and the first of this family who became powerful was slipper-bearer to the Peshwah. Nadir Shah was the son of a maker of sheepskin caps in Khorasan; and nearer our own time Muhammad Ali of Egypt was the son of a tobacconist at Cavallo in Macedonia.

Sivaji's origin was a contrast to all these. He did not rise from the ranks, but came from an ancient line of Rajas, † the Bhonsles, men in the position of the great barons of England when they were powerful enough to defy alike sovereign and people. Both by father and mother's side his ancestors had won distinction in the field as vassals of the Kings of Ahmadnagar and Bijapur. His mother was a Rajput, and her name of *Jadav* was older than the Muhammadan invasion of the Dekhan in the thirteenth century, when Devagiri was the name of Daulatabad, and ere ditch and scarp had made that renowned

* *Free translation:* I will never go again to those places.

† "The Ranas of Mewar from whom Sivaji was descended."—Tod's *Rajasthan*, 1829. Gingee (Jinji), in the Madras Presidency, "was formerly the residence of a race of Maratha Kings, whose dominions extended from hence to the borders of the Kingdom of Tanjor; these princes were the ancestors of the famous Sivaji, who became king over all the Maratha nations, and it has long been a general though erroneous notion that Sivaji himself was born at Gingee."—Orme's *History*, book ii., vol. i., p. 151.

fortress unscaleable except to the ant or the lizard. His great-grandfather was patel of Verul or Elura, which thus became

"The mother of a race of kings,"

an addition to its other wonderful attractions. Both his father and grandfather were two of the most powerful men in the Maratha dominions, the first in command of 5000 horse. Sivaji was born in the Fort of Junnar or Siwner * in 1627. Some one says, "he was born in a fort and died in a fort."

HIS PERSON AND CHARACTER.

Here is a good etching of him taken by a European.† *Scene*, Surat, *aetat.* 37. Neither Grant Duff nor Elphinstone seem to have been aware of it.

"His person is described by them whoe have seen him to bee of meane stature, lower somewhat than I am erect, and of an excellent proportion. Actual in exercise, and whenever hee speaks seemes to smile, a quicke and peercing eye, and whiter than any of his people. He is distrustful, seacret, subtile, cruell, perfidious, insulting over whomsoever he getts into his power. Absolute in his commands, and in his punishments more than severe, death or dismemberment being the punishment of every offence if necessity require, venterous and desperate in execution of his resolves."

This is by a contemporary on the spot, and there is nothing left to us but a feeble attempt to fill in the blank spaces between the lines. And first of all, he was superstitious to a degree, and we may be sure that the cry of a hare, the howl of a wolf, or the scream of a *saras* distracted him, and schemes of the greatest moment were suspended, if the augurs were against him.

When the English Ambassador in 1674 went down to Raygarh to "assist" at his coronation, he found Sivaji had gone on a pilgrimage to Pratapgarh to a pagoda of the goddess Bhavani, and Oxinden and his companions were detained *a month* in the

* About forty miles from Poona.

† Escaliot to Sir Thomas Browne, author of *Religio Medici*, 1664.

Fort, until his idle ceremonies at Raigarh were accomplished. He was mightily imbued with his religious rites and ceremonies, and would do anything to carry them through. Witness his landing at Malabar Point at midnight, and at the hazard of his life, to pass through the Stone of Regeneration. He was most attached to his mother, and exercised filial obedience until death divided them, and he was kind to his dependants and relations.* It is said that his manners were remarkably pleasing and his address winning. This refers to men, but it is not so well known that he had a wonderfully fascinating power over women. We do not prove this by the fact that he had three wives and married a fourth two days after his coronation in the 47th year of his age.

But a story which Mackintosh heard at Haidarabad seventy years ago has come down to us. It appears that when a prisoner at Dehli, he exercised this *glamour gift* so effectually, that one of the Princesses of the House of Timur, a daughter of Aurangzeb, was devoured by love for him.† No doubt a glance from behind the *pardah* did it all. However, it lasted her for life. Sivaji was told by "the cruel parient," and *she* also, no doubt, that the marriage could not come off unless he became a Muslim. This could not be, and it is an affecting instance of the power and endurance of youthful affection that *Moti Bawriyah*—such was her pet name—never married; and, twenty-seven years after Sivaji was dead and burned, tended his grandson,

* It is recorded that on one occasion when he went out to meet his father, who was on horseback, Sivaji got out of his palanquin and walked ten miles by his side.

† "The daughter of Aurangzeb was struck with the handsomeness of Sivaji's person, admired his pride and haughty deportment, and interceded for him at the feet of her father."—Dow's *History of Hindostan*, 1768; *infra*, p. 349.

"Buried at Begampur, 25 miles south-west of Sholapur on the left bank of the Bhima. She died while her father Aurangzeb was encamped at Brahmapuri on the opposite bank, 1695 to 1700. Her tomb is a plain solid structure in a courtyard, 180 feet square."—*Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. xx.

"Zebu-n Nisá Begam was the eldest of the daughters. She was born February 1639; owing to the king's teaching, she became thoroughly proficient in knowledge of the *Qoran*, and received as a reward the sum of 30,000 *ashrafis*. Her learning extended to Arabic, Persian, to the various modes of writing, and to prose and poetry. Many learned men, poets and writers, were employed by her, and numerous compilations and works are dedicated to her. Her death occurred in the year 1113 (1701 A.D.)."—*Maasir-i-Alamgiri*, Elliot's *Historians of India*, vol. vii., p. 196.

and carefully watched his upbringing.*) Some of Aurangzeb's daughters were most accomplished, full of music, poetry, and all that sort of thing, which Sivaji loved so well that he would go a long way out of his beat to attend a *katha* or meeting of bards and singers. A tomb of white marble was erected to her memory—and she well deserved it—which may still be seen near Bijapur, an oasis in the desert.

HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

He was a good horseman, swordsman, and marksman. He had sprung from a race of mighty hunters and athletes. His father died an old man from a heavy fall he had from his horse in the hunting-field. His spare wiry form and small stature admirably adapted him for climbing, and his training from boyhood put him on a par with the best climbers in the Dekhan. Every corrie, gulch, and Jacob's ladder, was better known to him than the *tulsi* plant at his own door. He not only loved climbing for its own sake, but admired and rewarded it in others. When he had finished the fortifications of Raygarh, he one day called an assembly of the people and held out a bag of gold and a bracelet worth Rs. 500 as a reward to any man who accomplished the ascent in any way except through the gate he had constructed, and without rope or ladder. A *Mahar* ascended, planted the flag, then quickly descended and made his obeisance to Sivaji. The man received the rewards in presence of the assembly and was set at liberty. We need not add that the way by which he ascended was closed.

His power of endurance is a perfect mystery. Take his flight from Dehli.† All the way to Allahabad was his son with him, a lad nine years of age, at first mounted "ride and tie" on the same Dekhani *tattu*, then on foot disguised as a jogi, his face rubbed with ashes, swimming rivers with his *kapra* on his head to keep it dry, outrunning the swiftest trained couriers of the Great Mughal, and this during the monsoon, through a thickly

* Sáhu was six years old in 1689, when his father Sambhaji was executed at Tulapur.

† Escaped in a hamper.

wooded country from Allahabad to Benares, from Benares to Gaya, from Gaya to Katak, from Katak to Haidarabad.

Or his night raid into Poona in 1663. He left Singarh *after dark*, entered the gate as part of a marriage procession, attacked the Muhammadan Viceroy's palace, slashed off two of his fingers as he descended from a window, killed his son and most of his attendants. It seemed the work of a moment; and *that same night* he ascended Singarh amid a blaze of torches visible from every part of the Mughal camp.*

Sivaji was weighed against gold and turned the scales at 112 lbs. This was good riding weight; though a small man he had infinite pluck. A weasel has been known to fly at the throat of a man on horseback, and Sivaji had a fierce will and intensity of purpose, and was full of resolve.

"Come on, Resolve, and lead the van,
Thou stalk of carlehemp in man."

The most distinguished Maratha, awkward and sturdy at the best, was ungainly side by side with Sivaji.

He never could sign his own name. He had, however, a Persian-writer and a keeper of his seal which was put to all documents. This, however, need not be held as a crime against him. Our readers will recollect the words put into the mouth of Archibald Bell-the-Cat in Scott's *Marmion*. He is speaking of Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, the translator of Virgil,

"Thanks to Saint Botham, son of mine,
Save Gawain ne'er could pen a line."

Though his face was white his *shendi* was as black as the raven's wing.

"Spare and swarthy,
Cruel and crafty."

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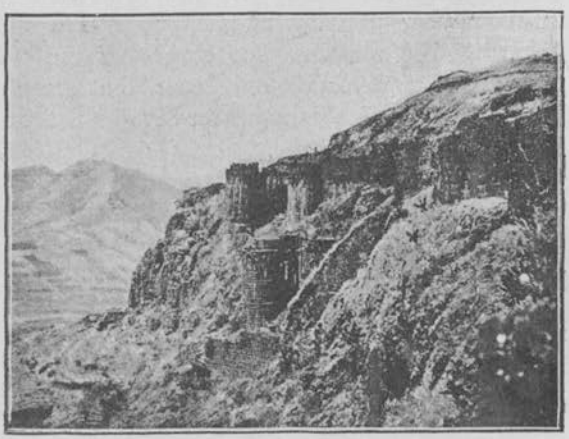
* "Let the reader take a note of heights and distances, and "the roads before they were made" on his first *picnic* to Khadakwasla. It was on this road that Colonel Mignon, of the 1st Fusiliers, on June 4, 1852, lost his life crossing a torrent during the monsoon."—*Trans. Med. and Phys. Soc.* No. 2, 1852-4

HIS MOTTO.

"Happy for him if he had lived to see
His country beggar'd of the last rupee."—Sir Philip Francis.

I have searched for Sivaji's motto in vain. His war-cry and that of his Mawalis was *Har Har Mahadeo*. I have come to the conclusion that his motto was the one engraven on the heart tablet of all cattle lifters and man lifters, and which the great Scotch Reiver Cranston of Cranston had the honesty to carve on the architrave of his castle gate—

"Whoever wants, I'll no want."



SINGARH.

TRAITS, BAD AND GOOD.

He had a weakness for cutting off hands. Meadows Taylor makes one of his characters shudder in the shadow of a dark passage, as his eye suddenly caught sight of a human hand swimming in a basin of blood.

When James Forbes was at Dabhoi, a hundred years afterwards, his party were much tormented by a reiver in the jungle. At breakfast one morning his Bhils entered with a tray on

which was something covered with a cloth. Present of a peacock or a haunch of venison? The Bhils with a grin of delight lifted the coverlet, when lo and behold the head of the wild man of the woods. I fancy Sivaji's morning meal was (not) disturbed occasionally by a similar incident.*

"I have found thee, O mine enemy!" after which digestion would go on with accelerated pace, like a dram in the morning to a confirmed toper.

He had a news intelligencer whose duty it was no doubt to poise himself in naked majesty for hours on some outlying bastion or "coign of vantage," look at the sun without winking, mew his mighty youth and preen himself,† scanning with falcon eye the great plains from Wasota to Purandhar, or worm secrets from some spy or straggler, and report the same to Sivaji *or* his mother who lay huddled up like a bundle of clothes, chewing betelnut in some corner of the "Palace." This man was Sivaji's "Press Commissioner," but wrote nothing, his business being "word o' mouth," for Sivaji disliked writing and writing men, like Lord Lake,

> "Damn your writing,
> Mind your fighting."

In size, in physique, in soldier-like qualities, and in powers of endurance, the nearest likeness to him in our day, making allowance for the difference of the times, was Sir Charles Napier, and for a certain impetuosity and ubiquity, Sivaji comes nearer to "the bearded vision of Sind" than any other man we know of. In this last quality Sivaji was a perfect *Shaitan ka bhai*. This from Napier's diary will do well enough for Sivaji:—

"In 1845 I rode a camel seventy-two miles without a halt one night, which is said to equal in fatigue one hundred and

* "Not so bad as what happened in Scotland in 1589, when Drummond of Drummonderocht was murdered in the hunting-field by the MacGregors, and his head placed on the table of his sister, the wife of Stewart of Ardvoirlich, who had offered hospitality to the murderers."—*Scotland as it was and is* by the Duke of Argyle, 1887.

† We all know what that means in India:—"Own brother of the devil," his cognomen among the natives.

forty. I was once on horseback without being knocked up twenty-two hours." Napier, on the scene of Afzul Khan's murder on his way to Mahabaleshwar, is a piece of quiet writing and curious in its way:—

"The scene of Sivaji's honest conduct!! He and his *waynak:* it is their way; Sivaji, the founder of the Maratha power, met Afzul Khan, the Bijapur general, at an arranged conference, pretending to embrace him, and having previously armed his own hands with steel claws—the *waynak*—tore him open."

That he had some good qualities is undeniable. His discipline, his practice of the toleration of religion, his respect and treatment of women, are vouched for by his most inveterate enemies, and are beyond all praise. A Muslim writer of his day says—("His orders were to do no harm to the mosques, the Book of God, or the women of any one.")

At a well which he built near Raygarh, there was a seat. "Here Sivaji would sit down, and when the women of the traders and poor people came to draw water he would give the children fruit, and talk to the women as to his mother and sisters."

All honour to him for a course of conduct which was entirely reversed by that "unlicked cub," his son and heir, Sambhaji.

When the army was on the move Sivaji would not allow a woman in it, and it is said when thus occupied that he would rather hear the neighing of his enemies' horses than the sound of a woman's voice.

HIS TWO GREAT CRIMES.

As the gates of Maratha history are thrown wide open to us, we see depicted thereon, like the bas-reliefs of Ghiberti, two great crimes. They are crimes of such conspicuous magnitude that in modern times they have only been equalled by Muhammad Ali's massacre of the Mamluks and Napoleon's murder of his prisoners at Jaffa. They are the same in kind, but different in degree. The end was the same. They were the first great strokes of Sivaji's policy, and the blood then shed cemented the foundation of the Maratha Empire.

The Pratapgarh tragedy is so well known that we merely

name it. The murder of the Raja of Jauli is less known. He was owner of all the hilly country south of Poona from the Ghats inclusive to the sources of the Krishna, and had remained strictly neutral during Sivaji's progress to power.

Sivaji sent a Brahman to open negotiations for his own marriage to the daughter of the Raja of Jauli. *With his knowledge and approval,* the Brahman assassinated the Raja, which Sivaji followed up by taking possession of his country, towns, villages, and forts.

HIS MASTER PASSION

was the love of money. All other passions were subordinate to this. The power of the sword is great—the power of money, "the sinews of war," is greater. It booted little that Sivaji was a good swordsman, marksman, a fit soldier in his shirt of mail *cap-à-pie,* if he had no money. He early in life recognised this truth, plundering peaceful *kafilas,* and carrying the proceeds to Torna. The cunning fellow, when he took possession of this fort, dug up the treasure as if by accident—a miracle of the goddess Bhavani.

In every step of his onward progress, his necessities became the greater until he had a mint of his own at Raygarh.

"His desire of money is soe great that he spares noe barbours cruelty to extort confessions from his prisoners, at least cutts off one hand, sometimes both. . . . There were then about four heads and twenty-four hands cutt off." * If for nothing else than bribery, he required money. It was bribery that first opened the gates of Torna and Singarh—more potent than the sword of Bhavani;† for, when all else failed, it struck down the supple courtiers of Dehli and Bijapur.

He bribed the Viceroy of the Dekhan. Without bribery he never could have escaped from Dehli, and without bribery he never had been able to assassinate Jauli or Afzul Khan. But to carry on the business of a great State, to equip, say 30,000 horse and 40,000 infantry, as in the expedition to the Karnatic

* Escaliot to Brown.

† The Genoa blade presented to the Prince of Wales in 1875, during his visit to India by the Raja of Kolapur.

in 1676, required large funds, and the national robbery—we can call it nothing else—which he perpetrated on a great scale, supplied him with the means of doing so. Hence the annals of Sivaji are just a long series of burglaries and piracies. There was first the royal convoy at Kalyan, then followed the sack of Junnar, and the plunder of ships to the Red Sea and Mecca, the booty from Rajapur and Dabul; Surat, which he sarcastically called his "*Treasury*," was twice sacked by him and yielded enormous "loot." *

Barkalur, 130 miles below Goa, and other rich mercantile towns on the coast, incredible plunder from Hubli and Jalna, and forced contributions from Karwar to Golkonda. Revenue with him meant war, and war meant plunder. † "No plunder, no pay," was his maxim. "I rob you to reward my soldiers," was the salve he laid to his breast. So early as 1665 at the Treaty of Purandhar, so anxious was he for a settlement with the Mughal, that he engaged to pay forty *lakhs* of pagodas or two *karors* (twenty millions) of rupees, and we do not wonder at it. Sivaji was good for five times the amount.

He was often gorged with plunder. Of goods, for example, he had often more than he knew what to do with, and as much perplexed as a merchant whose warehouses are overstocked. He wanted *money*, not goods. An Agra merchant came to him when he was at Surat, thinking to propitiate him with 40 oxen loads of cotton goods. Sivaji said, "Where is your money?" The man replied, "I have had no time to sell my goods." The man's right hand was immediately cut off, and his goods

* Sir Streynsham Master, born 1640, died 1724, governor of Madras 1678–81, was a grandson of Sir James Oxinden and nephew of Sir George. With the latter he took part in defending Surat against the Marathas in 1664; and again in October 1670, when Sivaji a second time pillaged Surat, Gerard Aungier deputed him with a small party of seamen from Swally to occupy the factory at Surat, which he successfully held against the Marathas. It was for this latter service that Sir Streynsham Master received from the Company in 1672 a gold medal (of the value of £20 = 3¼ ozs.) bearing on one side the arms of Master with the motto—*Non minor est virtus quam quærere parta tueri.* And about it was—"*Virtutis comes Invidia.*" On the other side the arms of the Company with the inscription—PRO MERITIS CONTRA SEVAGEUM APUD SURATT 1670.—Yule's *Diary of Wm. Hedges*, ii., 225–6.—B.

† "When the Marathas proceeded beyond their boundaries, to collect revenue and make war were synonymous."—Grant Duff.

burned before his face. Yes, that man ought to have had money.

Every year added to the pile at his great robbers' den of Raygarh. There is one night during the Dewali when the Hindu brings out all his treasure and worships it. Sivaji's god, *pour l'exposition*, must have been overpowering, gold, silver, diamonds and rubies, with cloth of gold and the richest vestments of Asia, "garments rolled in blood," a heap worthy of Tyre or Babylon. (When he died he must have had several millions in specie at Raygarh, rupees, Spanish dollars, gold mohars of Hindustan and Surat, pagodas of the Karnatic, Venetian sequins, and Sycee silver.*)

He loved diamonds and pearls much, for they are easily carried. On his flight from Dehli, a *faujdar* recognised him, and a diamond and ruby worth a lakh of rupees saved his life, the faujdar wisely concluding that they were more valuable to him than the head of Sivaji. (Even then he had gold *mohars* and pagodas in walking-sticks, jewels in old slippers, rubies encased in wax and concealed in the dress, and some jewels in the mouths of his followers.) Sivaji's period was the great diamond time, when Tavernier found 60,000 people working at a single mine thirty miles from Golkonda. It was the gleam of a diamond ring that made his eye sparkle even on the coronation throne.

"The English made their obeisance at a distance, and Narayan Sinoi held up the diamond ring" (value Rs. 125) "that was to be presented to him. *He presently took notice of it, and ordered their coming* nearer even to the foot of the throne." Noble king! Gracious Sovereign! *Har Har Mahadeo!* It was a monsoon morning and the sun was spear high. Did the English Ambassador throw his buckled slippers at the king for luck and elbow his way barefoot amid the unblessed and unbreeched multitude to the foot of the august presence? History informs us not, but we give as much as we can gather from the Ambassador's report.

Behold, then, this piece of dumb show on the barren rock of Rairi.

* "Only copper coins of Sivaji's mint have been found—neither silver nor gold have yet been discovered."—Dr. Codrington, March 29, 1890.

SIVAJI'S CORONATION.

See him on his golden throne like a waxen image at Madame Tussaud's. On one side of him two heads of colossal fish with enormous teeth all of solid gold, and on the other side horses' tails on the ends of lances, Tartar emblems,* no doubt, of dominion by sea and land.

A pair of scales were suspended from the top of a gigantic lance—a mockery—cruelty and injustice having long since turned the beam and sent up to Heaven the cry of an injured people,—a people whose homes were desolate, whose land was untilled and unmanured, for whoever sowed the seed Sivaji reaped the fruit—a people who could scarcely keep body and soul together, who built their houses with doors low enough that a man could not enter on horseback, whose koonbies were objects of commiseration even to Bombay coolies, whose Brahmans and merchants were tortured with pincers until they told where their money lay, and whose land, Dekhan and Konkan, in twenty years was reduced to the condition of a desert.† We come to

HIS DEATH.

In the midst of "these combustions" in 1680 died Sivaji. Returns to Raygarh after a long and bloody raid to Jalna, swelled knee-joint, spitting of blood and all that sort of warning before death. Goes to "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Here we leave him. Not so his Muslim historian, Khafi Khan, who pursues him with relentless fury to the other world. "The date of his death is found

* "The *tugh* or horsetail standard or banner which marked a high rank among the nobility at Herat in 1483."—Erskine's *Life of Baber*, vol. i., p. 265. Erskine in a note adds that they were the tails of the *kitas* or mountain cow.

† "In 1674 an English traveller near Kalyan, with several villages in sight, had great difficulty in procuring even a hen for his breakfast."—Fryer.

"Bombay, that was one of the pleasantest places in India, was brought to be one of the dismallest of deserts."—Hamilton, 1688.

"'And was nothing done for Justice, Bulwunt? Was Justice dead in that country?' 'Justice!' echoed Bulwunt Rao, 'Justice, ah *miah*, what can the poor do for justice?'"—*Tara*.

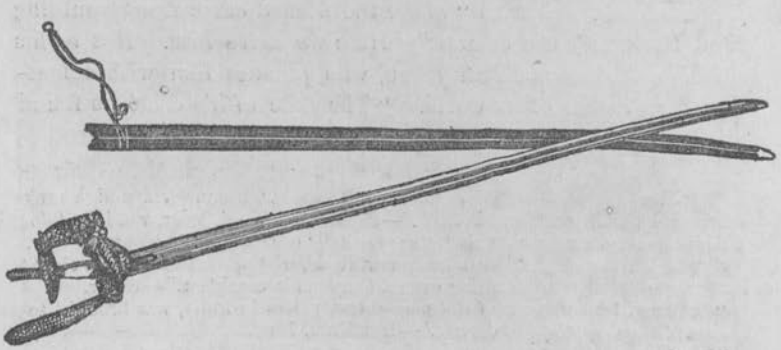
in the words, *Kaffir ba-jahannim raft*—the infidel went to hell—which was discovered by the writer of these pages."

Here Napier's Sakhar address comes pat enough. "Gentlemen and beggars may ride to the devil, but neither gentlemen nor beggars have the right to send other people there."

His place in history may be gathered from these words of Aurangzeb, Emperor of Dehli, his greatest enemy, who spent twenty years in the Dekhan in the vain endeavour to subdue him and those who came after him :—

"He was a great captain, and the only one who has had the magnanimity to raise a new kingdom while I have been endeavouring to destroy the ancient sovereignties of India. My armies have been employed against him for nineteen years, and nevertheless his State has always been increasing."

Sivaji *may* be compared with Sir William Wallace. Both were well born. Both began life with guerilla warfare. Both dwelt in a land bristling with mountains, forts and castles, and both created out of chaos the seeds of a nation's life and character by dealing heavy blows on the invader of their country. A Maratha might carry it farther, but here the likeness ends. The judgment of well-educated men in every land will, we think, be in accordance with what we believe to be the dictates of eternal justice, that while Sivaji was an aggressor on the liberty of man, Wallace was the saviour of his country and the hero of Scottish independence.



SIVAJI'S SWORD, BHAVANI.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Aurangzeb at Brahmapuri.

Readers of Indian history (we mean the imperial history of the Mughal Empire) will recollect that in 1695 Aurangzeb moved from Galgala on the banks of the Krishná to Brahmapuri on the Bhima with an incredible host of armed men and followers—a huge moving city, like the army of Xerxes or that of Raghoba, of which James Forbes has left us such an exact and graphic account; say 100,000 soldiers, with twice as many shopkeepers, tradesmen, and followers.

AURANGZEB AT CALGALA, 1697. ÆTAT. 77.

The site chosen by the Emperor lies twenty-three miles south-west of Sholapur. Here the Bhima makes a great bend or loop; and on the peninsula which it surrounds on three sides, a kind of debate-

able land on which the river often made serious incursions, a space three miles in length by less than one mile in breadth,* Aurangzeb built cantonments, held his Court, and for two years directed the affairs of the Mughal Empire. The place has thus a special interest, and has never, I believe, been visited before by a European; at least we have no record of this. It is rather out of the beaten track, but by the assistance of Mr. Candy, the Collector of Sholapur, I was enabled to pay a visit to it in December, 1888.

Starting at 3.30 A.M., we emerged from Sholapur in a *tanga*, accompanied by a *sawar*, at a rattling pace. It was bright moonlight: for a few miles the road was fair, and before daylight we had crossed two goodly streams (one of them the Sina) by the assistance of the villagers, and covered ten miles of country. By this time the drowsy night-watchers in the fields of jauari † and other grains, were shaking themselves awake, in case the birds should have the start of them. At first a solitary human scarecrow gave tongue, clearing his throat as it were for the business of the day; others followed from their respective pulpits which dotted the country for miles around; and in a few moments, while old Sol was harnessing his steeds, the whole countryside became vocal with cries and screeches. What between slanging and slinging, the art in which David and Jonathan were proficient, the birds had a weary time of it: even the dove had no rest for the sole of her foot. Any man, woman or child can shout; but I imagine a business which looks so easy is no light work. To maintain an erect position under an Eastern sun and bellow curses all day to the birds of the air is no easy task.

There is good reason for all this care, for whenever a cessation took place in the clangour and hubbub of voices, myriads of birds alighted upon the crops for an early breakfast. "Boy, have you good crops?" asked Sir Thomas Munro (who was in these parts) of one of these vigilants. "Not one pie; the birds eat it all," was the reply, and the Revenue Com-

* Very much the topography of Plassey. The "horseshoe" of Orme's description seems nearly a counterpart of Brahmapuri.

† Large millet—*Holcus sorghum*.—B.

missioner speculates on how many ages of oppression by the farmers of the revenue it took to make this young rascal such an adept in the art of lying. At length about midday, after innumerable bumps and contortions of body and mind, we reached a village of 2000 inhabitants rejoicing in the name of Begampur. How it got this name it is our business now to tell.

When Sivaji—"the Great Sivaji," as Macaulay calls him—was guest and prisoner at Dehli in 1666, the Princess Nisa—Zeib un Nisa Begam * was her name in full—the Emperor's lovely and accomplished daughter—fell desperately in love with him. It is a very pretty tale: and though it is romantic that a Princess of the House of Timur should fall in love with Sivaji, the reader will not marvel at it when he reflects that from her earliest years she has been hearing about Sivaji, of his courage and heroism and deep devotion to his country, of his love for his parents and his gods—the one man outside the Mughal Empire who stood conspicuous for his exalted patriotism, the idol of the Maratha nation. What could she know of the state-craft with which his destiny was interwoven? She simply saw in Sivaji her father's guest and nothing else, and lavished her affection on him. The marriage could not go on because the King of the Marathas would not become Muslim. Aurangzeb was angry, naturally so: but when people have a religion it is difficult to change it. How Sivaji screwed up his mind to leave her I cannot tell, for she would have graced Singarh, the Lion's Den, and scattered the light of her countenance on the black and dreary rocks of his treasure house of Torna, or his royal residence of Raygarh. I have no doubt Alamgir, her father, after this "sent him to hell;" a common Muslim expression in these days for people who were lost to the world. Sivaji, however, was not lost to the world, for he escaped from Dehli—as Paul did from Damascus—in a basket. Then came a long period of separation—the longest—for she never saw Sivaji again that I know of, except in her dreams.

* Born 5th Feb. 1639, she died unmarried in 1702. She wrote the *Zeib-ul-Tafásir*, a commentary on the *Qoran*, and has left a *Diwan* or collection of hymns in Persian. *Ante*, p. 336.—B.

At the time of this affair Nisa was twenty-seven, and her innamorata thirty-nine. Now her old father was full of the lust of ambition—that is the lust that eats out the heart of a man—and his heart was eaten out, and he resolved to leave his gay and wealthy capital, and wage war with Sivaji, and take from him the kingship of the Dekhan which he held long before he was crowned at Raygarh; so he left Dehli with his wives and his army, an exceeding great multitude, camels, elephants, bullocks and horses and his ewe lamb Nisa, on that long and dreary series of campaigns, for twenty-seven years, from which he never returned again. Nisa, I say, went with her father. She, like St. Catherine, would not marry, though I daresay she had many offers, and could have gone to Kashmir on the wings of the wind, to blessed Balkh, to Shiraz or Samarkand, where was the tomb of her great ancestor Tamerlane. But she took to her pets, music and embroidery, mastered Arabic and Persian, and like her father, could almost say the *Qoran* by heart, and had always a group of learned men and poets near her. Sivaji died in 1680, and in 1689 his son, Sambhaji, was executed by Aurangzeb. Thus was Nisa, like St. Catherine, broken on the wheel. Now her father was a man of blood, and he never remained long in one place. Ahmadabad, Nagar, Poona, Satara, Bijapur, all saw his bloody hand and felt it too. One day, it was in 1690, her father laid siege to Raygarh, and when that great fort was taken, out of it was carried a little boy, one of the spoils of war. The child was given to Nisa, and the woman took the child and nursed it. Shahu was his pet name, and she tended him to the day of her death in 1702. This was Sivaji's grandson and namesake, and there is no more affecting story in the annals of Percy or Saladin.

Nisa died at Brahmapuri, and is buried here. I have been told that on every anniversary of his marriage Shah Jahan, and his successors after him, laid a sheet of pearls on the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal in the Taj. Here there is a coverlet of dingy linen for a sheet of pearls and chunam instead of mosaic and *pietra dura;* but all the pearls and mosaics in the world could not buy such love as hers:—

"Hail from the far dim past and the narrow pomp of the Mughals,
Dawn as a light in our hearts, thrill like a star through our dreams,
Shrined in the night of thy sorrow, and crown'd with the minstrel's laurels,
Daughter of Aurangzeb, rise on our vision again!

Evening star of thy race, hanging over the grave of the Empire,
Over the red-rolled clouds, yet alive with the thunder of war,
Over the wasted plains where the might of the Mughal was broken,
Steep'd in the dews of the sunset, dawn in thy sweetness again!

There on the banks of the Bhima, aloft on the turreted rampart,
Oft hast thou sat, with thy heart hollow and aching alone,
Scanning the great dim wastes of the south, that had swallowed thy treasure,
Even as the ocean swallows, and mocks and yields not again.

There from the tomb of thy passion, thy song rose alive on the twilight,
Winging its wild sad way in search of a haven unreached,
Mystic as night and sweet as repose, and distant as starlight,
Mystic disconsolate singer, rise on our vision again!" *

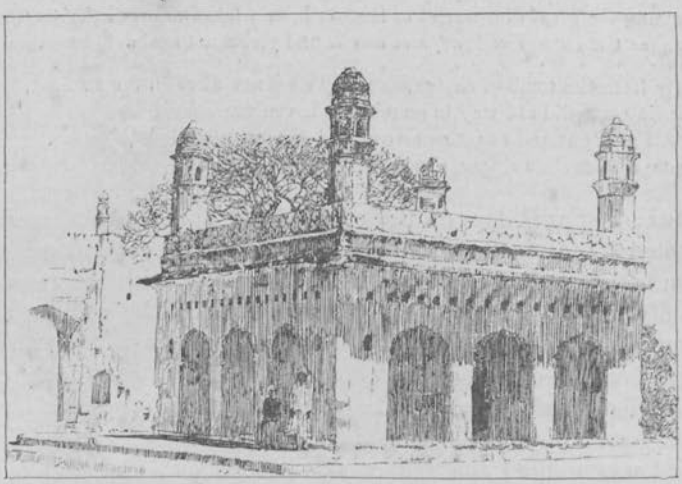
Standing as it does on the edge of the Bhima, the memorial erected by Aurangzeb to his daughter is a noble monument. You have a great courtyard, 180 feet square, with minarets of goodly height at each corner, seen from afar; the wall on the river rising from a scarp of whinstone sheer from the water's edge, founded on a rock on which the waves of many monsoon floods have beat in vain. The gates and other woodwork have been torn away, but one could hardly expect that when firewood was wanted the Hindu should reverence Aurangzeb or anything belonging to him. The tomb is a kind of kiosk, in the centre of the quadrangle, under the shadow of one ancient and mighty tree. There is no inscription: but love, truth, and duty are imperishable, and need no other record than that which in this instance history affords to shed for evermore—a bright lustre on the Mughal Empire as it tottered to its fall.

When Sir James Mackintosh was in Bijapur in 1808, he heard this love-tale, and saw what he supposed was the tomb

* "She attained no mean fame as a poet under the name of 'Makhfi,' and her hymns, though lacking power, are the purest and sweetest compositions in Indo-Persian literature."—P. Whalley, C.S., Azimgarh.—*Pioneer*, Feb. 14, 1889.

A tomb, said to have been Zeib un Nisa's, was close to the Kabuli gate at Dehli, but was demolished when the Rajputana Railway was constructed.—Beale's *Oriental Biographical Dictionary*.—B.

of the royal lady. But Dr. Campbell, in the *Gazetteer*, effectually disposes of this supposition. The tomb which Mackintosh saw of white marble was erected by Aurangzeb to one of his wives who fell a victim to the plague in 1689. Aurangzeb had several wives; there was Jodhpuri in 1691, Nawab Bai, Dilras Banu, Bai Udipuri, and his Afghan Durani who died in 1645, and whose tomb is now the principal sight of Aurangabad. So much for the Begam who gave her name to Begampur, which we now leave in search of Brahmapuri.



ZEIB UN NISA'S TOMB AT BEGAMPUR.

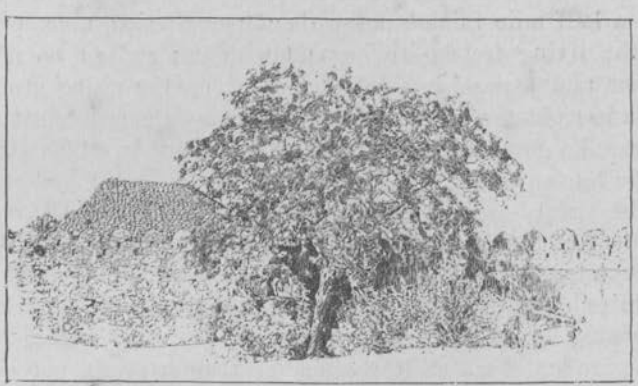
Descending a few steps to the river, we hail the ferry-boat. The boat is a big hulk that would hold fifty people, and strong enough to stand any flood. The tindal is an ancient mariner with a long beard. The bargain is concluded, and a group of hangers-on—mamlatdar's and patel's men, sawars (dismounted) peons of sorts and other "gangrel bodies"—avail themselves of the weather-beaten Charon's services, and we are all huddled in any way. I observe that though it is low water, and the dry season, the Bhima is at least twelve feet deep in the middle. It may be twenty, but as there was "no bottom," as the Chinese say on the Yangtse-Kiang, I will not take an inch off the twelve. We arrive at the other side, and as the boat is big and the water shallow, we have to be carried on the men's

backs, a heavy weight of clay. They flounder through the water and mud, and deposit with a thud their burden on the bank. I am conscious of being on the land of Brahmapuri, and looking back on the aforesaid tomb towering over the *Kalapani*, I give a side glance at a miniature dock, slip, and jetty—the remains, I mean—where doubtless the Amirs and their harims, all lustrous in gold and silk, placed their dainty feet on board some caique or felucca, going out "to eat the air." I can even in vision see the thick-lipped Habshi, carrying two jars—not Bhima water, you may rest assured—Shiraz or sherbet, and water of the best, *Zem Zemeyeh*.

The sun is still high, and we proceed up the sloping bank and a half mile inland, not without perspiration, accompanied by the living freight we brought with us; and as we mount higher and higher, suddenly before us, on the rising grounds, come in sight the great walls of Aurangzeb's encampment from whence he governed that empire which was then a fifth portion of the known world.

The great enclosure is the exact size of the University Gardens of Bombay, 200 yards in length, and nearly as broad, surrounded by a wall, twenty to thirty feet high with embrasures, and the battlements still present a stout appearance. This was the abode of the Emperor, and his wives, and children and grandchildren, at least such of them as were not called away by the exigencies of war or foreign service. Here, too, he worshipped God, for the mosque still remains, and the *mihrab* from whence the Mulla declared the unity of God and that Muhammad was his Prophet; there are one or two tombs, no doubt of *pirs* or holy men. A deep well also, awful to look into, from its sloping banks, worn away by time and the violence of the elements, shows that water—that first of necessities—was at hand in case of being beleaguered. It was never intended that Brahmapuri should be a city or a permanent seat of empire, but it shows conclusively how formidable and colossal were all Aurangzeb's arrangements for the complete subjugation of the Dekhan, when the works he placed here have lasted for two centuries. Brahmapuri was a fortified camp, not a city. It reminds me much of Dabhoi, that most ancient and walled four square Hindu city of Gujarat, of which

the Gaikwar has issued a monograph, a *livre de luxe* of illustration.* For the same reason it contains no ornaments, sculpture or carving, its interest arising from what it was, more than what it is. There is no substitute here for the Gate of Diamonds; but the likeness exists on the crenellated walls, and still more in a very narrow street inside of them, just as Rampart Row ran round the inside of the old Fort of Bombay. In this confined alley it was curious to note that some natives, amid dirt and squalor, now tenanted the abodes of former greatness. At intervals of fifty paces, there are stairs up to a narrow ledge, from which an outlook can be obtained of all the



AURANGZEB'S CAMP AT BRAHMAPURI.

surrounding country, which slopes down to the Bhima on every side. Here were the munitions of war pointing their iron mouths through each embrasure, and the ledge, for their masters to stand on, running round the entire line of circumvallation. No doubt the area within was appropriated to some purpose, probably the Royal Pavilion, for Aurangzeb inherited Tartar blood, and strong proclivities to the tent life of his wandering ancestors. It is now a bare *maidan* without work of man or vegetation of any kind. I am told that the natives, after every heavy fall of rain, are industrious seekers for

* *The Antiquities of Dabhoi in Gujarat*, by Dr. Burgess, C.I.E., and H. Cousens (Edinburgh: Waterston & Sons, 1888). *Ante*, p. 297.

gold, trinkets, coins, and even jewels of value dropped by the army of occupation; and their industry is rewarded. But all such operations, for obvious reasons, are conducted in secret. The metals are soon consigned to the metal pot, and the jewels converted into money. I am not surprised at this, and if I were a seeker of hidden wealth, I should go to Brahmapuri. From the sack of Bijapur (1686), Golkonda (1687), Raygarh (1690), Satara (1700)—all royal residences—what wealth came, told and untold, no man knoweth.

It is a matter of history that when the officers left Brahmapuri in 1700 for the siege of Satara they were all very sorry. They had their families with them, and built a kind of city, and were under the shadow of royalty. From the outlook on the walls, we can easily picture the great cantonment, for miles and miles landwards, and down to the water's edge. On the other three sides, nothing but a hive of human beings and cattle; a motley mass dotted with houses, tents, stores, stables, and ever and anon amid the everlasting hum, the bray of the camel, or the neighing of the warhorse at the sound of the battle call would come on the ear. But Brahmapuri was a kind of Capua, and it does not require much of the philosophy of history when such a place exists to forebode the fall of empire.

As I cast my eyes round the Brahmapuri of the last days of the seventeenth century, I see her nobles in sloth and effeminacy, their coats of wadding, their chain or plate armour invulnerable to shot or steel, their showy horses with their housings of cloth or velvet, their streamers of different coloured satin flying in the breeze, the bushy ox-tails from Tibet with chains, bells, and other ornaments of barbaric magnificence. This was the gilding of the sunset before the storm.

But what about the old man who governs all this? Fortunately we know a good deal of him, and have not, like Henry Irving, to manufacture a devil out of Goethe's Faust. Aurangzeb was seventy-eight years of age when he established Brahmapuri, and eighty-three when he left it. We may as well look at this man, for he is worth looking at. He is an old man, but at fifty-five he did not deliver himself up to a life of indolence or garrulous imbecility. He has since then been

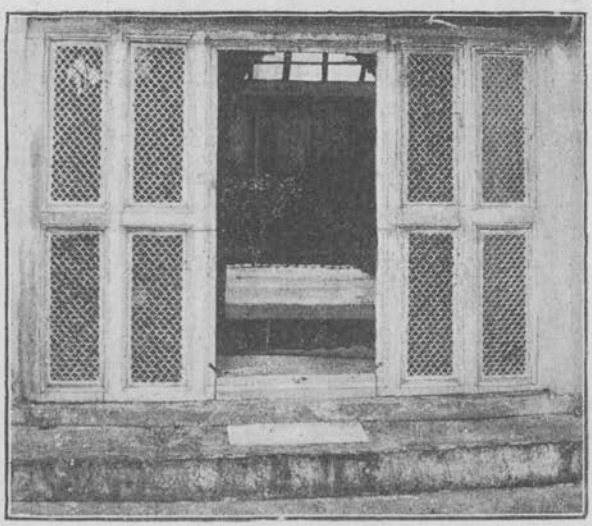
twenty-five years in the Dekhan, deposed kings, fought battles, and in the plenitude of his years, made his three grandsons governors of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. He had a hard time in his youth, for he had fought with Usbeks, and Kalmaks, Ghilzais, and Hazaras, and broke the Rajput confederacy. Time has not dealt hardly by him, for he reads and writes without spectacles, and if you do not speak too low, he hears every word you say. The dry air of the Dekhan has agreed with him. It is his native air, and it will see him out. He stoops a little, but can still mount his horse. He is a little man—little as we talk of Napoleon Buonaparte, of Dalhousie, of Napier, or of Roberts—but of great conceptions, to be carried out by an unconquerable will. His beard is round, and its whiteness stands out in bold relief on his olive skin. He is bare-legged, clothed in white muslin, with a big emerald flashing on the centre of his turban, and on his hand that rosary, the beads whereof he shall count when his heart shall give out its last pulsation. But I had forgotten his nose, which is long, and his eye—such an eye. It is not dim, but might well be glazed in death, for it has seen some awful sights. Not to speak of his brother's head in a platter, or of the seventy men struck down by the plague in Bijapur, when he made that lordly procession of his to the Jama Mosque, there was one night at Brahmapuri much to be remembered.

Suddenly, and without any premonition—it was at midnight—the Bhima came down, and carried away 10,000 of his army, a sight the like of which, as I take it, had not been seen since the Egyptian hosts lay dead on the shores of the Red Sea. Khafi Khan tells us that the waters invaded the Emperor's quarters, and if this was the case, the Bhima must have risen fully sixty feet above its present level. When the Emperor's person was in danger his cheek must have blanched as it never did before, and we can see him, half demented, throwing out the prayers, which he had written with his own hand, on the surface of the boiling flood, as horses, camels, and bullocks, and all the paraphernalia of war were swept past him to inevitable destruction.

His was a wonderful life. Before he was seventeen years of age he was appointed to the command of 20,000 men for

Bundelkhand; at nineteen, Governor of the Dekhan—first his cradle, last his tomb; to Balkh, beyond the Hindu Kush; twice in arms against the Afghans. He besieged Qandahar, he captured Sivaji, sacked Golkonda, and was enthroned at Bijapur.

To the remotest ends of India he was now nearly lord of all. The Governor of Kashmir had brought Little Tibet under his jurisdiction, so in like manner the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal. The Sherifs of Mecca, the Chiefs of Arabia, the Kings



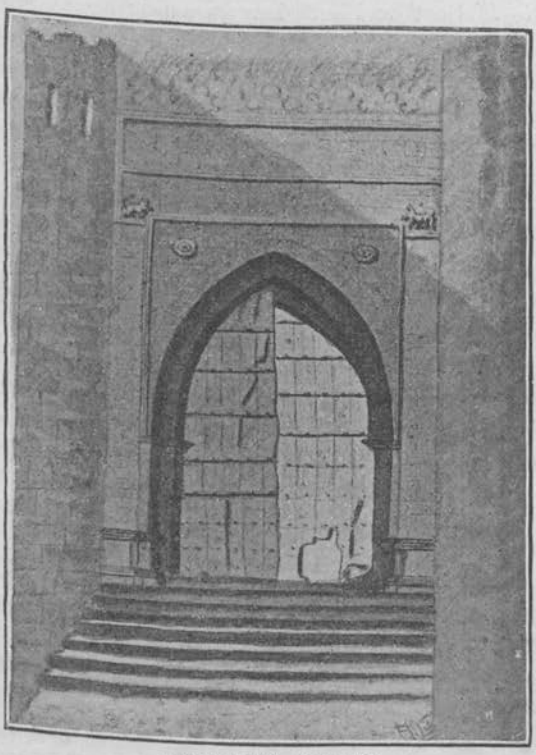
AURANGZEB'S TOMB AT RAUZA.

of Abyssinia had sent him presents, and Persia an embassy. As he stood among his *umará* at Brahmapuri, he towers above them all, like some fabled giant of antiquity, for the Mughal Empire is now at its greatest extent. But this was not to last long. Sivaji, "the mountain-rat," is dead; but there are other Sivajis burrowing away at the foundations of his empire. There are the Rajputs, the Jats, and the Sikhs, for the Sikh colonists will plant groves of babul trees in the Dekhan to furnish tent-pegs for the Khalsa. The men are already born who are to trample on the ruins of the Mughal Empire. Not many noble, for God shall choose the base things of this world

to accomplish the new revolution—for Peshwah, a clerk in the Konkan; for Holkar, a shepherd on the Nira; for Sindhia, a slipper-bearer in Poona; for the ancestor of the Nizam, the blind old vazir, Ghazi-ad-din, who stood before him; and for Nadir Shah, who is to sack Dehli, and carry away the Peacock Throne, a boy already making sheepskin caps in Khorasan.

And what about the English, the despised English, whose factors Aurangzeb had imprisoned in Surat, and against whose Governor of Bombay he had issued a *fiat* of banishment? The English ambassador, Sir William Norris, was here at Brahmapuri on the 3rd March, 1701, and at Panala, forty miles distant as the crow flies, was spurned away by Aurangzeb. Never fear. "The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation."

England in India is now mewing her mighty youth.



DEHLI GATE, RAYGARH.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SIVAJI AT DEHLI.

THE appearance of Sivaji at the Court of Dehli in the year 1666 was a wonderful phenomenon. It occurred once and was never to do so again. Where are our poets, painters and romancists that they cannot revive for us the elements of this story and body forth the spirit of the time—a story in which the deepest pathos, the wildest ambition, tragedies known and

unknown, love strong as death, and hatred cruel as the grave, are all lying together in one mighty heap ready for the great magician? If Scott had been here he would have soon worked up the subject with all his boast of heraldry and pomp of power into glowing colours, for the period, the place and the persons engaged in this transaction, render it one of the most attractive in the history of India. The possibilities of the case, alas! make the defects all the more glaring in any narrative that we could ever hope to place before the reader. But to our work.

Before Sivaji set out for Dehli he was in very low water. From the capture of Torna (1646) to the sack of Surat (1664), his career had been a series of startling successes. But now Jaysingh, the Amber Prince, and Diler Khan the Afghan, the two generals whom Aurangzeb had despatched to the Dekhan, were too much for him and had brought him to his knees. What filled Sivaji's cup of calamity to the brim was the fact that his wives and children were now locked up in the fort of Singarh, near Poona, and were at the disposal of the enemy. Sivaji was very fond of his family, and the enemy worked this lever with success.

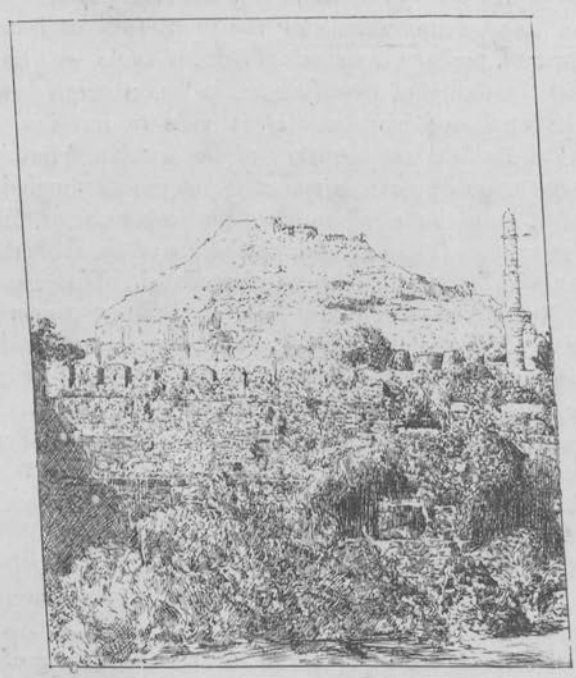
It was then he made his submission to the Mughal and signed the Treaty of Purandhar, by which he gave away two dozen of his strongest forts, and bound himself to go in person to Dehli to make obeisance to his now liege lord Aurangzeb. Other men had done this, and he could do the same. Jaysingh, a Rajput Prince of great possessions, had done it, and Jaysingh was of such ancient lineage that Sivaji seemed the clay of yesterday fresh from the potter's hand in comparison thereof. Sivaji had Rajput blood in his veins. A common feeling makes us wondrous kind: so Jaysingh and Sivaji became great friends. He it was who suggested the Dehli visit to Sivaji, gave his son Ram Singh to accompany him, and it is now considered almost without a doubt that when Jaysingh heard that Sivaji's life was threatened by the Emperor he connived at his escape from Dehli. In all matters early in 1666 Jaysingh was the go-between of Sivaji and the Emperor.

Aurangzeb was no sooner informed of Sivaji's intended visit, than he gave orders to all the *Faujdars* and *Mokasis* on his line of march to provide forage and provisions for him and his

retinue. Sivaji left Raygarh in great state with 2000 foot and 500 horse. He went by way of Bijapur—reason unknown. Jaysingh accompanied him as far as Aurangabad and parted with him there. He had begun to have misgivings regarding the success of Sivaji's visit, halted there and gave him a letter to his son Ram Singh, who had gone on before to the Court of Dehli, and Jaysingh expected he would see him again on his return journey. Burhanpur came next. Sivaji had started from Raygarh early in March, a fine time for travelling in India, and on his way must have seen the great forts of Daulatabad, Gwalior and, perhaps, Asirgarh. Now, if there was one thing that was the desire of Sivaji's heart it was a great fort. This was the apple of his eye. It is vain to imagine what he thought of Daulatabad, the "key of the Dekhan," but it must have come upon him as a surprise. That great stronghold, seen from afar, cuts the sky-line in majestic simplicity, like the crusading castle of Banias with the plains of Syria beneath it, and leaves an impression never to be effaced. Was Panala as good? No, not even Panala, not Logarh, nor Singarh, the Lion's Den. Nature had done everything and art had done everything, so that nothing except the ant and the lizard could scale her walls, so impregnable were the bastions of Daulatabad. Doubtless Sivaji heaved a deep sigh and passed on. Fathpur Sikri was swallowed up with memories of Akbar. At length the Qutb Minar came in view, and the Muslims in his cavalcade shouted their *Mashallahs:* "O the wonderful God!" The Emperor being now informed of Sivaji's approach sent out Ram Singh and Mukhlis Khan, an inferior officer, to meet him and escort him into Dehli. After three months' travelling, this was the reception meted out to Sivaji Raja, and the flower of the Dekhan chivalry, by the Emperor of Dehli. You may be sure that Sivaji had a lump in his throat, for at one glance he now took in the whole position: so did every man of his dust-covered and toil-worn cavalcade as with sinking hearts each passed through the gates of the Imperial city.

There is no record of what Sivaji thought of Dehli. There could scarcely be imagined a greater contrast to his own residence of Raygarh. Shahjahan, who was still living and in durance vile, a prisoner by his own son the Emperor Aurangzeb,

had crowded Dehli with monuments of his architectural genius which even now attract strangers from many lands, and the country for ten miles around was studded with great buildings which had been piled up by the Afghan and Turkoman invaders of India. The baths, the roads, the bridges, the post-houses lay before him, for he had seen them all; and, wearied with the contemplation, he remembered the impervious jungle with which Raygarh was surrounded, that lonely rock on which he



DAULATABAD.

had so often sat like an eagle perched on an eminence. Even Bijapur dwindled away when he looked upon Dehli. Nevertheless, Raygarh was Raygarh to him and held all he loved or cared for, always excepting that dream of his youth, which was to haunt him to his dying day, of founding a kingdom for the Marathas. Though Ferishta could only describe its neighbouring jungles as the abode of ghosts and spectres, and Khafi

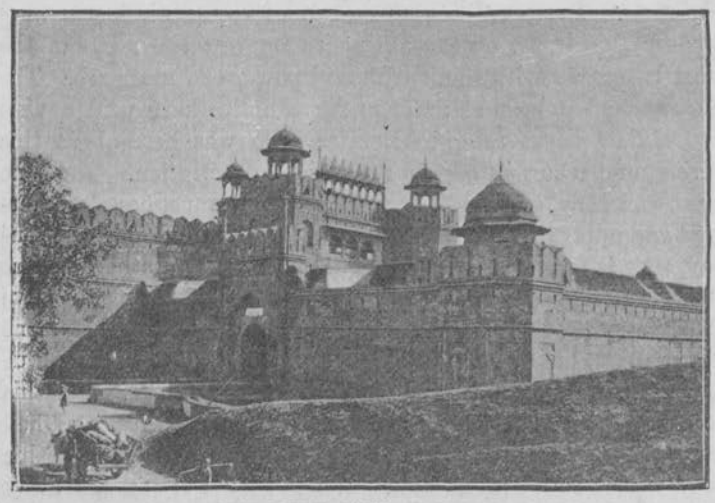
Khan, who saw it in its best days, as a hell without a drop of water, nevertheless it was from that place Sivaji was destined one day to rise again, increase his strength, and come upon his enemies like the locust of the desert. He will yet live and be crowned king in Raygarh.

I suppose that every day in the year some stranger visits the Hall of Audience in the Palace of the Mughals at Dehli. Here, on the seventeenth day after his arrival, Sivaji had his audience of the Emperor. The *Pachal* manuscript[9] states that the Emperor was on his throne (Peacock Throne if you will), so there seems little doubt that this was the scene of the celebrated interview. Pomp and circumstance of every kind, you may depend upon it, were not wanting to impress the mind of the great barbarian with the wealth and power of Aurangzeb. The reader who has been so unfortunate as not to have paid a visit to Dehli, I must refer to Bernier, who was here about this period, and who will supply my lack of description. The time was 22nd May, and the heat, as we all know, must have been fervent and oppressive. The astrologers had fixed on an auspicious day, that is for the Emperor; but from what I gather all the resources of augury and divination were insufficient to drive away from the Emperor a great and secret dread that some mischief would befall him. Conscience makes cowards of us all, and the Emperor had a kind of conscience. On this occasion he wore chain armour under his muslin dress, and had five weapons about his person. Moreover he had 2000 of his bravest men near around him. Where they were stowed away we must leave others to determine who are familiar with the topography of the place. But remembering Afzul Khan's and Jauli's assassinations and the Poona Palace, escalade, remembering also his own crimes, in the expressive language of Holy Writ, "the shaking of a leaf" would on that day have put him to flight. Sivaji, he said, was not a man but a devil.

It may help the reader to fill in the picture by reminding him that Aurangzeb was now forty-eight, and Sivaji thirty-nine years of age: and it may add to its interest if we mention one or two of the spectators who were present on this memorable day. Two great Rajput Chiefs were present who had been compelled to yield to the colossal power of the Mughal.

Yeswant, Maharaja of Marwar (Land of Death), a potentate whose dominions had stretched from Gujarat to Ajmer, now a vassal of Aurangzeb. His capital was Jodhpur. He had fought in the Dekhan for the Emperor, fought beyond the Indus with the Afghans for him, and was destined to die at Kabul.

There was Ram Singh, son of Jaysingh, who had brought Sivaji a suppliant to his lord: the Amber Prince, as he was called, of high descent (Jaypur). Was not Shah Jahan's mother a daughter of the house of Amber?



THE DEHLI GATE AT DEHLI.

There was Shayista Khan, *Amir-ul-umra*. This was the man whose palace in Poona Sivaji attacked (1663) in a wild midnight raid from Singarh. He now stands minus a finger or two lopped off on that memorable occasion. It was then his son was slain. Has he forgotten the slaying and hacking of his people without distinction of age or sex?

But we must not forget poor little Sambhaji, the son of Sivaji, who was promised that he would receive at Dehli a *mansab* of 5000 men. No cloud of cruelty or dissipation yet darkens the brow of this graceless "loon" to be. Aurangzeb and he will yet

meet again (1689), when Sambhaji will furnish a ghastly tragedy, for the Emperor will execute him with great barbarity; and as for Sivaji, I am sure that he wished himself anywhere on this day rather than in Dehli—bathing his wasted body in the pebbly stream of the Nira, at the foot of Torna, or watching the lazy heron rising from the banks of Mahar within sight of his beloved Raygarh.

But to our narrative. At this interview, for obvious reasons, Sivaji's retinue was limited to ten men, and Ram Singh accompanied him. When Sivaji had placed himself before the Emperor he gave three bows*—Oriental *salaams* as we understand them—down to the ground. One was for Mahadeo, one for Bhawani, and one for his father. This is Sivaji's version as to how he meant them, but the bystanders and the Emperor no doubt construed them as his profound obeisance to the august presence. As he drew himself erect on his feet from the last *salaam* he exchanged glances with the Emperor. Sivaji had a wonderful eye; it was now an angry eye, and like the sword of Diocletian, worked busy as the lightning, whether from a sense of humiliation or otherwise we do not now inquire. The Emperor, immediately after Sivaji had finished his devoirs, asked Ram Singh with apparent nonchalance if the person he had introduced were Sivaji.

"I am Sivaji," said the uncrowned king of the Marathas, and as the words rang round the assembly all eyes were at once turned in the direction of this wild man of the woods from the jungles and rocky fastnesses of the Dekhan. "Yes, I am Sivaji, and you will know all this better by-and-by." The truth is Sivaji was in no condition of mind to meet the Emperor, nor the Emperor, Sivaji. My *Pachad* authority avers that, before the brief part of the ceremony which we have recorded was begun, an altercation took place, the angry words of which in part reached the Emperor's ear. What it was about he could not make out, but it disturbed his equanimity and broke that profound repose we are accustomed to witness in Oriental *darbárs*. It was the

* Three was the usual number of salaams.—Noir's *Life of Akbar*, 1890, vol. ii., p. 258, also p. 304.

old story of precedence—that fruitful source of mischief in the East. Somebody was standing before Sivaji, and a degree nearer the fountain of honour, when Sivaji asked who he was and what business he had there. Ram Singh replied that it was Yeswant, when he was told by Sivaji that he had better Amirs than he in his own Court of Raygarh, and so the war of words went on. It seems strange that Sivaji did not recognise Yeswant, for he must have seen him in the Dekhan. But a Raja in a *darbár* and in a crush, with his back to you, smothered as he would be no doubt on this big occasion in jewels and cloth of gold, must have been, except to his intimate friends, beyond all recognition. In all this Sivaji was very wrong. No doubt in history Sivaji bulks bigger than twenty Yeswants, but in Dehli, in this year of grace 1666, Yeswant was greater than he, and did not require a book of precedence to define his position. Yeswant, to use the language of that day, was descended from the god Rama, while all that was known about Sivaji was that he had a grandfather. Yeswant was a great vassal with a revenue at one time of nine *karors*, holding one of the highest commands in the Empire, while Sivaji had just been beaten in the open field and divested of twenty-four of his greatest forts. For why was Sivaji here? He had come in fact seeking such a position as Yeswant held. For to obtain the command of 10,000, and with it to destroy and himself supplant the Adil Shahi dynasty of Bijapur and the Kutb Shahi kings of Golkonda, with Dehli as his buckler and ægis of defence in case of need; this certainly was Sivaji's object in coming to Dehli in the year 1666.

But now comes the *dénouement*. Taking up the thread of our narrative; the obeisance had been made and Sivaji's words of self-assertion uttered, and not one moment lost in his presentation of the *nazr* (Rs. 30,000). But when his rank of 5000 reached his ears he stepped back. What with the reception he met with when he entered Dehli, what with Yeswant being preferred before him, and the rank assigned him being that of his own son, a boy nine years of age, Sivaji was stunned and at the boiling point of indignation. So, still within earshot of the Emperor, but stepping back from the royal presence (it was the work of a moment), he asked Ram Singh for his

dagger.* I gather from this that he had not been permitted to carry arms to the assembly. What he intended to do with the dagger had he obtained it, is unknown—Aurangzeb, Yeswant, or himself, or run amuck? Probably he did not know himself, for the paroxysm was so great that, as Elphinstone tells us, he fell down in a swoon, which brought the proceedings to an abrupt termination and rendered the ceremony incomplete. Either immediately before his fall, simultaneously, or hard on the back of it, Aurangzeb ordered Sivaji to be conducted to his quarters and debarred the royal presence for the future, which order executed, the Emperor breathed somewhat freer, and he said that a calamity had been averted; what it was he did not indicate. As a matter of course the rest of the pageant was "maimed rites," or no rites at all, for the honorary dress, the jewels, the elephant customary on such occasions, and all ready for presentation were dispensed with by order of Aurangzeb. The Emperor now instructed the *kotwal*, or chief of police, to surround Sivaji's dwelling and keep him under strict surveillance.

When Sivaji returned to his room he threw himself on his *charpai*, clasped his son to his bosom and gave way to uncontrollable grief. But the darkest hour is nearest the morning, and the goddess Bhawani appeared to him in a dream and told him to be of good cheer, which to our mundane understanding means that he had now made up his mind what he was to do. He was clearly now a prisoner to all intents and purposes, and completely for life or for death at Aurangzeb's disposal; and I daresay the latter regretted all his life afterwards that he did not make short work of Sivaji when he was then in his power. But at this period he held Sivaji cheap. He had two pictures painted; one of Sivaji reclining on a couch, rather an abnormal attitude for the great caitiff; the other was of Durgadas (servant of Durga), a noted Rajput leader, on horseback, toasting barley cakes at the fire on the end of a lance. "This fellow," said the Emperor, pointing at Sivaji, "I can easily entrap; but this

* In 1634 the eldest son of the Raja of Marwar ran amuck at the court of Shah Jahan, failing in his blow at the Emperor, but killing five courtiers of eminence before he fell himself.—Tod's *Rajasthan*, ii., 45.

dog, Durga, is born to be my bane." And so he lost his chance, and the day ends with Sivaji racked on his cot, and Aurangzeb—

"Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown."

We may now take stock of these two men at this juncture in their history. For treachery and cruelty there is not much to choose between them. Afzul Khan and Jauli are black marks, but oh! Aurangzeb, Dara, "thy brother's blood crieth from the ground" is a blacker mark, and for this thou shalt wander on the sultry plains of India, life-long like Cain, until the black camel kneels at thy tent door. I have read that no man suffered death for his religion in Aurangzeb's reign. If this is true all history is a lie; but it may be said with perfect truth of Sivaji, for he was a tolerant man; Aurangzeb one of the most intolerant that ever wore a crown. He had enormous power, and abused that power for the propagation of his religion. Sivaji respected the *Qoran*. What feature of the Hindu religion did Alamgir respect? Lord of the world forsooth, he was not master even of himself—was not master of Sivaji, as we shall see.

Aurangzeb was deep, but in cunning—I do not mean statecraft, but designs for self-preservation, and in fertility of resource—Sivaji was deeper. Like all animals that have been hunted (as he had been) he was wary and apprehensive to a degree, and boundless in stratagem to meet sudden emergencies. In this science he had more in his little finger than the Emperor had in his whole body—a light sleeper with one eye ever open. And for courage, we have Orme's authority, and he may have had it from a living representative (Orme was born at Anjengo, 1728), that it was the boast of the soldier to have been with Sivaji when he rushed sword in hand into the midst of the enemy.

The story of Sivaji's escape is well known. How he represented to the Emperor the hardship of preventing his people returning to the Dekhan; how some of them were granted passports and how their coming and going facilitated his own escape. How he sent presents to the nobles and visited them, and large presents also to the Brahmans to distribute in charity. How he feigned sickness, sent for *hakims*

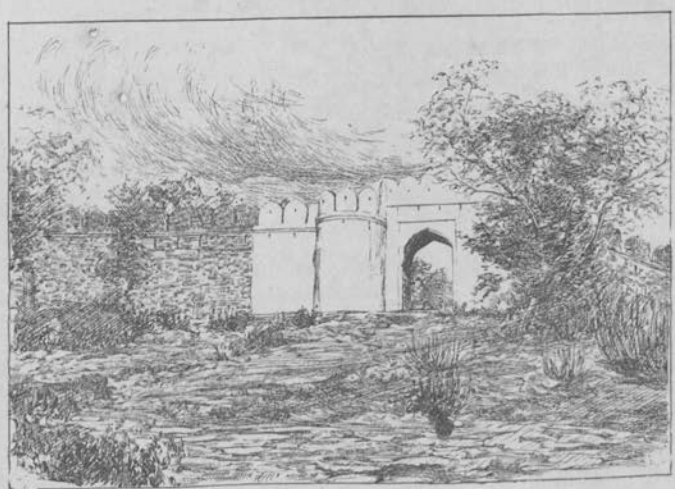
and took medicines. How he had large bamboo baskets filled with sweetmeats and sent them to the Amirs. How the sentries examined the baskets and found them to contain veritable sweetmeats, and how in the next two baskets he stowed away himself (he was a small man) and Sambhaji, and was thus smuggled out without observation. And how his *karkuns* had fleet horses waiting six miles from Dehli, to carry him to Mathura, a big ride of ninety-seven miles in one night. How all this time his body servant, Hiraji Farjand, lay down in his master's cot and feigned him, with his face covered with gauze to keep the flies off, while his arm with Sivaji's bracelet on it hung over the side of the *charpai* in an attitude of listless indifference. How the guards looked in occasionally and found a *chokra* shampooing his master's feet. How, finally, the day after Sivaji escaped, Hiraji came out *in propriâ personâ* and told the guards that Sivaji was very ill and that he himself was going to the bazar to get something for him, and how he never returned. All this narrative is, or ought to be, known to every schoolboy interested in the history of India.

We have seen that he left Raygarh early in March; it was the close of the Ramazan. He arrived in Dehli on the anniversary of His Majesty's accession (May). The date of his escape was the last day of Safar, 31st August. He was thus about four months in Dehli, and finally reached Raygarh in December the same year. His flight we make out occupied three months, and embraced some of the wettest portions of the year, which means mud and sludge. Except the ride to Mathura on horseback with Sambhaji behind him, he did all the journey on foot. He had Dekhan runners with him, and subsidised natives who knew the country, for he did not want for money or its equivalent in diamonds concealed on his person. Much of his course was through dense jungle, disguised as a faqir; but he often changed his dress, and his route was a circuitous one to baffle his pursuers, for hundreds of men were sent after the fugitive. His milestones were Dehli, Mathura, Allahabad, crossing the Jumna by an unfrequented ferry, Benares, Patna, Gaya, Katak, Chanda, Bhagnagar (Haidarabad) and Bijapur. The reader will see by a glance at the map that his track was altogether out of the direct way;

across Oudh, Behar, Orissa, and Gondwana, through forest and swamp, among Gonds and Kolis, a big walk of 1500 to 2000 miles. His start and arrival offer a strange contrast.

He left Raygarh on an elephant, occupying the same *hawdah* as Jaysingh, his chain armour glittering in the sun and hundreds of his Maratha horse caracoling on the plain of Pachad. On arriving at Raygarh after his nine months' absence his beard was shaved, and he resembled a half-naked ascetic; a *dhoti* round his loins was all his covering. When he fell at his mother's feet she did not know him, but as soon as he pulled off his turban "she recognised her long-lost son and clasped him to her arms." The faithful Brahman who had looked after his son at Mathura received four lakhs of rupees.

The escape of Sivaji was an event fraught with vast political consequences. In four months after his return he reconquered the twenty-four forts which he had signed away by the treaty of Purandhar to the Mughal Emperor. At every station where the East India Company had an agent it was the subject of conversation, and the issues of Sivaji's flight vibrated for a century from one end of the Indian Peninsula to the other.



THE HIGHWAY TO DEHLI.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Our Great Governor.

"The city which by God's assistance is intended to be built."—Gerald Aungier, July 16, 1674.

SIXTEEN YEARS IN INDIA.

Aungier was sixteen years in India—1662–77.* Only from 1672 to 1675 he resided in Bombay, but he never ceased devoting himself to its interests. He literally governed Bombay from Surat, and letters upon every subject connected with its prosperity, and many of which could only occur to himself, poured in upon the Deputy-Governor. There is little left of what Aungier built in Bombay except the bastions of the Castle, but his Convention "given" there, and the imperishable foundations of civil government which he instituted, will survive when Bombay Castle and everything it contains has disappeared from the earth. From a cluster of palm leaf

AUNGIER'S RUPEE.

* I have already discoursed on Aungier (*ante*, Chaps. VI. and VII.) The two volumes of Professor Forrest's *Selections from the Bombay Secretariat*, recently published, lay us under a heavy obligation, as without them this essay could not have been written, and it merely skims the surface of one subject where there are many; the one under review being, as we think, the most suggestive. The publication of these papers marks a new era in Bombay Historical Research, and we may now defy the ravages of robbers, fires, or the white ants. *Non historiam sed particulas historiæ*, the diaries and letters contain much new matter, which reflects the greatest credit on the intelligent industry and discrimination of the editor. Of this kind of material the student of history can never have enough, and we sincerely hope that these *Selections* may be continued. The Government of India will never be called to account for extravagance in printing its records.

thatched huts, surrounding a grey and dismantled fortalice, to the city we see to-day is a wide step.

But of "the city which by God's assistance is intended to be built," the ground plan lay all before him. He sees, like Dante in Florence, the edifice rise before him in vision. He will gather all men into it, "Parthians, Medes and Elamites and the dwellers in Mesopotamia," weavers and bricklayers and husbandmen. He will even pay their passage and maintain them for a year until they make "a comfortable livelihood" by the exercise of their handicraft.

POLITICAL SCIENCE.

It is curious to note the progress he makes in political science, say, from 1671 to 1677: not too proud to learn when he is getting old, though these are his last years. At first he will have artizans only of the reformed religion. He will have married men bind themselves to live in Bombay for ten years. He will have all Englishmen wear only English cloth under pains and penalties, having evidently not yet arrived at Solomon's Free Trade dictum, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty."

By-and-by, these doctrines are discarded. He does not want necessarily a religious man to make his shoes; what he wants is a good shoemaker. He tells us buying and selling is the loadstone of trade, and, as exhibited in his patent to the Banyas in 1677, he becomes the apostle of a complete toleration, broader, and more practically comprehensive, than anything the England of 1677 could as yet furnish.

AUNGIER'S GREAT WORK.

For what was Aungier's great work? To weld into one homogeneous mass the discordant materials of Asiatic nationalities, to solve the problem, which had never been solved before, as to how a great multitude of men of divers religions and races should live together in peace and harmony, free from discord within and aggression from without (the spectacle, in fact, which we see to-day in our 700,000 citizens): this was the work he set himself to do, and he did it.

He came, he saw, he conquered by moral suasion, and not by the power of the sword. The toleration, which was good for ten thousand is good for seventy times ten. The wells of ancient Alexandria were built before the city, and exist when the city is no more. It was at these wells the soldiers of Alexander slaked their thirst; so deep down in our history, for you can scarcely go farther, and through all the rubbish that intervenes between his time and ours, the acts of Aungier, like those wells, remain to refresh the thirsty traveller, bless mankind, and attest the genius of their founder.

Aungier had no doubt about

THE FUTURE OF BOMBAY.

What position he expected the other cities on the Indian seaboard to occupy it is difficult to determine, and we leave Calcutta out of the question, as it did not then exist. The "Wealth of Ormuz" was proverbial, and had been cited by Milton, but Ormuz was even then itself a "Paradise Lost." Goa had gone to the *padris*. Thana and Calicut had resigned themselves respectively to the shades of Marco Polo and Vasco da Gama. The fate of Gombrun lay in very narrow compass between the Arab of the desert and the successors of Artaxerxes. Surat, bound to him by many associations, was destined to become a great city with a population of half a million. But who could say then whether it would go up or down? At all events, with its then population of 200,000 it had fewer attractions for him than Bombay with its 10,000.

And can you wonder at it? Surat had no harbour. Swally was twelve miles from it. Bombay had a harbour, almost as capacious as the known Rio, and as beautiful as the then unknown Sydney. Sea-born Salamis and its bay could not be compared with it. It was to be all in all to him. Nothing shall come between me and my Island Queen—

> "Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea,
> Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee:
> Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers and tears
> Are all with thee, are all with thee."

And so he dreams in the champak gardens of Mirza, at Surat

Peradventure, another "Vision of Mirza" may flit across his imagination. But he will not scare even on the "river's brink," for he knows in whom he has believed.

LONG AILING.

He has had time to reflect on the vanity of human life, for he has been long ailing, wasted with dysentery: wearing away like snow off a dyke, as the Scotch song hath it; occasionally bled by the doctors, as was the custom in those dismal times; great pain in his knees; lost the use of his limbs; three months in bed, propped up, dictating letters—last letter signed by him the 20th May of this memorable year 1677. The setting sun shall no longer gild the Tapti for thee.

"It hath pleased God to our great sorrow, after a tedious sickness, to take out of this life our worthy President," on the 30th June.

CITY OF TOMBS.

So the pitcher is broken at the fountain, the chattels sealed up, the scarves distributed, the Castle flag and the Factory flag half-mast high; the mourners go about the streets, and a great company of weeping men and women, from the Scheldt to the Indus, make their way to the City of Tombs we know so well. His State horse led forth accompanies its dead master, the President, and paws the ground in dumb wonderment; and as the cavalcade passes the Chapel of the Capuchins the friars, with Ambrose at their head, barefoot and with long beards, and clad in cowls of grey, rush out with a loud wail and a *De Profundis*.

It is easy to recall the scene. The natural features of the Surat cemetery and its surroundings are the same to-day as they were on that Monday morning, 2nd July, 1677. It is the same sun which gilds with its first rays the topmost branches of palm and tamarind. The same colossal monument to Oxinden, for he, too, came eight years before with big funereal pomp by the same pathway.

And if you add a few mourners who had been soldiers of the Commonwealth, and witnessed the death of Charles I., or one

or two who had fought side by side with that other Charles—King of England and Rupert of the Rhine—you have the end of all things mutable with Gerald Aungier.

It is recorded that the first coins struck at the Bombay Mint in 1676 * bore the inscription "Deo Pax." "We like it well," writes he, a glorious motto for him in life and death, first and last, here and hereafter.

HIS ACTIONS.

The lucid and patient character of Aungier's observations are but a reflection of his actions. Everything discreet, deliberate, and of forethought, and nothing of sudden impulse—

> "Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

He will bide his time, but for an emergency he is ready.

The Dutch Fleet, a Mutiny, or the apparition of Sivaji at the gates comes upon him with the suddenness of an earthquake; his motto is "Ready, aye ready."† Amid the wrack and worry of the times in which he lived he has a word for everybody, for his heart is full of the milk of human kindness. He can turn aside from unfolding the trickeries of Sivaji, or the statecraft of Aurangzeb, to consider the case of some poor widow who, like

> "Ruth, when sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn."

And of widows and orphans there never have been so many in Bombay, in proportion to the population—Madame Shaxton, Madame Wilcox, and many others of these "poore gentlewomen." For the *padris* he sends wine, the best—Give them wine, for they have need of it.

For a ship doctor, Carleton, who has been brow-beaten by a brutal commander, he intercedes. "His faylings and indiscreet

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* In the British Museum, weight 177·8 grains. *Obverse*, in centre, MON : BOMBAY. ANGLIC. REGIMS. A° 7°; margin, A : DEO : PAX ET : INCREMENTVM : *reverse*, HON : SOC : ANG : IND : ORI. round a shield with the arms of the East India Company.—*Indian Antiquary*, xi., 314; and Yule's *Glossary*, 586.—B.

† The motto of the Scots of Thirlstane.—B.

heates—pass them bye, give him his wages, and he will work well for you." Nor does he confine himself to his countrymen. His heart glows with honest and uncommon sympathy for all. He will have the prison in the bazaar of Bombay, so that the poor wretches may appeal through the bars, to the passer-by, for an alms. For the Slaves—for we had slavery in those days—even for them he has a word. See that they have provisions, and he mentions Saint Helena, that name which became a refuge to conjure by for long years after, even to our own day, for the liberated captives of Africa. "John Floattes, slave boy; it was very ill done in Captain Clarke to part with him to the *padris*." Perhaps with Paul on Onesimus, "If he have wronged thee or oweth thee aught, put that on mine account." Valentine Nurse, "drunken sott" as he is, he sends home to England instead of leaving him to die in the country.

He was the first and greatest advocate of the extension of Bombay: "I propose to you to build a street," he writes from Surat, "from Judge Nicholl's house to the water side." And listen to this, for it is worth reading:—"If you find it inconvenient for the Company, buy that property for me, lett a lease of it to me for sixty-one years, and I will then take immediate orders for building the same street, 4 July, 1676." He would have been a capital chairman of committee on this important subject, rather a committee in himself. Again and again he reiterates injunctions to build an hospital (sending the plans even) as the only means of reducing the ghastly death-rate, Bombay having already become a charnel-house.

He will appoint inspectors of meats and drinks, men who will go from house to house, and see what of bad there is with the *moodies* and victuallers, burn what is tainted, and fine the offenders. He is full of worldly wisdom. He will ensure his goods by caravan from place to place, say from Agra, so that, in spite of floods, fires, or dacoits, he can calculate on their safe delivery, or their value, at least, in Surat. Why are you so eager to buy? "You need not be over-hasty to buy your corn all at once, for, then, the price will rise exceedingly upon you;" *caveat emptor*.

For the greater advance in trade he advises the Company to lend certain sums to honest merchants, they giving "sufficient

securities, either in land, pawnes, or otherwise, for making full satisfaction," and he cites, for he is abundantly well-read, the examples of Cosmo and Lorenzo in Italy, those two illustrious merchant princes whose bodies were already ensepulchred in the Medicean chapel under the sculptured trophies of Michael Angelo.

In these speculations he is far ahead of his age (though his "land pawnes" are objectionable), and he anticipates the Banks of Bombay of 1720, 1770, 1840 and 1868.* Casting his intellectual bread on the waters it returns again and again after many days.

DEALING WITH HIS NEIGHBOURS.

But it is in dealing with his neighbours that his strength of character comes out. When he is in the right he will not yield; no, not a hair's breadth, and the honour of England is safe in his hands—

> "Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
> Lord of the Lion heart and eagle eye."

In these letters, while admitting that his officers were civil and orderly, he denounces Sivaji in no measured terms, "The villain," "Our old perfidious enemy," "Grand rebell of the Dekhan," "A rogue and a thief," "That pirate and universal robber that hath no respect to friend or foe, God or man." And these are not words, of course; for we all know he defied Sivaji to the teeth when he came on his raid to Surat and in language quite as strong. Then there are the Portuguese—"And, therefore, we do require you, boldly and manfully, to oppose all such proud, vain-glorious and malitious attempts which the Portuguese may design against you—return words with words, design with design, violence with violence, embargo with embargo, and let them and *all* your neighbours know that we value not their

* A NOTE CIRCULATION.—Though James Wilson and Calcutta have the credit of establishing the Indian Currency Note Circulation in 1860, it is only fair to observe that Bombay in 1770 inaugurated a note circulation of its own. The notes bore interest at 6 per cent., and were of Rs. 1000, Rs. 500, Rs. 300, Rs. 200, Rs. 100, Rs. 50 and Rs. 20, and the "issue" in the first instance was limited to eight lakhs of rupees. The notes were made payable in ten days.—Forrest's *Selections*, vol. ii., p. 166.

friendship nor fear their enmity." "Their new custom-houses at Bandara overlook them, and laugh at them with a pleasant scorn." These words, no doubt, fell like round shot on all whom they concerned, and the Deputy-Governor would, no doubt, realise their gravity as he read them in Bombay Castle.

This also, is for Bombay, March 26th, 1676, and refers to another of his neighbours :—

"It is a shame for you to be afraid of the Mahrattas, and suffer them to dómineer, seeing it lyes in your power to cleave their pate when you will." All which and much more we must read, mark, and inwardly digest before we can form a just estimate of the character of Aungier, which united the courage of a man to a woman's tenderness. He was greatly beloved, and his memory revered, and deservedly so. It is a significant fact that the Home authorities, on hearing of his death, lowered the salary of his office to his successors from £500 to £300.

THE ENGLISH IN SURAT.

The English in Surat in Tom Coryat's time, 1617, and for a generation following, adopted the native garb, but gradually, as they gained footing, they began to wear the English costume—tunic, vest, doublet and breeches—such dress as we see Milton depicted in by eminent artists nowadays.

Fashionable silks, says Aungier, according to the mode of England, as we are not going to be behind the age, if we can help it; and none of your *kachha* work, but good English materials, serges and shalloons, such as you yourselves wear in summer, and red cloth for the soldiers in winter (the monsoon). And these, we say, must be of English manufacture, and none else; otherwise we shall proceed against any of our Christian servants or factors.

He was a lover of good wine. Send us, he says to his London masters, send us no more of your "buttes," for they "leake and spoyle." Send us "wyred bottles, thirty gallons Rhenish or Claret," "as we have been forced, to our sorrow, to put your honours to some charge of wyred wine, to entertayne strangers, our own being not drinkable." Good man! And elsewhere, "Wee desire out of your large store of Mumm" (a favourite beer

of those days after the Brunswick pattern) "that is now come out by these ships that you send us ten barrels of the best, therefore give orders that they be tasted and none sent us but what are good."

He wishes a present of fruit for Sayid Muhammad, Governor of Surat, and sends to Bombay for melons and grapes, "black and white grapes, especially black grapes of ye Long sort," and indicates Bandara and places adjacent as fruitful in these "in regard nothing better can please those great men than such sort of fruite." He even suggests a boat to be chartered for the purpose, if there are none sailing for Surat. Could the grapes be from Ahmadnagar or Aurangabad? The presence of grapes in Bombay surprises as much as the absence of mangoes, though we have ample evidence so far back as 1552–1570 from Garcia D'Orta that mangoes even then abounded.

The names of "butler" and "bhoy" are not yet in use, and "steward" is borrowed from the "East Indiaman," upon whom there are large demands, for some of the factors are, like Charles O'Malley's Irish dragoon, "fellows of fine features and a very absorbent system." For, in truth, the men of those days had considerable powers of suction, of which brawls, duels and free fights were the natural consequence, and the squaring of accounts in the end fell to the lot of Aungier.

DUELS.

On the subject of duels, Aungier does not mince matters, and is as strong as the Duke of Wellington, of whom Ahmadnagar and the 78th Highlanders have a wholesome recollection:—

"We observe what you write in your consultation, touching the quarrel and duell fought between Captn. Minchin and Mr. Hornigold, which is the usual effect of that accursed *Bombay Punch*, to the shame, scandall and ruine of our nation and religion. We thought that Mr. Hornigold and Captn. Minchin had been persons of a more sober and regular conversation, and that they had more regard to their Company's authority, the observation of the Lawes and Government and to their owne reputation, than to render themselves so scandalous as they have done, first in besotting themselves and afterwards by breaking the Lawes."

Aungier in this is like the "bearded vision" who once signed himself, in a letter to a tippler, "Charles Napier, Major-General and Governor of Scinde, because I have always been a remarkably sober man."

HIS ORTHOGRAPHY.

We now come to speak of his orthography. In passing from the letters and diaries of Sir George Oxinden, President, to those of his successor Aungier in 1671 (he succeeded in 1669), a new light bursts upon us. On a very small scale from Wycliffe's Bible to the English version, represents the newer spelling, freer style, and purer composition.

We are not now tortured with archaisms or a crabbed style full of elliptical abbreviations, for we have a masterly *resumé* of the Company's position in almost modern English, in which everything is touched upon from pepper to politics, foreign and domestic, of highest moment.

In the earlier letters we have such words as "opine," "drowthe," "behove," "commaund," "brawe commodities," "durty actions," "dead corpes," and other verbiage of "Swally Hole."

"The intrinsicall vallew of uncoyned gould," revives, at all events, the pronunciation of a Baird of Gartsherrie of the last generation.

We do not quarrel with the antique spelling of freight. "Fraught" is good old Northumbrian English, as old as Chaucer, and may still be heard on the North British seaboard, while "slickt" has the sanction of Shakespeare.

We wish we could claim Aungier as a Scotchman, but though "Mahim Fort is not worth a doyt" smacks of the Doric or Dutch rather, it may have incidentally dropped from some "Scot abroad" who had found for himself a lodge in that vast wilderness of palms.

It is curious to note how the Company began with drugs and gums, the earliest items of Oriental commerce, and Solomon himself could not expatiate with greater lucidity upon them There are *Aloes Sokotrina*, and *Aloes Hypatica*, turmeric, senna, myrrh, cinnamon, camphor and galbanum to delight the ear of Sir George Birdwood.

A BILL OF SIVAJI RAJA.

In the year 1675, the Bombay Government held a bill of Sivaji Raja. It was just like the bills we work with nowadays. There was a drawer, a drawee, and an endorser. Sivaji was the drawer, and I have no doubt that his sign-manual was in the form of a seal, as you may see on such *hundis* occasionally at the present time, for I think we have evidence sufficient that Sivaji could not sign his own name. The drawee, his correspondent, was a man in Golkonda, a place redolent of diamonds; and the bill, after its acceptance and with Sivaji's endorsation on it, had been paid away by him to a third party for corn, who in his turn handed the document to the Bombay Government, no doubt, to square his account, or so far.

The bill was a good bill. That is to say, Sivaji was good for two *karors* of rupees when he signed the Treaty of Purandhar in 1664, and he died in Raygarh in 1680, as report sayeth, worth two millions sterling, not *in* or *on* paper, but in ingots and coined money of sorts! This bill of Sivaji's for Rs. 6000 was thus a good bill. But to our story. When the bill was presented at Golkonda the drawee was not to be found, "gone to his country," we suppose; so the drawer, the high and mighty Raja, was appealed to, and though the Bombay Government could ill spare their broker Girdhardas, they forthwith despatched him with one "Narran Sunay," accompanied, if you please, by an Englishman, one Mr. Mauleverer, on a long and toilsome march to Raygarh, in the laudable attempt to extract the needful from this nether millstone. That stout fort lies in what we now call the Kulaba Collectorate, and I have no doubt Sivaji entertained them well, as was his custom, but he did not give them money, and that was what they wanted. In all this Sivaji was very wrong, for it has been observed, as far back as Cicero, that it is indecent to owe money to a political opponent.

Though barely credible, we are bound to believe what we read; that these emissaries of justice were kept through all the weary months of the monsoon kicking their heels on Raygarh. He promised them *bhata* and betelnuts, but, as Aungier naively observes, "there is a great difference between fair words and fair payment." No money was forthcoming. They could not

"sit in *Dharna*," as an Englishman was of their number. Wearied beyond measure the Governor writes them to "come away from these false people and have done with them." At length a happy thought strikes the Governor. He threatens to seize his ships. This has the desired effect, and the first and last bill of Sivaji's that we know of, held by the Bombay Government, is paid and the transaction settled.

THE TWO GREAT MEASURES.

The two great measures which Aungier originated—the crown and glory of his career—could scarcely have been known in India when he died. His scheme to remove the seat of Government from Surat to Bombay was submitted to the East India Company in London in 1671,* and was bottled up for sixteen years, for it was not until 1687 that Bombay was made a Regency with Sir John Child as Governor of all our possessions in the East Indies.† It would have been too delicate a subject to publish abroad in Surat in 1671, where vested interests reigned supreme.

It is now full two hundred years since the deed was accomplished, and during that long period—from the English Revolution to the French Revolution—from the introduction of steam navigation to the opening of the Suez Canal—every event

* "We have thought it our duty upon serious consideration of your affairs to offer you our humble advice, that it seems now consistent with your interest to settle your Chief Government in your island, Bombay, and to that end you would please to order your President to reside there constantly." (*Letter to the Chairman of the East India Company, dated Surat, Feb.* 3, 1671. Forrest's *Selections*, vol. i., p. 59.)

† "With this object, the court, with the approbation of the King, constituted Sir John Child their President or General at Surat, *to be what in modern times* has been termed the Governor-General of the countries within their limits." (Bruce's *Annal's*, 1686–87, vol. ii., p. 568, published 1810.) From the fact that Bruce in his *Annals*, when speaking of Child, frequently uses this designation of *Governor-General*,' I had been led to adopt it on former occasions, and Sir George Birdwood has kindly called my attention to the subject. The same use of this title in referring to Child has been, no doubt, unconsciously perpetuated from Bruce, in the *Bombay Gazetteer*, and in the introduction to the *Selections from the Bombay Secretariat*, 1887. This title, we need scarcely observe, came into existence only when, by the Regulation Act of 1773, Warren Hastings was constituted Governor-General

has justified its wisdom and importance. During that long period fifty Governors have come and gone, and every one as he succeeds is an additional witness—cumulative as the ages roll on—to the justice of this measure, which has made of Bombay one of the greatest cities in the world. And other Governors also will come and go, cross the amphitheatre, with other crowds of spectators to cheer or criticise, to praise or to condemn.

But Aungier's work will remain like the great stones of Jordan—memorials of what their fathers had to do before they entered the Promised Land.

His second work was merely the complement of the first. Without the first there would have been no need of the second, and without the second all would have been chaos and disorder. The patent was executed very shortly before he died, and may be regarded as his last legacy. It was a compact with the Banyas in which they virtually stood the representatives of every race and creed in the island, and secured to their descendants—or successors—for all time coming, the boon of religious liberty as their inalienable birthright.*

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of India. The italics (ours) in the above extract from Bruce explain how the wrong use of the word in reference to Child crept in, first by Bruce himself and afterwards by, I do not know how many, writers on the subject; the style itself only coming into existence at the latter date of 1773, and was not, as far as I am able to ascertain, in official documents, applied to any agent of the East India Company before this.

Sir John Child, however, was for several years "General" of the Company's affairs in India. (Yule in *W. Hedges' Diary*, ii., p. 115.) He died 4th Feb. 1689–90, and in Feb. 1691, Sir John Gouldsworthy was appointed "Superviser, Commissary General, and Chief Governour in East India." (*Ibid.*, 156); *conf. infra*, Vol. II., p. 51.—B.

* *Treaty with Nima Parak.*—"There are ten clauses, but the second is the most important. That he with the Brahmanis or Ver of his caste shall enjoy the free exercise of their religion, within their own houses, without the molestation of any person whatsoever, that no Englishman, Portuguese or other Christian, nor Muhammadan shall be permitted to live within their compound, or offer to kill any creature there, or do the least injury or indignity to them, and, if any shall presume to offend them within the limits of their said compound, upon their complaint to the Governor or Deputy-Governor, the offenders shall be exemplarily punished, that they shall have liberty to burn their dead according to their custom, and also to use their ceremonies at their weddings, and that none of their profession, of what age, sex or condition whatever they be, shall be forced to turn Christians nor to carry burthens against their wills."—Forrest's *Selections*, vol. i., p. 112, dated March 22, 1677.

OTHER GOVERNORS.

By way of contrast we may look at what other Governors did before and after Aungier.

Andrewes, President of Surat, does not scruple four times to invoke the name of Almighty God, in a letter to a skipper in which he recommends him to hunt some pirates down with fire and sword, and abandon the prisoners on the nearest "shoar." *

Gayer constitutes himself a pander to the native Governor of Surat by presenting him with a China woman, paid for by the money of the Company.†

Boone in Bombay applies the thumbscrew to a witness, in 1720, though torture had been declared illegal in England so far back as 1628.‡

Wake in the same place outrages the civilisation and laws

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* "For officers to command the soldiers we have choice sufficient, but they will want an able, prudent officer to command in chief, who has experience in India, for the business will not be to go down and make what havoc, destruction and slaughter can be effected, but *as your Honourable Sir justly observes*, there must be respect had to time to come, and the carrying on a more free and honourable trade in those parts for the future. In one hand the sword and another the olive branch." (*Bombay Letter, June* 27, 1677, *to the President, Surat, General Aungier.*)—Forrest's *Selections*, vol. i., p. 131.

This is a valuable letter; Aungier died before its receipt at Surat. The one to which it refers (the italics are ours) is not forthcoming, but it supplies ample evidence that Aungier's method of carrying on war with the pirates combined mercy with justice, and did not proceed on the wholesale extermination or buccaneering policy of some of his predecessors. Compare this with the letter dated March 22, 1660, signed Matthew Andrews and John Lambton. "Take what goods you can receive, setting fire to the rest, both ship and goods. The men put on the next shoar to you," to which is prefixed the prayer, "By God's blessing your endeavours may be fully accomplished on the Malabars;" and for illustration see a picture of one of Kyd or Avory's "Maroons," in *Harper's Magazine*, 1887.

† Forrest's *Selections*, vol. i., p. 248.

‡ Forrest's *Selections*, vol. ii., p. 9. "You may be sure that these enormities were not allowed to pass without protest. Notably in this Torture case where Boone himself should have been arraigned for high crimes and misdemeanours. The Deputy-Governor Parker had strong views on the Torture business, and had stated his mind that 'it was against the laws of our country to extort a confession from any man; and this having been done, with a servant of Rama Cammattee on the said trial, he could not sit there with a safe conscience.' Did this expression of opinion cost him his seat? for Parker's name disappears from the records."

of the eighteenth century by sentencing women to be burnt alive.*

Aungier did none of these things.

PERSONAL DETAILS.

We cannot close the personal details without one or two extracts—little vignettes like some Dutch painting or filigree work, worthy to be framed in any attempted portraiture of Aungier.

The first shows how much he was beloved. I do not read of a concern equal to this about any other Governor in these volumes. He had gone to Bombay by sea, and Surat had not heard of his arrival a fortnight after he left. "After many a sad thought, we had for your safety, hearing no news of your arrival on the island in so many days and that confirmed by the Deputy Governor to the 4th of June, 1672, with extraordinary storms upon the coast, and the general current news in town of the ship's loss, the apprehension of which danger daily increasing, as we received no advices from the island of your arrival and greater damp on our spirits was occasioned by a letter the Dutch Director received from Baroch the 15th current, whither news was brought by a small vessel from Diu, in two days' passage, that several men were driven on shore there by the sea, and a boat built after the English manner, and had English rigging, and this news was confirmed by our Baroch broker. We then began to despair of your safety, but it pleased God to comfort us. The next day, being Sunday, as we sat at dinner we read his honour's letter to our infinite contentment, with his comfortable news of his safe arrival on the island the 7th current. After such eminent and great dangers as he encountered, for which we render thanks to Almighty God, and as in such cases we ought to signify to the world our gladness, the next day the whole family remembered

* "The chairman on June 6, 1748, repeating the evidence to the Grand Jury, retired, and after some time, found her guilty, and she was sentenced to be burnt."—(*Proceedings of the Court of Oyer and Terminer.* Forrest's *Selections*, vol. ii., p. 411.) There appear to have been two women tried and sentenced, but there is no record of the sentence being carried out.

so great a blessing at 'Mirza Mosim's Garden.'" This is a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

The next is equally good. It may be Oxinden's (date 1663), but it does not matter. Here, at all events, is the apartment in which Aungier spent hours of devout contemplation:—

"We have separated a place apart for God's worship, and decently adorned it, wherein stands your library, and amongst them those several volumes of the Holy Bible in the languages, which is much esteemed by those that are learned among these people; that if any eminent person come to your houses, his greatest desire is to see the chapel, wherefore, we entreat you for further ornament to send us out a large table in a frame gilded and handsomely adorned with Moses and Aaron holding the two tables, containing the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, written in letters of gold, and in the midst at the top in triangles, God's name writ in as many of these Eastern languages, as Persian, Arabic, &c., as can be procured; which, if you please to honour our chapel with, it will be a glory to our religion, as that which is more taken than anything that they shall read beside; and yet our meaning is that the Commandments, &c., be wrote in the English language."

We are not going to frown on this ecclesiastical furniture of the Surat Chapel, but leave Aungier—as becometh—to his seasons of meditation and prayer.

Laborare est orare.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HORATIO NELSON: OR, BOMBAY 1775.

WAS Lord Nelson in Bombay? This question has never been mooted by his biographers, nor by any one else, so far as we know. But everything connected with the early history of a great man is interesting. Our belief has long been that Lord Nelson spent a considerable portion of the time he was in the East Indies, in Bombay and neighbouring waters, and that belief is founded on his own words:—"I was placed* in the 'Seahorse,' twenty guns, with Captain Farmer, and watched in the foretop, from whence in time I was placed on the quarter-deck, having in the time I was in this ship visited *almost every part* of the East Indies, from Bengal to Bussorah."† Nelson was born in 1758, left England in the end of 1773 in the "Seahorse" for the East Indies, where he remained twenty-eight months,‡ at the end of which, broken down in health, he was transferred § from the "Seahorse" to the "Dolphin," and reached England in 1776. His Indian career is a total blank, and closes like the sea behind his ship. The course of the "Seahorse" has been hitherto as visionary as the Flying Dutchman, but we are now in a position to establish the fact that the "Seahorse" arrived in Bushir from Bombay and Muscat on May 12, 1775,

* In October, 1773.

† *Life of Nelson.* From his Lordship's manuscripts; by Clarke and M'Arthur. London. 3 vols.

‡ "Mr. Bentham's compliments to Mr. Kee. He understands he is agent to Mr. Surridge, the master of the 'Seahorse.' Should be obliged to him for a recommendation in favour of Horatio Nelson, a young lad (nephew to Captain Suckling) who is going in that ship. The master is a necessary man for a young lad to be introduced to. Therefore, Mr. Bentham will be obliged to Mr. Kee for a letter. The ship's mail only for the Commander's Dispatches."—Navy Office, Oct. 23, 1773. Dr. Doran in *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 5, 1872. (Original still existing.)

§ About August, 1776.

LORD NELSON.

that she sailed from Bushir on July 15, reached Muscat on July 31, and arrived in Bombay on August 17, same year. This accounts, at all events, for four months of the "Seahorse," during which she was twice in Bombay Harbour. There was a reason for her being in Bombay. This was the time we were at war with the Marathas, when we took possession of Thana and Salsette, and Sir Edward Hughes's squadron, to which the "Seahorse" belonged (this is matter of history), was riding at anchor in Bombay Harbour on February 17, 1776, and how long before we know not. We have now before us the journal * of a man who describes the voyage from Bushir to Bombay in the "Seahorse," and narrates the incidents of it with graphic power. The journal was not published until thirty-three years after it was written—in 1808—three years after the death of Nelson. Had Lord Nelson been alive we are sure that he would have read with much interest the narrative of a voyage when he himself, we believe, was so much prostrated by disease as not to be able to concern himself with anything.

There is no notice, however, of the young midshipman, and we did not expect it. Nelson was then the great unknown, and less likely to be noticed than Scott was at Professor Adam Fergusson's, or Burns when he wandered unknown on the banks of Fail.

Abraham Parsons was a Bristol man, an old skipper, Consul and Factor Marine (whatever that may mean) to the Turkey Company at Skanderun, the proposed terminus of the Euphrates Railway still *in nubibus;* a shrewd observer, somewhat akin to another captain of a previous generation, who has left us much valuable information on Bombay matters—we mean Alexander Hamilton. One fine morning in 1774 the said Parsons packed up his traps, to wit, twenty camel-loads of merchandise and baggage, not forgetting wine, beer, and rum, and bade adieu to Skanderun. We do not wonder at it, for it is a beastly place, and has been cursed by all men who have any regard for their health for well nigh twenty centuries. Like so many a hero in the *Arabian Nights,* combining business

* *Travels in Asia and Africa;* by the late Abraham Parsons, Esq. London: Printed for Longmans, 1808.

with pleasure, he set out for Baghdad, and after seeing the City of the Khalifs, found his way to Bushir. Here he found the redoubtable "Seahorse." Bear in mind that we have Nelson's own words that he had sailed the Persian Gulf:—

"Bushear, 1775, May 12.—There arrived and anchored in the road his Majesty's ship 'Seahorse,' Captain George Farmer, from Bombay, but last from Muscat, May 24. This day I accompanied Captain George Farmer, by his desire, from the town of Bushir to the road on board the 'Betty.'

"July 15.—At five in the morning, I embarked on board his Majesty's ship the 'Seahorse,' Captain George Farmer, who anchored in the outer road to wait for the (merchant) ships which were to proceed with him to Bombay.

"August 3, 1775.—At Muscat.

"17.—At two in the morning we saw the light of Old Woman's Island, near Bombay. At daylight we discovered the town of Bombay; and at ten in the morning we anchored.

"His Majesty's ship was saluted with the guns from the Castle as usual, which was returned with two guns less than the salute."

We may now draw breath, and take a look at the "Seahorse" as she lies in Bombay Harbour. It was on board this ship that Nelson had his first dreams of ambition and glory. We have his own words for it:—"I will be a hero, and, confiding in Providence, will brave every danger." The good angel came to him with this when he was about to throw himself overboard. It was in this ship that a malignant disorder caught hold of him, which Southey, in his *Life*, tells us baffled all powers of medicine, and he was reduced to a skeleton, having entirely lost for some time the use of his limbs. Parsons here comes to our aid and fills up the spaces between the lines. This voyage of the "Seahorse" to the Persian Gulf was a most sickly one, Parsons says:—"Fluxes among our crew, combined with excessive heat coming down the Gulph, so debilitated our men that some days twelve men fell down on the deck through excessive weakness." "Few escaped the disorder, either officer or private man." "The captain and nineteen men out of one hundred and seventy escaped it. Not a man died of those who were attacked."

We do not doubt that this was the sickness Nelson suffered from. They were nearly wrecked. "Two lieutenants and the master desired admittance into the cabin, having something of importance to offer to Captain Farmer: they were accordingly admitted, when they explained the necessity of leaving such of the convoy behind as could not keep up with the 'Seahorse,' observing that if the ship could not make any southing, we should fall in with the land to the north of the isle of Diu, where there was no harbour; but, on the contrary, a dangerous shore, and a still more inhospitable set of men, and should they keep on the course which we now held, it would not only endanger the loss of his Majesty's ship, but the lives of every man on board. Captain Farmer thought their reasons so cogent that he followed their advice, and we left those ships that could not keep up with us." Were all officers so faithful and independent in the exercise of the trust committed to them, and all commanders so reasonable and open to conviction as Captain Farmer, we venture to think that there would be fewer wrecks. The Nelson family had some roving connection with Bombay.* Lord Nelson's brother had been in the Indian Navy, been murdered, and his murderers were hanged on Gibbet Island in the harbour. Strange to say, that Mackintosh had lived—and a judge—for eight years in Bombay, and never had heard of it—merely heard it from a casual observation which fell from the master of the ship in which he went home. Hangings were few in those days, and we can merely guess that the event took place long previously—perhaps thirty years before Mackintosh arrived in the country.

The only other circumstance connecting Nelson with Bombay was his celebrated Battle of the Nile letter to Governor Duncan of 9th August, 1798. A special officer, Lieutenant Duval, was sent with it, armed with letters to the Consuls and merchants at Alexandretta, Aleppo, Basrah, &c. Nelson said he would pay the cost of this letter himself if the Government refused to do it. It came in time to save an immense outlay in the war defences of Bombay.

* It is stated in Low's *Indian Navy* that Nelson, when he was embarrassed, applied for the situation of Superintendent of the Indian Navy at Bombay.

"If my letter is not so correct as might be expected, I trust your excuse when I tell you my brain is so shaken with the wound in my head, that I am sensible I am not always as clear as could be wished. But whilst a ray of reason remains, my heart and hand shall ever be exerted for the benefit of our king and country."

Behold then, reader, if you like, Nelson's first appearance on the Customs Bandar of Bombay. But in case of misconception, we must ask you to clear away the Refreshment Room, and the bravery and bunting of the Gardens, and the Reclamations, Wellington and otherwise, that have so transmogrified the pristine beauty of this ancient rendezvous. A youth, diminutive in appearance, of seventeen years of age, and of a somewhat florid countenance, heightened by the sea-brine—"an able-bodied seaman" he is called. Negligent in his dress, but as clean as a new gun. Careless of the refined courtesies of polished life, but with an address and conversation of irresistible charm.

His crony, Tom Troubridge, is with him, and like greyhounds out of the leash they disappear. Bombay was then great in astrologists. One of them had predicted the death of the last Governor, Hodges, and it came to pass. But there was no horoscope of this beardless youth, or of a time—

> "When Nelson o'er his country's foes
> Like the destroying angel rose."

No cloud yet darkened the manly brow of Troubridge, or presaged his coming woe—the "Culloden" ashore in the Bay of Abukir, or the "Blenheim"* engulphed in the Madagascar Seas. Montgomery has written his dirge—

> "On India's long expected strand
> Their sails were never furled;
> Never on known or friendly land
> By storms their keel was hurled;
> Their native soil no more they trod,
> They rest beneath no hallowed sod
> Throughout the living world.
> This sole memorial of their lot
> Remains—They were, and they are not."

* Sir Thomas Troubridge sailed from England in 1808, and was never heard of.

Having now, as we think, satisfactorily brought Nelson to Bombay, our course is plain enough, as the Bombay of 1775 is not difficult to pourtray. We give Parsons' account,* and supplement it from other sources. The town had a population of about 150,000, the walls were complete, William Hornby, Governor; Town House, the old Court House, still standing opposite the dock gates; Country House, Parel. James Forbes, the author of the *Oriental Memoirs*, and grandfather of the celebrated Count Montalembert, was here; already Eliza Draper had left, and the ladies abounded in acts of philanthropy and benevolence. Several tombstones at Sonapur of this date record the pleasing manners and persons of the deceased. There is no countenance given by Parsons to the *pulla* fish origin of Apollo. It is spelled as we do nowadays. Bandar becomes *Bunda*, a pronunciation agreeable to all who have been born within reach of the sound of Bow Bells. Nelson, we think, could have had few pleasant reminiscences of Bombay, and

* "The town of Bombay is near a mile in length from Apollo Gate to that of the bazaar, and about a quarter of a mile broad in the broadest part from the Bunda across the Green, to Church Gate, which is nearly in the centre, as you walk round the walls between Apollo and Bazar Gate. There are likewise two marine gates, with a commodious wharf and cranes built out from each gate, besides a landing-place for passengers only. Between the two marine gates is the Castle, properly called Bombay Castle, a very large and strong fortification which commands the bay; the works round the town are so many, and the bastions so very strong and judiciously situated, and the whole defended with a broad and deep ditch, so as to make a strong fortress, which, while it has a sufficient garrison and provisions, may bid defiance to any force which may be brought against it. Here is a spacious green, capable of containing several regiments exercising at the same time; the streets are well laid out, and the buildings (viz., gentlemen's houses) so numerous and handsome, as to make it an elegant town. The soil is a sand mixed with small gravel, which makes it always so clean, even in the rainy season, that a man may walk all over the town, within half an hour, after a heavy shower, without dirtying his shoes. The esplanade is very extensive, and as smooth and even as a bowling green, which makes either walking or riding round the town very pleasant. Near the extreme point of Old Woman's Island next the sea is a very lofty lighthouse, the light of which is so bright, and well watched that it may be discerned at five leagues' distance. (The Lighthouse at Kolaba was ordered to be built 1769.) On this island are two large barracks for the military; sometimes a camp is formed here. It has good grass, not many trees, and a few houses; but neither town nor village. It lies so very open to the sea all round, as to be deemed a very healthy place, whither people after recovering from illness frequently move for a change of air."

would turn his back with indifference on the Kolaba Light-house, and bid good-bye to a place where the candle of his genius was nearly snuffed out. Had he died here he would have been among the first "inhabitants below" in Sonapur, and his bones would never have been asked for. Nelson and Wellington were two great captains. Bombay could not hold them long. Fired by new ambitions, in other lands, they trod an imperial pathway reserved only for the most illustrious of mankind. And now at the last they sleep side by side under the mighty dome of St. Paul's, and their names live evermore.

The words of Longfellow seem exactly to describe some of the most striking features of our harbour, and were sent to me by the late Sir Henry Morland:—

"The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, and of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base
With speechless wrath; it rises and subsides
In a white leap with tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Thro' the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendour in its glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Heading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

Steadfast, serene, immovable the same,
Year after year, thro' all the silent night,
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light."

CHAPTER XXX.

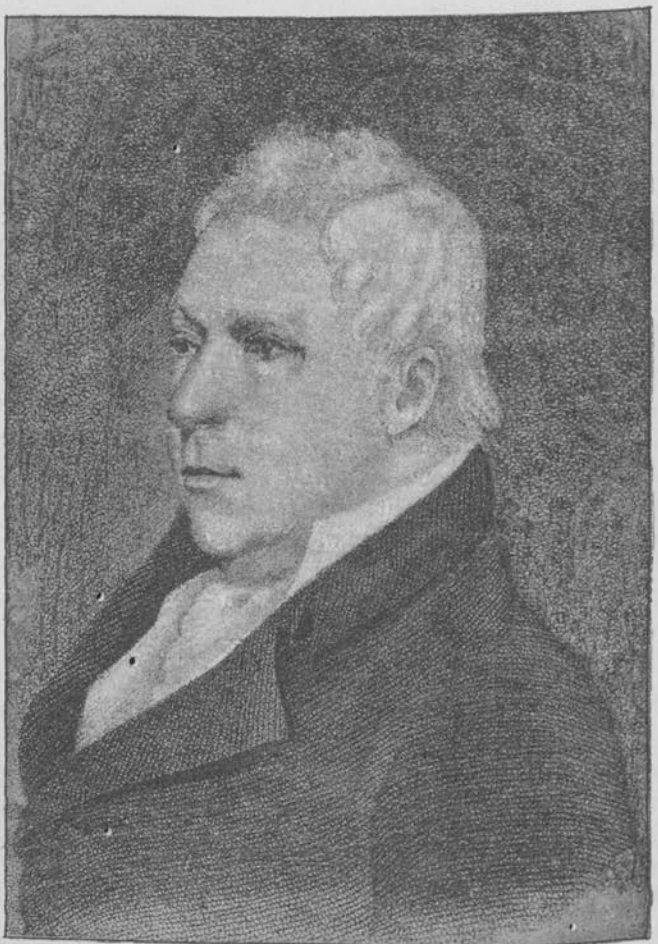
JAMES FORBES.

IN the records of Bombay James Forbes holds a high place. He was an Englishman by birth and breeding, of Scotch descent, and was not related to the Bombay merchants who founded, about 1780, the greatest house of its day in India. Sir Charles Forbes, the head of this firm for forty years, was born in 1773, and created a Baronet in 1823.* James Forbes was born in 1749, came out to India in 1765 in the Civil Service, returned finally to England in 1784, and died 1st August, 1819. The orthodox pronunciation of this name, we believe, is *Forbés*, with an accent on the second syllable. Forbes is pronounced thus by the natives, and so it was by Sir Walter Scott. James Forbes left an only daughter, who married a French Count, and by this marriage came Forbes's grandson, Charles Forbes René Montalembert, the celebrated French statesman, otherwise known as Count Montalembert, author of the *Monks of the West*, who died 14th March, 1870.

HIS BOOK

was first published in four volumes quarto *for the author*, and must have been a most expensive one for him to bring out—quite a *livre de luxe*, we should think—in 1812. We learn, however, that it was very popular. It is observable that he did not publish it until twenty-eight years after he had left Bombay, when he was sixty-two years of age. So he did not "rush into print," but matured his thoughts, bottling them up like old wine. These *Oriental Memoirs* he dedicated to Sir Charles

* The 4th Baronet, Sir Charles John Forbes of Newe and Edinglassie, died July, 1884.



JAMES FORBES, F.R.S., 1749–1813.

Warre Malet,* whose name is familiar to our readers as Resident in Poona at the Court of the Peshwah during the last decade of the last century. Malet had been the friend of Forbes in his youth, and his companion on several excursions they made together in Western India.

Forbes and his wife, while travelling on the Continent during the French war in 1803, were imprisoned at Verdun, but released in 1804. The Royal Society and Sir Joseph Banks interested themselves in his behalf by writing to the National Institute of France. M. Carnot was then President, and Baron Cuvier Secretary, and the grounds of his release were that he was a man of science engaged in the preparation of this great work. From Forbes's own letter we learn that the materials from which he projected its publication consisted of 50 folio volumes comprising 52,000 pages of manuscript letters and drawings by himself and other people. The book is beautifully illustrated with 93 large pictures. The originals of the engravings were drawn by himself, for Forbes was a good sketcher. There are coloured drawings of such specimens of the Bombay animal and vegetable world as were then little known in Europe.

There are three views of Bombay, which are extremely valuable, as they exhibit to us the appearance of the Bombay of his time. One is from the sea, taken in 1773, another from Malabar Hill in 1771, and a third of Bombay Green in 1768. This last is a line engraving by the elder Heath, who was a master in the art. The view is taken from the roof of the Custom House, where Forbes then lived, and the look-out in these days was straight across, without interruption, to the Cathedral and the Old Secretariat in Apollo Street, being then the Government House. The carriage of His Excellency Governor Hodges, drawn by four horses and preceded by a dozen horn-blowers and *bandarins*, is a conspicuous object in this picture.

The palanquins are light and airy-looking, being open at the

* Forbes was a great admirer of Malet, and not without reason, as the extracts from Malet's letters and journals which he gives us are conclusive that he was a man of uncommon powers and force of character. See p. 448.

sides, and not the closed coffin-like structures of our day. We observe an Englishman taking his constitutional on the Bombay Green, shaded from the sun by a panka something after the fashion of the Byculla Club ones, or rather a banner screen perched upon a long pole, which the bearer behind him elevates or depresses as is necessary.

All the houses fronting the sea-view are low, for the obvious reason, we suppose, that they would not challenge attack by an enemy in the harbour.* Hence the old Court House and Secretariat—and we call them by the names they are known by in 1890—bulk big and stand out conspicuous on the skyline. These buildings, we need not say, are to-day completely obscured from the point of view where the artist has drawn his picture by the numerous buildings which have since cropped up between them and the sea. Bombay Castle from the sea (as becometh in 1773) is one frowning continuous line of bastion and curtain, perforated with loopholes, out of which peer the iron arbiters of fate. None of those hideous monstrosities in the shape of barns and cock-lofts have yet dared to show themselves above vault and casemate, and offer a tempting shot to the invader. Why they ever should have done so, we are at a loss to conceive, as there seems plenty of room for them elsewhere. Let us cry—

> "Latium be Latium still! Let Alba reign,
> And Rome's immortal majesty remain!"

One thing, however, has come down to us for which we ought to be thankful. It used to be said that Nature has done much for the Bombay Harbour, and man very little.

Our readers must have often observed a very tall palm-tree in the neighbourhood of the Custom House, towering aloft above all its fellows. A similar tree stands out boldly in Forbes's view of Bombay from the sea. We are told that a palm-tree lives only a hundred years.† Be it so; we are willing to believe that this one is an exception to the rule, and, untouched

* "La seule force de Bombaye contre des Européens est dans son port."—Anquetil du Perron, 1761, *Preliminary Discourse on the Zendavesta.*

† "The date-tree lives and bears seed for two hundred years."—*Cornhill Magazine*, May, 1888. This, however, is a brab-tree, hence the Bastion on which it grows is called the Brab Tree Bastion. Dec. 1889—the tree exhibiting signs of decay, had to be pulled down.

by either cyclone or decay, still vindicates its title as a landmark to those on land or on sea, near at hand or far away. Altogether, this is a spirited picture, the Union Jack where it is to-day, and a pennon streaming gaily in the breeze from a tall flagstaff on the Royal Bastion of Bombay.

ARRIVAL IN BOMBAY.

When Forbes came out to Bombay, he had not a single friend in it, nor a letter of introduction. A gentleman who came out with him took him to call at a house, which, from the description of its colonnade, flight of stairs, and its overlooking the sea, seems to have been the old Court House in Apollo Street. His host "took him by the hand," and, he tells us, "did not let it go for forty years." He gave him what money he needed, and he says all his success in life was due to this man. Who he was we know not. We know that he became Chairman of the East India Company, bought an estate in Hertfordshire, and lived until he was eighty.

Before young Forbes was introduced to him he had married a widow with two children, none of whom had ever been in England. The boy and girl grew up, and had a most romantic history. Governor Hornby married the young lady, and they had a large family, one of whom possibly signs a lease—Jane Hornby—of the aforesaid building for twenty-one years to the East India Company for a Court House. This was in 1807, and the witnesses are Patrick Hadow and William Crawford.

During Forbes's time there was a great nuisance in Bombay, to wit, divination and astrology. Governor Hodges had petted a Brahman sorcerer to such an extent that he consulted him about everything. He had prophesied many years before that he would be Governor, but that a black cloud was before him. Hodges became ill, and was recommended to try the hot baths at Dasgam, and had reached Fort Victoria at Bankot. "*Freits* follow them that fear them," says the Scotch proverb, so necromancy and Hodges travelled in company. According to the Hindu calendar, the 22nd of February, 1771, was an unlucky night, so he would not go out that evening and take the air. "This is going to be a critical night for me," said he. Superstí-

tion makes short work with sick men, and next morning he was found sitting up in his bed with his finger on his lip—dead. The secret was not on his lips, for everybody knew it. He was brought into Bombay, and buried in that church which is now our Cathedral.* Forbes seems half a believer in second sight, and recites several cases of events coming to pass that had been all known and talked about years before in Bombay. The Brahman was thus a power in the State.

William Hornby seems to have had a harder head. Nevertheless, during the thirteen years he was Governor of Bombay, his life must have been rendered somewhat miserable by this pertinacious and unscrupulous Brahman. Hornby had sent his wife and mother-in-law, the widow aforesaid, home to England; but before going, the latter, at all events, had become the victim of the Brahman's delusions, and it is our opinion that the Brahman half-killed the daughter and killed the mother outright. The spectacle of the mother walking on the sands of Back Bay, looking out wistfully for the ship which was to bring her son from his education in England, and being reconnoitred by the Brahman, who told her she would never see him, is as strange as anything that has ever been offered in the history of demonology and witchcraft. Whenever any consolation was offered to these miserable wretches, the only reply was, "Oh, the Brahman, the Brahman!"

This is what happens when people barter away the providence of God for the miserable delusions of witchcraft. The keys of the invisible world are in safe keeping. When any man or woman arrogated to himself or herself the possession of them, the authorities sentenced the man or woman to be publicly whipped at the door of our Cathedral.† This was done, and

* Grave unknown.

† "The records of the Court of Judicature show that an ignorant woman, named Bastok, was more than once whipped for what were called 'diabolical practices.' Like many Europeans of past days in India, this unfortunate creature had imbibed native superstitions, and professed to cure sick persons by the use of charmed rice. Convicted of this offence on the 5th of July, 1724, she was admitted by the Court to have been guilty of witchcraft not from evil intention, but from ignorance. So they enlightened her dark mind in this wise:—The Court orders 'that she receive eleven lashes at the church door, and after, she and all persons that are guilty of the like do such penance in the church as is customary.'"—*Bombay Quarterly Review*, vol. ii.

sometimes with good effect. But it was a very different matter with the victims.

WAYS AND MEANS.

When Forbes arrived in Bombay, his salary was Rs. 30 a month, with house accommodation. For some time he had a hard time of it, occasionally going supperless to bed, and reading Shakespeare by moonlight on the Custom House roof for want of a candle. Duke Humphrey and the Parish Lanthorn were thus often his only companions.

The Civil Servants in these days often complained, but the Company bluntly replied that they might go and get work elsewhere, reminding them that they had some secret advantages. "We wish to God that this were true," say they. The reference here was to the facility of trading. But this facility to nine men out of ten turned out a facility for ruining themselves. Forbes was luckier than most of his contemporaries, for out of the seventeen young civilians who came out with him, he was the only one who returned to England, the remaining sixteen having gone over to the majority. But even among those who stood the climate, and older men, he was exceptionally fortunate. When Forbes was coming home, he looked in at Goa and found Crommelin* there, who had joined the service in 1732. Here he was, at the age of eighty, filling the subordinate post of Resident at Goa, though he had been Governor of Bombay twenty years previously. Richard Bourchier, who was Governor when Clive was in Bombay, and gave him a wigging, died penniless. How Forbes made his money he does not tell us on the principle, we suppose, of—

> "Aye keep something to yoursel
> Ye dinna tell to ony."

It, however, oozes out. If he had liked he might have joined one of the Agency Houses, which was perfectly allowable up to 1804, and by which he need not have forfeited a single privilege of the Civil Service. But he did not do so.

He mentions the medium price of cotton when he was at

* See *ante*, pp. 162, 163.

Bharoch as Rs. 70 to Rs. 80 per kandy, equal in these days to £8 to £9, and that it was shipped only to Bengal and China. He adds by the way, "*I had generally large commissions annually to purchase cotton at Bharoch for the Bombay merchants.* One of the principal frauds of the cotton-dealers was exposing the cotton, spread out, on cow-dung floors, to the nightly dews. I often paid an unexpected morning visit to at least a hundred of these small cotton merchants. Like Gideon's fleece spread upon the floor, with an honest dealer the cotton was perfectly dry; if in the hands of a rogue, you might, like him, wring out a bowl full of water."

Wet or dry, however, Gideon's fleece was a golden fleece; at all events, the lad who went supperless and candleless to bed was, at the age of thirty-five, master of the situation. What he paid for his passage home he does not tell us; but in the same ship one gentleman gave 5000 guineas for the accommodation of himself, wife, and family, and another paid £1000 for himself and wife.

HIS LIBRARY.

Though he left Bombay at an early age, he never ceased to be a Bombay man. All his feelings, ideas, and interests seem to centre in it. Of Fryer in the seventeenth century he has a profound reverence, which is little to be wondered at, as it is a kind of Bombay Bible, which you shall take up again and again, and always find some new thing. Like Fryer and Dr. Wilson, Forbes was a member of the Royal Society. He had a small library, and delighted much in poetry.

Pope, Goldsmith, Addison, Thomson his favourite bard, Beattie, Akenside, Prior, Mason, and Falconer were all at his fingers' ends, and he quotes largely from them. He found Homer in India, to an extent that would astonish Professor Macmillan. But the book of which he found the most illustrations in India was the Bible, and there is no end to his quotations of manners and customs under this head. Sometimes they are very happy; as, for example, when an English lady was reading of Rebekah carrying her pitcher on her shoulder, a native female observed, "Madame, that lady must have been high-caste."

JAMES FORBES AND THE LADIES OF BOMBAY.

Our author was not insensible to female beauty, or the healthful society of virtuous women; for without being a ladies' man, he was never happier than when he was among a bevy of his country-women. In those immortal pictures of his, drawn by his own hand, we can see the types of the Bombay beauties of the time, with hair brushed back from the forehead and towering overhead *à la Pompadour*, reclining here or seated there, in an Indian wilderness, at a table laden with viands, toast and sentiment going round, say under the shadow of the big banyan-tree on the Nerbudda. We can see him with his sister on the slopes of Malabar Hill, drinking in that view of Bombay and its islands which has delighted so many generations. But, indeed, wherever we espy his coat of cerulean blue we may be sure that a saffron China silk dress or a coal-scuttle bonnet is not far distant. He feelingly bewails the sad havoc which old Sol makes among the roses. "The climate," he says, "is generally unfavourable to the roses of my fair country-women in India, where the blushing flower of love soon decays, and the jonquil subdues the snowy tints of the lily:" an allegory, the solution of which we leave to our younger readers.

He speaks of the fair and sprightly nymphs of St. Helena, and the sable beauties of Bankot, with antelope eyes, jetty hair, and garments like the drapery of Grecian statues. Above all, he speaks of Eliza, "a lady with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted at Bombay, whose refined tastes and elegant accomplishments require no encomium from my pen."*

Brave words these from a witness of such a character, though Eliza, at the age of thirty-five had long since ended

* "Tellicherry, 1812. In this citadel there is still a capital house long inhabited by Eliza Draper."—Col. Welsh's *Military Reminiscences*, 1830.

"Angengo, 1819. I found myself mechanically led to seek some relique, and actually robbed a broken window of two or three pieces of oyster-shell or mother-of-pearl in memento of my visit to the birthplace of Eliza Draper."—*Ibid.*, vol ii., 149.

her pilgrimage. Probably more sinned against than sinning, this verse may be read by all who cast a stone at her:

> "Herself from morn to eve, from eve to morn,
> Her own abhorrence and as much thy scorn;
> The gracious smile unlimited and free
> Shall fall on her, when Heaven denies it thee." *

There is a tendency now-a-days to magnify the present at the expense of the past:—The Bombay men of a hundred years ago were very much like ourselves. It is very easy to invest James Forbes with the ridiculous. A long-waisted coat, knee-breeches, a queue hanging down at the back of his neck, a three-cornered beaver, and a habit of quoting Scripture, and at Stanmore Hill his pet *saras* walking behind him like a cassowary. Nevertheless he is—

> "An honest man close buttoned to the chin:
> Broad-cloth without and a warm heart within."

We need not be frightened to look into the Bombay of Eliza's period. Here is his account; he is speaking of acts of charity and benevolence: "And here, with all the milder virtues belonging to their sex, my amiable country-women are entitled to their full share of applause. This is no fulsome panegyric; it is a tribute of affection and truth to those worthy characters with whom I so long associated, and will be confirmed by all who have resided in India."

In Sonapur burying-ground and over the dust of several of the fair contemporaries of Eliza are inscribed these unsophisticated words:—

> "From her pleasing person and manners she was much esteemed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance"—

Words which we do not deem "tinsel trash," but which we are prepared to accept as a last and a just tribute on the part of the survivors to the merits of our country-women in Bombay a hundred years ago.

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* ELIZA'S APPEARANCE AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—"She had an oval face and an appearance of artless innocence, a transparent complexion, brilliant eyes, and a melodious voice, with an intelligent countenance and engaging manners. Her conversational and epistolatory powers were considerable. She played the piano and the guitar."—*Bombay Quarterly Review.*

DIANA AND THE COBRA.

The following is in the best style of our illustrious author. We have heard many people attempt to tell the story, but it is generally bungled :—"Whether our hortensial snakes were evil genii or guardian angels, I shall not determine. Haraby, the head-gardener, considered them as the latter, and paid them religious veneration. On that account I never disturbed them until I had erected a cold bath in an orange and lemon-grove for an English lady, who retired thither at sunrise with her sable nymphs to enjoy one of the greatest luxuries of the torrid zone. This bath, perfectly concealed from view, was more useful than ornamental, and very unlike the lake of Diana or any of the modern *hammams* in Oriental cities. It was, indeed, little more than a humble shed thatched with the leaves of the palmyra; and though as sacred to chastity as the Speculum Dianæ or the gardens of Susanna, it neither attracted an Acteon nor an elder of Babylon. It certainly did attract another visitor equally unexpected and disagreeable, for one morning the young lady, in the state of Musidora, was alarmed by a rustling among the palmyra leaves which covered the bath; and looking up beheld one of the garden genii, with brilliant eyes under the expanded hood of a large *cobra de capello*, pushing through the thatch and ready to dart on the fountain. Pure and unadorned as Eve when her reflected beauties first met her eye, the lady and her handmaids made a precipitate retreat through the grove and gained her chamber, heedless of gazers, whether in the form of gardeners, snakes, or monkeys"

NATURAL HISTORY OF BOMBAY.

"I looked without seeing," said Lord Chesterfield, but the remark could not be applied to Forbes, for he was a close observer. The earth, the air, and the sea were full of the wonders of the Lord. He dilates on the *fauna* and *ferœ* of Bombay with delight, not such small deer as jackals, squirrels, hedgehogs, bandicoots, and musk-rats, but he opens with the alligator, fierce as the crocodile of the Nile. There is a sense of disappointment, as in that chapter we have seen somewhere on

"Snakes in Iceland," when we read further on, that this brute is seldom seen on the Island. What would he have said had he lived to the day when a tiger was slaughtered in Mahim woods? * Malet, who was a great sportsman and writes of "shikar" *con amore*, supplies him with an account of his famous lion hunt in Cambay, and he observes that the ibex or wild goat of India is met with on the Rajpipli hills.

Flowers are a perfect passion with him, and insects a craze. There are beautifully coloured pictures of the tailor-bird, the bottle-nested sparrow, and the praying mantis. As the legend goes (the scene may have been at Thana), Xavier, seeing one, requested it to repeat a canticle, which it did! *Mantis religiosa!* The consumption of bullion by white ants turns out, as we expected, a delusion. The bottom of a treasure-chest was eaten away, the rupees sinking and disappearing in the soft earth by their sheer weight, much to the consternation of the Revenue Collector and Kacheri Shroff.

Strange to say, neither he nor any other naturalist that we know of notices the golden beetle of Elephanta, sometimes caught as far off as Matheran.

Forbes confounded the Pythagoreans at Baroda, by showing them a drop of water in a microscope, and a view of the animals they swallowed every day of their lives.

In this he anticipated Dr. Wilson's exhibition, fifty years later in Gujarat. The Doctor was more fortunate, as Mr. Forbes's microscope was broken to pieces as being a kind of *Athanasius contra mundum.* Forbes was not a sportsman, though he often went out with parties. He took his book with him, verified the bag, and did not waste gunpowder. He was better employed looking after the commissariat and making the midday meal a success. It was then he would astonish his friends with a young sucking pig roasted in spices and Madeira wine, to whet their appetites and give them a *bonne bouche*, after which his health was, no doubt, drunk all round with all the honours, following which, as in the Surat week of 1781, the English ladies amused themselves by running races on elephants.

* "The Governor and most of the gentlemen of Bombay go annually to hunt the wild boar and the royal tiger in the jungles of Salsette. Hector Macneil, Bombay, 1783."—*Archæologia*, vol. vii.

NOTABLE THINGS.

Forbes was attached to the army of Raghoba (Raghunath Rao), and if he had written nothing else, his book deserves to be remembered for his account of it: 100,000 men and followers, 200,000 cattle, an immense city or camp moving from place to place and eating up every green thing—all trades and professions in it, from goldsmiths to dancing-girls, realising the fabulous armies of Cambyses, Xerxes, and others.

His time represents the first point of contact of the English with the Maratha Governments, and the condition of the people is laid bare with an unsparing hand. In these times men concealed wealth as they did murder. Every boy over fourteen was armed, and when you sent for butter and eggs, the peasant brought them with a drawn scimitar.

It had been the aim of the English, when they came to Bombay, to put down cruel and bloody rites, and he tells us with gratification that to his knowledge no woman had burned herself in Bombay for fifty years,* "nor do I believe this species of suicide has been allowed since the English possessed it;" and he adds this commentary—"within six months 150 women, within thirty miles of Calcutta, have sacrificed themselves."

In reference to the suppression of infanticide, "thousands of happy mothers in all succeeding ages, while caressing their infant daughters, will bless the name of Duncan."

He predicts that the introduction of infantry and artillery into the Maratha armies will be their ruin.

The English in Bombay held slaves, but their lot was very different to their African brethren in the West Indies. Here they were sometimes confidential servants, and their hardest taskmasters were the Portuguese. When down the coast he bought for Rs. 20 a boy and a girl as a present for an English lady in Bombay.

Of Forbes it may be said—"'Twas thine with daring wing and eagle eye to pierce Antiquity's profoundest gloom," so he

* Poona. Sungum, Nov. 27, 1816. "On the banks of the river I have seen the living consumed with the dead."—Mountstuart Elphinstone.

deals largely in pictorial representations and descriptions of Elephanta, &c. Bombay without Elephanta would be Egypt without the Pyramids.

He lavishes pen and pencil also on the Kanheri Caves, and the less known ones at Mahar resuscitated by Burgess.

At Ahmadabad he is in an ecstacy, and has handed us down the only picture that exists of the Shaking Minarets, more wonderful than the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Everybody has been at Sarkhej, six miles from Ahmadabad, but everybody does not know Sarkhej is a facsimile of the great Temple of Mecca.

This, however, can easily be verified by a reference to Carsten Niebuhr's *Arabic*, where there is an engraving of the latter Some of our musical readers will be able to judge of Forbes's ear for music from the following. As he excepts English melodies, we presume he intends the remark as a compliment to Scotland and the adjacent island.

"Many of the Hindu melodies possess the plaintive simplicity of the Scotch and Irish; and others, a wild originality pleasing beyond description."

"Early rising, the cold bath, a morning walk, temperate meals, an evening ride, and retiring soon to rest, are the best rules for preserving life in India." So he found them, and lived to the age of seventy.

THE ORIENTAL MEMOIRS.

It is now seventy years since the last sentence of the *Oriental Memoirs* was penned, and the book continues to be prized by all men and women who take an intelligent interest in the history of Bombay. But in truth the reading of it is an Oriental reverie, and were it not for its size it would have more readers. Forbes must have known the difficulty of grappling with a thick quarto in the heat of India. Why did he not then suit the specific gravity of his book to the physical capacity of his probable readers? At the best, man in India is an inert animal, and these big books, instead of being a feast of reason and a flow of soul, are very much of the latter. Nevertheless he has made these eighteen years, 1766-84, all his own. No man shall usurp dominion over him during this portion of time.

Crommelin and Hodges are forgotten, but Forbes is remembered. He was not an old fogey in Bombay, as he left it at the age of thirty-five. His flabby face and double chin may provoke comment; but taking him all in all, we can say to ourselves what Burns said of another—

> "If honest worth to heaven rise,
> Ye'll mend, or ye win near him."

THE APOSTLE.*

Layman as he was, he holds a place in the history of evangelisation in Western India. Before Chaplain Gray, the friend of Burns and the tutor of his children, died at Bhuj (1830), and half a century before Dr. Wilson landed in India, this veiled prophet, Yakub Forbes, was scattering the seeds of what Bhau Daji called the religion of the Prince of Peace and Love, among dusky people under the palm and the banyan-tree. He did not leave his religion at the Cape and find a new one in the wilds of Gujarat. No residence alone for years among people worshipping strange gods cajoled him out of his ancient faith, or made him indifferent to the truths of his holy religion. An admirable man. By no means proud or arrogant, for he, who was the friend of Horne, Bishop of Norwich, and had been the guest at Daylesford of Warren Hastings, did not disdain to receive the consolations of religion at the death-bed of, and from the lips of, a domestic servant, and he was not ashamed to put it in print that he had done so.

He was, he tells us, four years without (and he did not undervalue them) religious services. Religious services! His banyan-tree—

> "So like a temple did it seem that there
> A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer."

And of his chamber at Dabhoi might be said—

> "This is the gate of God, by it
> The just shall enter in:
> Thee will I praise, for thou me heard'st,
> And hast my safety been!"

* "Feb. 17, 1775. James Forbes, appointed chaplain to the force under Col. Thomas Keatinge; sent to Surat to join the force of Raghoba against the ministerial party at Poona."—*Bombay Selections*, 1885.

So every new experience and deliverance was to him an Ebenezer, and he had, like most men in India, some wonderful escapes. He has left us the picture of a cobra, painted by himself. He had, while doing so, been handling it familiarly, believing its fangs had been extracted. Next morning it sprang at the throat of a native woman, and she died in half an hour. When Dabhoi was handed over to the Marathas, he left it an hour sooner than he had intended.

His followers on the road coming after him were attacked by a body of 300 Grasias, who demanded the Sahib, killing a

JAMES FORBES'S VIEW OF HIS HOUSE AND TANK AT DABHOI.

cavalry officer and his Parsi butler, and wounding many others. Had he been an hour later he would have been caught in the vortex. So every new abode was to Forbes a Bethel or temple of the living God.

"Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground."

HIS ATTACHMENT TO BOMBAY.

It is strange how life in India warps itself insensibly round

the lives and habits of men. The man who asked after dinner, in Portsmouth, for the road to the Apollo Bandar was drunk. But the Duke of Wellington was perfectly sober to the end of his life, when he preferred the *charpai* or camp-bed, with which his early Indian career had made him familiar, to the four-posters or masses of Elizabethan upholstery. And so, in like manner, when all that this world holds was fading away from the eyes of Sir Charles Napier, the hero of Miyani, the windows of a square apartment in England were opened to the four winds of heaven, so that he might realise the old Indian bungalow. His son-in-law waved the colours that had been borne at Miyani and Haidarabad over him; and all was over.

But each in his own way. One man decks his abode at home with the trophies of the Indian chase; another fills his library with the blackwood of Bombay; and a third surrounds his drawing-room with Dekhan scenes, or sunny views of Matheran in some grey metropolis of the North. Even a sailor has been known to take home with him an Indian crow. In the wilds of Perthshire there remains the ruins of an Indian bungalow. The mouldering rooms are not now as they stood "near eighty years ago."

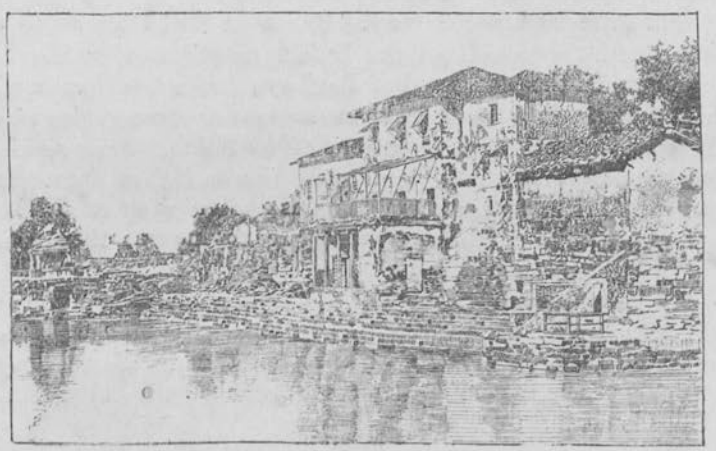
The story goes that its owner was much imbued with life in Western India, that nothing would satisfy him but broad verandahs, venetians, and all that sort of thing. We need not tell our readers that in Scotland, in November, the end of these things is death.

The doctor was sent for to the nearest country town, and found our Anglo-Indian after *chota-hazri*, with his teeth chattering, under a mosquito curtain, and the wind off Ben Macdhui howling around his charpai. The man was saved by the skin of his teeth, but his will was not broken. His friends advised him to leave at once for Occidental India and take his Portuguese boy with him, which he did, to spend the remainder of his days there.

HOME.

Few men who have spent a considerable portion of their life in India leave it without regret of some kind or other. It was so with James Forbes. With him the best view of Bombay was

not from the deck of the outgoing ship. A crowd of associations rushed upon him, and he tried to console himself with the fact that the Bombay which he had known in his early days was not the Bombay of 1784. But he was very glad to get home. He ordered supper, but like people, as we have heard, who receive news of a great or sudden acquisition of fortune, he could not eat.* Then he went to bed and could not sleep a wink, the greenest land on earth, and its hawthorn hedges, were too much for him. When he left Bombay he took a good slice of it with him, we do not mean in the matter of loaves and fishes, though in this he was well enough. But Stanmore Hill



JAMES FORBES'S HOUSE AT DABHOI, IN 1886.

and its surroundings, where he settled down, must have looked for all the world like a bit cut out of Bombay or Gujarat.

The love of Bombay with James Forbes amounted to a ruling passion, and he did all he could to foster it by the writing and publication of these bulky Memoirs. Dabhoi, near Baroda, where he spent so many years, haunted him pleasantly to his

* Premchand Roychand tells us this was his experience one night in 1865. "There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is heavy upon man; a man to whom God giveth riches, wealth and honour, so that he lacketh nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof, but a stranger eateth it."—*Eccles.* vi. 1, 2.

dying day; and no wonder, for it seems a bonnie place, and often in his day-dreams, in the glades of merrie England, he would hear the old Indian sounds, the bray of the camel, the Muslim call to prayer from the minaret, or the plaintive refrain of women grinding at the mill, coming as a distant lullaby from the land that was afar off. By night, amid the silence of the Stanmore woods, the nightingale awakened him, but it was only to hear the warblings of the bulbul among the palm groves on Kambala Hill; and by day when he was seated in his conservatory in a mimic jungle of babul or camel thorn, the blackbird hopping among his gooseberry bushes was to him only a *mina*—with yellow legs—and nothing more.

As Livingstone wrote in 1869:—

> "I shall look into your faces,
> And listen to what you say,
> And be often very near you
> When you think I'm far away."

So was Forbes at home to the men and things he had left behind him in Western India.

It was in these grounds that he erected an octagon building, which eight groups of sculpture adorned; these he brought from the Gate of Diamonds at Dabhoi. It was situated on the margin of a lake covered profusely with the *nymphea lotus*, to remind him of the tanks of Gujarat. In his conservatory he beheld the tamarind, custard-apple, cotton, ginger, turmeric, and coffee-plants. There he gathered ripe guavas from a tree entwined by the crimson ipomea and sacred tulsi. He did not succeed in producing fruit on the mango tree, though this had been done by the Duke of Northumberland.*

* "CUTIVATION OF THE MANGO IN ENGLAND.—I regret much that I cannot hold out any hope of its successful cultivation in this country. Like many other tropical fruits, it thrives and ripens to perfection within a rather limited area in tropical countries, and all attempts to cultivate it in our hot-houses can only be said to have been complete failures. It is grown in all our Botanic Gardens, and for many years at Sion House, Middlesex, it was specially cultivated with a view to secure a crop of fruit. I am not certain of the exact number of years it was thus cultivated at Sion House, but certainly over twenty years, and may be thirty; however, it only ripened fruit twice in that long time, five fruits one season and three another, with some fifteen to twenty years between, so as there were half a dozen

Even in that picture which was painted of him at the age of sixty-two, and which Mrs. Oliphant tells us still hangs in the library of the Countess Montalembert in France, he is represented sitting under the shade of a banyan-tree, among Trimurti and his Indian idols, the long hanging tendrils coming down and forming a kind of canopy over his head. India was

STANMORE HOUSE.

all to him and he was nothing without India. So when he went home he took his pet *saras*† with him, as he, no doubt, took his hookah. Orme was his Gibbon, and for him Fryer was

plants or trees, and a large house devoted to them, that could not be called a success. It was also fruited at Leigh Park, Havant, Hants, about thirty years ago, and fruit has occasionally been seen on plants in several other gardens, but never ripened properly. Through a friend stationed at Poona, I got home plants 'worked' of the last six varieties grown in India, and for years tried all I could to fruit them in pots and tubs. I several times saw young fruit but never ripened any."—Mr. Dunn, gardener, Dalkeith Palace Gardens, July 15, 1884.

† The Indian or Siberian crane—*Ardea Sibirica*.—B.

Herodotus, the father of Indian history. His two articles of belief were Bombay and the Bible. Out of the one he fashioned a competence for this world, and from the other he obtained an all-sufficiency for the world to come.

> "Sought in one book his troubled mind to rest,
> And rightly deemed the book of God the best."

FORBES'S VIEW FROM MALABAR HILL.

It has been suggested to us, that this view has not been taken from Malabar Hill, properly so called, but from Kambala Hill at a point near the bungalow occupied by Mr. Perosha M. Mehta, or where the road, as you ascend, turns off at a right angle. A friend has taken the trouble to verify all this, and we accept his interpretation with thanks. He remarks justly, that there is no place on the left of the road as you now ascend Malabar Hill, where a tank could be placed, and that the one in this view is the *Gowala Tank*, and that the road between it and the spectator is the Kambala Hill road. The position of the Tower of Silence in the picture corresponds with this point of view. The Malabar Hill road, as a carriage road, was not in existence in 1771, and what we call Kambala Hill doubtless in these days came under the general name of Malabar Hill. All this may seem a very small matter, but it is not a small matter in the ancient topography of Bombay. The riddle is now solved, for the houses we see in the picture are not on Malabar Hill at all, and where, our readers will understand, there were no bungalows at this early period, but upon the margin of the Gowala Tank.

"Tankerville," which he mentions, doubtless was one of them.

Another, to which he alludes, the "Retreat," stood upon the Breach Candy sea margin.

We hope that this construction of Forbes's picture will commend itself to all who find pleasure in the contemplation of it. It was done by his own hand, and deserves a little attention.

Mr Draper presents you his respectful
Compliments, with the sincerest assurance
of his doing every thing in his power for
Stephen, if you go to Bombay.

Eliza Draper

HAPTER XXXI.

Eliza Draper.

"I believed Sterne—implicitly I believed him; I had no motive to do otherwise than believe him, just generous, and unhappy, till his death gave me to know that he was tainted with the vices of injustice, meanness and folly."
—Eliza.

The following well-worn passages were written by two men over fifty years of age. The first is Sterne's and of date 1767:—

"Talking of widows—pray Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long—she has sold all the provinces of France already—and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself. 'Tis true I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five—rather too great a disparity this?— but what I want in youth I will make up in wit and good humour.

"Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Wallerh his Sacharissa as I will love thee and sing thee, my wife-elect."

The next is a rhapsody written thirty years after Eliza Draper's death, and is taken from Abbé Raynal's *Histoire Philosophique des deux Indes*:—

"Territory of Angengo, you are nothing, but you have given birth to Eliza. One day these commercial establishments founded by Europeans on the coasts of Asia will exist no more. The grass will cover them, or the

avenged Indian will have built over their ruins; but if my writings have any duration, the name of Angengo will remain in the memory of men. Those who shall read my works, those whom the winds shall waft to thy shores, will say,—It is there that Eliza Draper was born; and if there is a Briton among them, he will hasten to add with pride,—and she was born of English parents."

Some think these passages sublime, and some ridiculous, but it has been cleverly said that it could only be the ridiculous who ever thought them sublime. What of Burns and Clarinda? may be asked in reply.

Burns was not in holy orders. At the time he was philandering with Mrs. Maclehose he was a young Scotch farmer, ushered from Mossgiel into the blaze of the Metropolis; and you may be sure whoever Burns' Eliza was, he never penned such vapid declamation to her or to anybody else.

There are some circumstances in Eliza Draper's career quite phenomenal. Born and educated at Anjengo, a small factory down the coast, and not far from Cape Komorin, where there were very few Europeans, it seems a marvel how, never having been in Europe, she should yet have been able to carry herself and attract so much attention there, from men who, whatever were their morals, claimed a first position in society and letters; for the young Napoleon the Great used to court the society and hang on the lips of Raynal, and I have seen it stated that Paley averred the reading of *Tristram Shandy* was the *summum bonum* of life. I hope not.

If she was plain—and both Raynal and Sterne say so—her looks must have been the least of her, for she had uncommon powers of fascination to captivate them as she did. What her education was we know not. We do not even know her maiden name. We know that Anjengo, though a small place, was very much sought after by the servants of the Company, and that it was worth £2000 or £3000 a year, twice as much of our money, to the chief of that factory, a more lucrative post,—from the pickings we suppose,—than even that of Bombay.

It was at Anjengo that Orme the historian, sometimes called the Indian Thucydides, was born in 1728, some fourteen years earlier than Eliza; but he had the advantage of an English education at Harrow. Anjengo, we believe, is pleasantly situated at the foot of the Ghats amid purling brooks and running streams.

Of Daniel Draper, her husband, we know more. He entered the service of the East India Company in 1749,* became Assistant Marine Paymaster, and afterwards Secretary to Government. He married Eliza about 1761, and in 1762 they went together to England. As he had been warehouse keeper at Gombrun prior to 1759, we have no doubt that he had seen service at other factories, and it is probable that it was in Anjengo that he first met Eliza.†

In 1765 he returned alone to India. Eliza followed in April, 1767, to her husband and children; and it was during the few weeks that preceded her departure from England that Sterne addressed the letters to her that have given her such an unenviable notoriety. Their acquaintance in England, indeed, appears to have been of short duration, like most of Sterne's short-lived flirtations. Mrs. Draper died in Bristol in 1778, aged thirty-five. ‡ Mr. Draper returned finally to Europe in 1782. §

Readers of Sterne's *Life and Letters* will recollect a Mr. and Mrs. James who figure largely in his memoirs. It was the Jameses who introduced Eliza to Sterne. When Sterne penned his last letter in 1768, the last letter he ever wrote—that letter which Thackeray calls "a cry for pity and for pardon"—it was to the care of the Jameses that he consigned his only daughter, Lydia. James did not neglect him during his last illness, but

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* Arrived in India, 1750.

† "Masulipatam. The cyclone of 1864 washed away a tree two miles north of the Civil Station, which was called 'Eliza's Tree,' after Mrs. Draper, Sterne's well-known correspondent."—Madras *Kistna Manual*, 1883.

‡ Inscription on her tomb in Bristol Cathedral (copied February 1884):—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
MRS. ELIZA DRAPER,
IN WHOM
GENIUS AND BENEVOLENCE
WERE UNITED.
SHE DIED AUGUST 3RD, 1778,
AGED 35.

"A graceful monument, two classical virgins bending over a shield, one bearing a torch, the other a dove."—*Cornhill Magazine*, June 1881.

§ Last signature in Bombay, May 3rd, 1782.

paid him a visit a day or two before his death. It was from a dinner-party, where Mr. James was, that the first news of Sterne's death was carried, and the inquiry which elicited it was probably prompted by him;* and it is considered by the most recent writer on Sterne† that James was one of the two only individuals who could be found to carry the author of *Tristram Shandy* to a dishonoured grave. So far as we can gather, they seem to have been Sterne's most disinterested friends; and it has been observed by the same writer: "Mrs. James, who is always addressed in company with her husband, enjoys the almost unique distinction of being the only woman outside his own family circle, whom Sterne never approaches in the language of artificial gallantry, but always in that of simple friendship and respect."‡ To whoever he manifested his profanity and profligacy, it was not to the Jameses, for the lie that he invented, that the Jameses would not speak to certain people because they disapproved of Sterne's communication with Eliza, and were desirous to put a stop to it, was studiously concealed from them, and to the Jameses Sterne was perpetually on his good behaviour. The Jameses were in some of the first of

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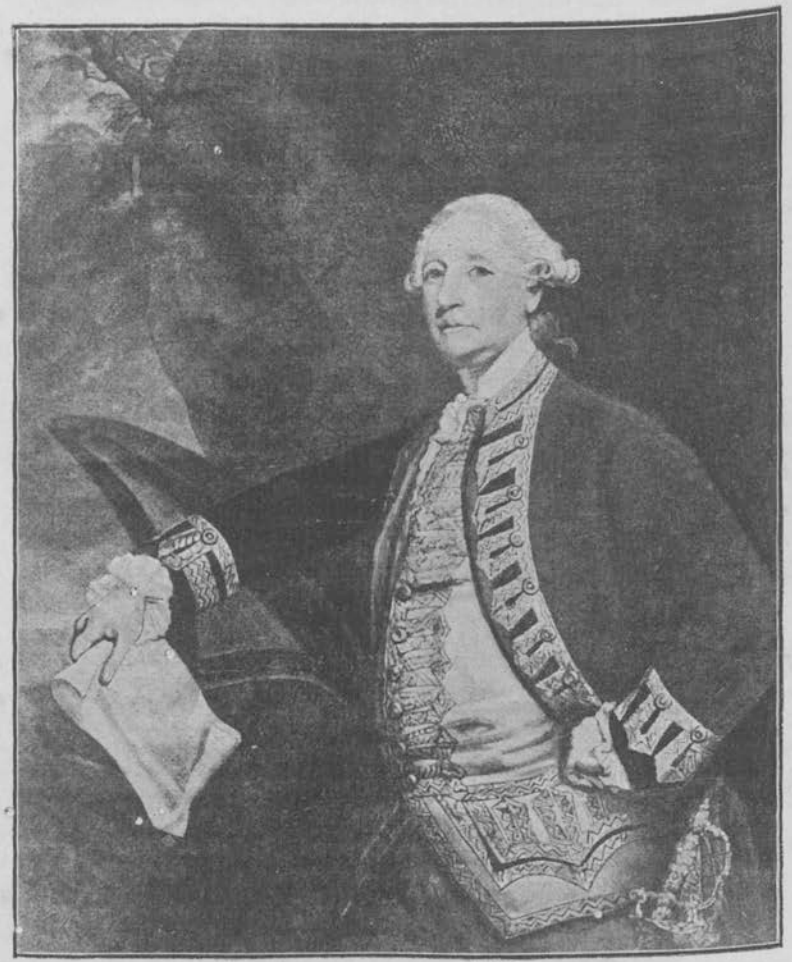
* "This, however, is to be found in the *Memoirs* of John Macdonald, 'a cadet of the house of Keppoch,' at that time footman to Mr. Crawford, a fashionable friend of Sterne's. His master had taken a house in Clifford Street in the Spring of 1768; and 'about this time,' he writes, 'Mr. Sterne, the celebrated author, was taken ill at the silk-bag shop in Old Bond Street. He was sometimes called Tristram Shandy and sometimes Yorick, a very great favourite of the gentlemen. One day'—namely, on the aforesaid 18th of March—'my master had company to dinner who were speaking about him, the Duke of Roxburghe, the Earl of March, the Earl of Ossory, the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Hume, and a Mr. James.' Many, if not most, of the party, therefore were personal friends of the man who lay dying in the street hard by, and naturally enough the conversation turned on his condition. 'John,' said my master, the narrative continues, 'go and inquire how Mr. Sterne is to-day.' Macdonald did so; and, in language which seems to bear the stamp of truth upon it, he thus records the grim story which he had to report to the assembled guests on his return. 'I went to Mr. Sterne's lodgings; the mistress opened the door. I inquired how he did; she told me to go up to the nurse. I went into the room, and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said, "Now it is come." He put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute. The gentlemen were all very sorry, and lamented him very much.'"—Traill's *Men of Letters*.

† H. D. Traill, *English Men of Letters*, 1882.

‡ The same distinction which Mrs. Dunlop holds in Burns' correspondence.

London society, as the dinner-party we have alluded to will show.

To Eliza Draper Mr. and Mrs. James seem to have been kind



COMMODORE JAMES, 1756.

and considerate friends as long as she was worthy of their attention; and it was five years after she left London that Eliza, in Bombay under date of 1772, wrote the remarkable letter to

Mrs. James which we give as a specimen of her literary handicraft and powers of composition.*

The interest increases as we proceed.

We only take from his history what bears upon this Sterne's Eliza business, or what may be of interest in the said relation to our Bombay readers.

Mr. James—to which facts we now crave attention—joined the Bombay Marine in 1747, and was made a Commander in the Indian Navy in 1749 (that year in which Daniel Draper joined the service of the E. I. Co., becoming Marine Paymaster's Assis-

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* A letter from Mrs. Draper, at Bombay, to Mrs. Anne James, dated April 15th, 1772:—

"I have heard some anecdotes extremely disadvantageous to the characters of the widow and daughter, and that from persons who said they had been personally acquainted with them both in France and England. . . Some part of their Intelligence corroborated what I had a thousand times heard from the lips of Yorick, almost invariably repeated. . . The secret of my letters, being in her hands, had somehow become extremely public; it was noticed to me by almost every acquaintance I had in the English ships, or at this settlement. This alarmed me, for at that time I had never communicated the circumstance and could not suspect you of acting by me in any manner which I would not have acted in by myself. One gentleman in particular told me that both you and I should be deceived, if we had the least reliance on the honour or principles of Mrs. Sterne, for that when she had secured as much as she could for suppressing the correspondence she was capable of selling it to a bookseller afterwards—by either refusing to restore it to you, or taking copies of it without our knowledge, and therefore he advised me, if I was averse to its publication, to take every means in my power of suppressing it—this influenced me to write to Beckett and promise him a reward equal to his expectations if he would deliver the letters to you. . .

"My dear Friend, that stiffness you complain'd of when I called you Mrs. James entirely arose from a depression of spirits, too natural to the mortified when severe disappointments gall the sense. You had told me that Sterne was no more. I had heard it before, but this confirmation of it truly afflicted me, for I was almost an idolator of his worth, while I fanced him the mild, generous, good Yorick we had so often thought him to be. To add to my regret for his loss, his widow had my letters in her power (I never entertained a good opinion of her), and meant to subject me to disgrace and inconvenience by the publication of them. You know not the contents of these letters, and it was natural for you to form the worst judgment of them when those who had seen 'em reported them Unfavourably, and were disposed to dislike me on that account. My dear girl, had I not cause to feel humbled so circumstanced—and can you wonder at my sensations communicating themselves to my pen.

"It did indeed, my dear, give me a great deal of pain. It was such a one as I by no means deserved in answer to one written in the true spirit of kindness, however it might have been construed. Mr. Sterne had repeatedly told me that his daughter was as well acquainted with my character as he

tant, and afterwards Secretary to Government). Both these men became most important in Bombay, and that they were intimate does not admit of a doubt. Daniel Draper in 1765 was a Member of Council and Accountant-General; and in 1770 he was appointed Chief of Surat. Commodore James's success was more marked, for in 1755 he battered that great stronghold of the Angrias called Suvarndurg to pieces, which had hitherto been deemed impregnable; and returned to England in 1759, enriched with his share of the booty. Honour after honour was heaped upon him—sword and service of plate, Chairman of the East India Company, Member of Parliament, Governor of Greenwich Hospital, a Baronetcy, and after his death in 1782 a monument on Shooter's Hill, London, which may be seen to this day, having an elevation 140 feet higher than St. Paul's! Most eligible friends, one might say, of the Drapers who went home in 1762; and when we recollect that both the Jameses and Sterne were much in London society in 1764–5, we are not surprised that it was at the Jameses Sterne first saw Mrs.

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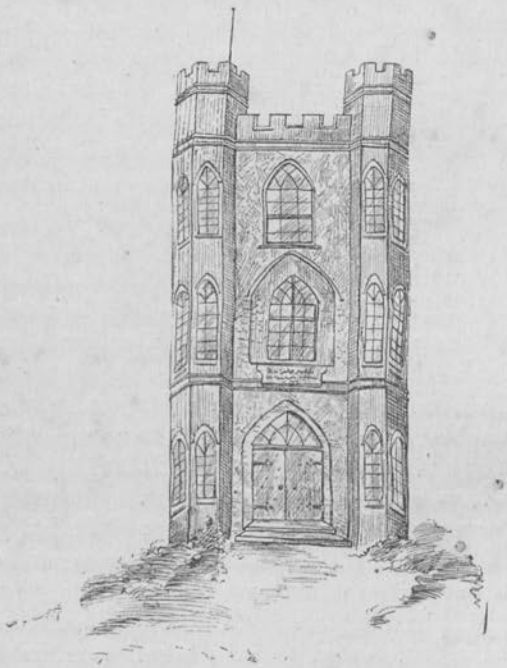
was with my appearance—in all his letters wrote since my leaving England this circumstance is much dwelt upon.

"Her violence of temper (indeed, James, I wish not to recriminate or be severe just now) and the hatefulness of her character, are strongly urged to me as the cause of his indifferent health, the whole of his misfortunes, and the evils that would probably shorten his life. The visit Mrs. Sterne meditated some time antecedent to his death he most pathetically lamented, as an adventure that would wound his peace and greatly embarrass his circumstances—the former on account of the eye witness he should be to his child's affections having been alienated from him by the artful misrepresentations of her mother under whose tutorage she had ever been, and the latter, from the rapacity of her disposition, for 'well do I know,' says he, 'that the sole intent of her visit is to fleece me. Had I money enough, I would buy off her journey, as I have done several others, but till my sentimental work is published I shall not have a single sou more than will indemnify people for my immediate expenses.' Soon after the receipt of this intelligence I heard of Yorick's death. The very first ship which left us afterwards I wrote to Miss Sterne by—and with all the freedom which my intimacy with her father and his Communications warranted; I purposely avoided speaking of her mother, for I knew nothing to her advantage, and I had heard a great deal to the reverse. So circumstanced, How could I with any kind of Delicacy mention a person who was hateful to my departed Friend, when for the sake of that very Friend I wished to confer a kindness on his Daughter, and to enhance the value of it, solicited her society and consent to share my prospects, as the highest Favour, which could be shown to myself—indeed, I knew not, but Mrs. Sterne, from the Description I had received of her, might be no more, or privately confined, if in Being, owing to a malady which I have been told the violence of her temper subjects her to."

Draper, and that it was through the Jameses and their Bombay connection that Eliza steps on the threshold, unenviable though it be, of a European reputation. We may mention that Mrs. James was a Miss Goddard, presumably a relative of General Goddard (daughter and co-heiress of Edward Goddard, St. Anne's, Westminster and of Hartham in Wiltshire), a man well known in Bombay, and who stormed and captured Ahmadabad in 1780.



MONUMENT TO COMMODORE JAMES AT SHOOTER'S HILL.

I desire to cut this Sterne-Eliza business as short as possible. We must lay the ghost, however, by challenging it and looking it boldly in the face. If any man say that it is a subject that repays neither time, trouble, nor attention, we will agree with him. If any man say the reverse we agree with him likewise. In any case our cry, we fear, will be that of Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*,—"Deliver me from this muckrake!"

Eliza was vain and ruined by adulation, but this is no reason

why her follies should be brought into undue prominence, or her faults exaggerated. It does not clear Sterne's character and conduct in the least, which appears to be intended by the writers. Was it nothing, we ask, that a man of European reputation, who had lived a life of infamy, should have poured his insidious flattery into the ears of a girl arriving in England at such a tender age, her only education being such as Western India then afforded? If Eliza was corrupted and destroyed, she was corrupted and destroyed by Sterne himself, and he is the guilty party who ought to be arraigned at the assize. And Nathan said unto David, "Thou art the man." We have no evidence whatever to the contrary that until she was introduced by the Jameses to Sterne she was anything but well conducted. In fact, we know little about her until she steps on board the "Earl of Chatham" at Deal, and which sailed for Bombay on 3rd April, 1767, henceforth the Eliza of history. But everything is construed to her disadvantage. She organises a subscription in Bombay on behalf of Sterne's widow,—that is a crime. She asks Lydia Sterne to come to Bombay after her father's death, —that is also a crime, and an insult to her mother because she did not include her in the invitation. Her jocular suggestion to Colonel Campbell, that Lydia would make a good wife for him, is set down as a piece of diabolical match-making with which she ought to have had no business whatever. Her tomb in Bristol Cathedral has inscribed on it these words:—"In her, genius and benevolence were united." That is also a crime and a lie, as if the Church authorities would have ever sanctioned her remains and memorial to have a place there, if she had been the miserable outcast she is represented to have been. She published the letters which Sterne addressed to her,—that was also a crime; and if she had withheld or burned the letters, it would have been, we suppose, a crime all the same. After she found out the character of the man she had had to deal with she denounced him —this was a grievous crime, and an insult to his memory.

We are not now, be it remembered, waging war for spotless innocence, but for bare justice and impartiality, and we are thankful that a Bombay man has unconsciously taken up the cudgels before us, one too of the right sort; for the name of James Forbes is familiar to our readers, and to his high morale

and sound judgment on matters of this kind we most unreservedly pin our faith. James Forbes would not wink at folly, nor lend a hand to shelter any one from justice merely because he or she hailed from Bombay. His words were written in 1812 in cool blood, thirty years after all this Sterne-Eliza business had been wound up:—"Eliza, a lady with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted, whose refined tastes and elegant accomplishments need no encomium from my pen." These are not the ordinary words of an ordinary man, but those of one familiar with the story from first to last; and you may depend upon it, if he had not found a pleasure in looking back on his acquaintance with Eliza, the author of the *Oriental Memoirs* would never have penned them and put them in his book to be handed down to posterity. It is reported of Sir James Mackintosh that whenever Sterne's name was mentioned he was wont to declare his low opinion of him, and that it was his only literary heresy. Heresy or not heresy, he felt a bad taste in his mouth whenever his name was mentioned. When Mackintosh arrived in Bombay there were several notable men there who knew a great deal more than we can ever know. In 1804 William Ashburner and Robert Henshaw * were alive, and they both had been in the country forty years; and Jonathan Duncan was old enough in Eliza's time to know his right hand from his left. Quite sufficient reason here, we should think, for Mackintosh when he heard the name of Sterne to give vent to his loathing and contempt. But enough.

> "No farther seek their merits to disclose,
> Or draw their frailties from their dread abode."

Now for Colonel Campbell. If you are the man we think you are, we do not like thee, Colonel Campbell. It appears that a man of this name, when in Bombay in 1772, busied himself with Eliza in organising a subscription for Sterne's widow, but whether it came to anything we do not know. He was then going home, and Mrs. Draper recommended Lydia Sterne to him as a partner in life. The advice seems to have suited neither party, for Lydia became Mrs. de Medalle.

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* W. Ashburner arrived in 1754 and R. Henshaw in 1764.

There was published in 1796 a book well known to the bibliographers of Western India—*Journal Overland to India;* by Donald Campbell of Barbreck who formerly commanded a regiment of cavalry in the service of the Nabob of the Karnatic; *in a series of letters to his son.* It details his journey *via* the Euphrates, and imprisonment by the agents of Haidar Ali, the father of Tipu Saheb, and bears reference to 1781 to 1785. But Donald Campbell was in India before this. He came out when about sixteen years of age. In 1768 he was eighteen, and there is evidence to show that he was in Western India for several consecutive years after 1768.

This is certain—that Mr. and Mrs. Draper from 1768 to 1772 lived much of that time at "Belvidere," Mazagon;* and it was during the latter part of this period that Mr. Draper was Accountant-General and had his memorable tussle with William Hornby, then member of Council † (Governor 1771 to 1784).

Daniel Draper and Donald Campbell had this in common, that they both hated William Hornby. We think from the note which we give, that no man after reading it will come to any other conclusion than that its spite and bitterness are the result of personal malevolence, for some reason beyond our ken, for Hornby's career, as it stood in 1796, was not such as to warrant such slashing assertions. ‡

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* "Daniel Draper, Chief of Surat, returned to Belvidere about 1772."—*Cornhill Mag.*, June 1887.

† "In 1765 he returned alone to India, took his seat in Council, and was appointed Accountant-General, in which office he had a severe and bitter contest with Hornby, whom he convicted of appropriating to his own use the stores of Government."—*Bombay Quarterly Review*, vol. v., p. 189.

‡ "It happened, however, at this time that the chair of Bombay was filled by a person the most unqualified that could be found in any community for an office of such importance, Governor Hornby. He was allowed by the almost unanimous consent of those who knew his public or private character to be ignorant not only of the first principles of government, but of the ordinary knowledge requisite for a gentleman; and for such a serious trust as Bombay he was peculiarly disqualified by an unbounded lust of gain, to which all other passions yielded up the dominion of his heart. A temper and intellect of this kind were rendered still more incapable of the enlarged views the representative of a great nation in a distant colony should possess, by a mercantile education and habits which narrowed even his circumscribed mind, and left him not a sentiment, not an idea that was not merely commercial. The administration of such a man was not exactly what might

Moreover, Donald Campbell was a kind of knight-errant, always assisting damsels in distress, and sometimes, like Don Quixote, in search of adventures; and in pursuance thereof he on several occasions got into some rather awkward scrapes. There was always, wherever he went, some captive to rescue from thraldom. There was one at Zante and one at Aleppo; and on the death of his father, rummaging over some old papers, in the presence of the Deputy Sheriff of Argyle, his eye was confronted by the evidence of a Bombay escapade. This was a letter to his father from a Member of Parliament, formerly of high rank in India, regarding his conduct to a young married lady—said young lady being the M.P.'s own daughter—from Bombay to the shores of the Karnatic. We are astonished he came off with a whole skin; but he says on the Aleppo affair with confounded *naïveté* and effrontery: "I could not help repeating that most beautiful expression, put into the mouth of Maria by the inimitable Sterne (observe it is Sterne), 'God tempers the wind to the side (*sic*) of the shorn lamb.'" We are sorry to give such a rude shock to some of our readers, as this passage has been often supposed to be the veritable words of Holy Writ, which we need scarcely say is not the case. The inimitable Sterne! Where Sterne and he found shorn lambs we have no manner of knowing. It was certainly not on the hills of Argyleshire, for they do not shear lambs in that quarter. These facts are of no importance except in connection with Sterne. If Colonel Campbell of Barbreck befriended the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, his book proves to us that he did not keep himself unspotted from the world; and that he did not record this philanthropic act, *i.e.*, the Mrs. Sterne's subscription, must be regarded merely as a modest and accidental omission which we have endeavoured to supply.

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have been expected, and instead of asserting the dignity of Great Britain or promoting the advantage of his employers, narrow policy, selfish views, and an indefatigable effort to enrich himself made the whole tissue of his conduct in India."—Captain Donald Campbell.

This looks very like personal abuse. That patient historian, Grant Duff, says, on the contrary, "he displayed the strong mind of an English chief, and convinced his Council that, whilst they acted with the unanimity and firmness which became their country, they were not only above contempt, but might soon overcome their difficulties and retrieve their affairs."

The facts elicited regarding the James family are interesting to a wider circle than that of Bombay. Everybody, of course, wants to know what Eliza was like, that so much balderdash should have been written about her. Was she fair or brunette, tall or *petite*, buxom or slender? According to Sterne, in 1767, she was a "drooping lily," whatever that may mean. We know that she had an oval face, a transparent complexion, brilliant eyes, a melodious voice, an appearance of artless innocence, very considerable conversational powers, and very considerable powers of fascination. She played on the piano and the guitar. Three portraits of her were taken, but none of them are forthcoming.

But come with me to a ball in 1772, and we will know all about it. The place is not far off; it is in Apollo Street, though you would not know it, being now a dingy printing-office.* The Apollo Street of 1883 is not the Apollo Street of 1772, so I must ask you to clear away the Elphinstone Circle, Town Hall, and other obstructions with one fell swoop until your line of vision is uninterrupted from the old Secretariat to the Bombay Arsenal, and fill in vacant spaces with the old Bombay Green, a grassy plain, at all events such grass as we have in December.

The night is fine and I see some old Bombay friends overhead —Canopus shines brighter than any of Golconda's gems, and the Southern Cross still leaves a lingering trail over the heights of Thull. Government House is a blaze of many coloured lights, and I can see the Cathedral looming black, a silent monitor.

Far and wide over the Green there is a swarm of palkies, amid which I am struggling, and the din of human voices, for the hamals are vociferous on this joyous night, singing their eternal see-saw song as they bear their burdens to the general rendezvous. And they come from all points of the compass—Church-gate, Bazar, Modi Khana, and Apollo Streets—bringing together all the youth and beauty of the place. Take your stand there, on the flight of steps leading up to the great hall.

Jonathan Duncan in his teens comes tripping up, and James Forbes with a heavier foot; and old Crommelin † totters past,

* Demolished April 1888, by Sardar Abdul Huq, to whom Government sold the property.

† *Ante*, pp. 9, 162, 163.

our former Governor, full of the weight of years and mercantile emprize in Canton. I can see through the avenue of lights the form of one whom I know, in scarlet and gold, and with a glorious queue, the Honourable William Hornby, Esquire, his eye not dim, nor his natural force abated, with the belles and beaux of the eighteenth century making their curtsy, as they pass before him one by one in courtly procession. I can see Daniel Draper in a plum-coloured suit, knee breeches, and shining buckles with diamonds in his shoes, his right arm in a sling,* while with his left he holds an open snuff-box for the delectation of the Governor. Yes, bygones are bygones now. I can see Colonel Campbell of Barbreck, boisterous and unscrupulous as ever.

Having now seen enough in that quarter, I turn my attention in the opposite direction, and peer into the murky darkness which envelopes the ravelin and counterscarp of Bombay Castle, watching the numerous flickering lights of the palkywallahs, all converging to one focus, when a friend suddenly beckons to me. Here note well that I have dined, and for that matter supped also, and drained a beaker of Bombay Punch to the health of Billy Pitt; but I am quite steady, that is to say, I can keep my head and—my feet also. So I comply. To see what? The Destroying Angel from Belvidere.

> "If she be not fair to me,
> What care I how fair she be."

And lo and behold! while I am humming that bonnie ditty, the Mazagon turn-out, in crimson and much bravery, calls a halt. There is a deep-drawn sigh, with which we are well accustomed, from the oppressed hamals. The weight is light, but the journey is far. From this open palanquin a phantom glides noiselessly out, and descends so lightly that the very earth seems all too vulgar for the touch of her jewelled slipper.†

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* "His signature to the letters is of an exceedingly tottering and infirm character as of one suffering from paralysis."—*Cornhill Mag.*, June 1887.

† STERNE'S ELIZA (*Notes and Queries*, 6th S. x. 128).—"I do not think that there is any engraved portrait of this lady."

I scorn her ministering angel, be he *galantuomo* or *cavalier servente*, with blue dress-coat turned up with facings of gold lace. She sails along. And this is Eliza—not the Eliza that I saw at Ranelagh in ermine, silks, and pearls; when I, like a fool, followed in "the comet's glittering wake." But an Eliza in the abomination of hoop and farthingale.* Thy head-gear is like the Tower of Babel, or, rising tier above tier, bulging out into the bastions and curtain of a great overgrown fortification, stuffed with galions of sorts and gems of curious workmanship.†

Great is Diana of the Ephesians, but greater in Europe, where I am told the priests of religion jostle one another in this mad pursuit of pleasure even to the death.

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* A lady in this fashion was said to appear as if sunk to the waist in an inverted tub. Three different pictures were painted, at least, of Eliza in England. I wonder what has become of them.

† This was a decade before our ball, and Mrs. Draper had just then entered on the scene in Bombay. A manuscript list of ladies invited, or invitable, to Government House now lies before us. It is in Crommelin's time. Eliza Draper is eighth on the list. ("She was a girl in 1738." (Forrest's *Selections*, vol. i., 172, 1887.) There are 34 in all, and 5 widows. Before her comes Anne Hornby, the friend of James Forbes, and whose maiden name, like that of Eliza, we wish much to know; Adriana Spencer, wife of him who in Bengal was the rival of Clive; and Elizabeth Whitehill, whose husband was great in house property and sold to the East India Company the house or lands where our imaginary ball took place. Mary Crommelin is, of course, without a peer. These are the ladies, no doubt, who merited Forbes' eulogium for their deeds of benevolence. There is one name only under the hard but not inflexible title of "Unmarried Woman," to wit, "Winnifred Daires." Winnifred stands solitary and alone and single blessed on July 11, 1762. You recollect Niebuhr, in 1762, for six months waited for a marriage among the English; and it never came. But I must leave this document, which closes with the names of two infants—one is William Draper, and another, added, no doubt, at some later date, in a different caligraphy, Elizabeth Draper ("Eliza left two daughters, whom Wallace, an Irish antiquarian, met at Harrogate, and found agreeable."—*Cornhill Mag.*, June 1887)—and content myself with an invitation which Governor Crommelin sends to Hector Munro, afterwards the hero of Buxar, and give it *verbatim et literatim*—

"To Hector Munro, Esquire, Major, and the Gentleman Officer of His Majesty's Infantry in Bombay.

"Gentlemen,—The Governor Desires your Company to Diner with him on 25 July, 1762."

"May 1782.—Dined with Mr. Draper, a very noble and good-humoured man; was the husband so barbarously forsaken by Eliza Draper in her elopement from Mazagon-house with Sir John Clark of the Navy."—Price's *Memoirs of the Early Life and Service of a Field Officer*. London. 1839.

But all is vanity. When you come near the tapestry of Raphael, those masterpieces of design and workmanship, you discover merely a few threads upon which some colour has been dashed, deftly woven or sewed together.

So much for the living Eliza.

The dead Sterne sleeps near Tyburn,* or has passed already into the hands of the body-snatchers, "thy works belied—thy

BELVIDERE HOUSE, MAZAGON, 1779.

faith questioned—thy wit forgotten—thy learning trampled on."

It is, however, time to turn to the illustration. The house in the foreground is a handsome, old-fashioned building, over-

* The *Builder*, commenting on a remark in the *Times* to the effect that the present generation are satisfied to forget the spot in which Sterne was buried, says:—"Sterne, who died in Old Bond Street, where, we take it, is now Agnew and Co.'s, was buried in the St. George's, Hanover Square, parish ground, Bayswater Road, which was planned in 1764, near to the then Tolmin's Farm. On the 6th of August last we saw the later grave-stone amongst the grass knee-deep. About 6 ft. high, the headstone stands beneath a large plane-tree just 5 ft. distant from the western wall, and close by No. '7' tablet on the wall,

looking the harbour, and was formerly part of a Portuguese convent.* Here lived Eliza. During a short stay in England for the benefit of her health, she became acquainted with Sterne, and their correspondence took place previous to her departure for India in 1767. On her return to Bombay, she was weak enough to listen to the seductive arts of an officer in the navy,† to whom, although closely watched, she contrived to escape by means of a rope ladder, from one of the upper apartments of this house; she, however, soon repented the sacrifice, and died, the victim of his baseness. What wretchedness is told in these few lines. If the reader feel not thus, let him refer to the letter of "the excellent Abbé Raynal," which we have reprinted above. The Abbé, we know, was a man of brilliant imagination, but allowing for his enthusiasm, the loveliness with which he invests Eliza can scarcely be transcended. Sterne did not live to hear of her lamentable exit; Raynal on this account says, "fortunate Sterne, thou art no more, and I am left behind; I wept over thee with Eliza, thou wouldst weep over her with me! and had it been the will of Heaven that you had both survived me, your tears would have fallen together on my grave." Again his solemn

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about midway towards the north. The stone is inscribed as under (month and day are wrong):—

"Alas! poor Yorick!

Near to this Place
Lyes the Body of
The Reverend Laurence Sterne, *A. M.*
Dyed September 13th, 1768,
Aged 55 years.
Ah! Molliter ossa quiescant!

"Then the following (in twelve) silly panegyrical lines:—

"'This Monumental Stone was erected to the memory of the deceased by two brother Masons, for although He did not live to be a Member of their Society, Yet, all his incomparable Performances evidently prove him to have acted by Rule and Square: they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable Character to after ages.'"

* "Nearly surrounded by water in these days."—Geo. Ormston, Chief Engineer, Port Trust, April 29, 1888.

† "Writs taken out against him, but by the help of his brother officers, he always eluded the grasp of the Authorities."—*Records, Mayor's Court, quoted in Bombay Quarterly Review*, 1857, p. 196.

and concluding vow: "Eliza, from the highest Heaven, thy first and last country, receive my oath: I swear not to write one line in which thy friend may not be recognised." Sterne, for his friendship with this accomplished woman, became the object of ridicule and slander; and in this vile spirit, one of his traducers published, anonymously, "Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick to Eliza." *

* *The Mirror*, vol. xviii., pp. 18–18.

ELIZA DRAPER'S TOMB IN BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

CHAPTER XXXII.

William Hornby and his Times.

Bombay in her beginnings was a kind of Rome, hemmed in by tribes as wild and warlike as the Samnite or the Volscian. Ever and anon hordes of fierce men would burst away from the Indian Apennines, and carry devastation into the Konkan plains. The city was nursed into hardihood by storm and tempest, so that by the time William Hornby became Governor in 1771, the Marathas had ceased to regard it as a possible conquest, except in conjunction with some European Power. That Power was France, in the language of the day "our natural enemy," because, I suppose, she was our next-door neighbour in Europe with whom we were perpetually brandishing words and swords.

I remember as well as if it had been yesterday, the great review on Old Woman's Island in the year 1771.* I crossed Kolaba Ferry dry-shod when the tide was out, while it was yet dark, and was in the sky-light verandah of the lighthouse before daybreak. As the sun rose like a red shield from behind the black and rugged bastion of hills which fringe Bombay Harbour, the whole panorama animate and inanimate lay before me. The grand encampment had been there for weeks, and 9000 men were under arms, and there were thousands of spectators. Every inch of ground was covered, and the circumference of the island seemed a sea of turbans swaying to and fro. The *bandareens*† were there to represent the days of old, and the newest evolutions were imported from Germany.

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* *Travels in various parts of Europe, Asia and Africa, during a series of thirty years and upwards;* by John Macdonald. London, 1790.

† A local militia, now extinct, drawn largely from the *Bhandari* caste, or toddy drawers.—See Fryer, pp. 66 and 68.—B.

Our new Commander-in-Chief, Brigadier-General David Wedderburn, was there. He was only thirty years of age, and had been made Major-Commandant of a battalion after a big fight on the Continent under Frederick the Great, or the Duke of Brunswick for him, when he was in the twenty-first year of his age. The gigantic figure of Sir Eyre Coote also, from Madras, was to be seen mounted on a magnificent charger, man and horse bulking big over the heads of Kathiawar or Dekhan riders. There too was Admiral Lindsay from the Fleet in the harbour, every vessel with its bunting that day flying in the wind, and no joke about the Horse Marines.

It was even said that Nana Fadnavis had come all the way from Poona to see the review, and was seen dressed as a karkun * *incog.* among the crowd of curious spectators. If it was not he, it was very like him; a tall, thin, dark, eagle-eyed man.

Nothing like the manœuvres were ever seen before in Bombay. When we returned to Kolaba Ferry † the sea was still running too high to admit of our crossing, and the white waves were breaking on Mendham's Point. We had, therefore, to wait, and as the day advanced the heat became overpowering. Coote, who was very stout, had symptoms of apoplexy, and dropped his sword and threw up his hands in the air, when Colonel Keating, who by this time had taken to his palanquin, got out, rushed up, and supporting him, dashed some water on the back of his neck, which revived him. Coote, becoming impatient at the delay, made for the water, when his beast, quite accustomed to this kind of work, took to swimming. Horse and rider emerged safely on the opposite bank of the ferry, and shaking off the spray—the last thing I saw of them was Coote and his charger cantering across the maidan and disappearing within the portals of the Apollo Gate, which was the great entrance in the south to the Fort of Bombay.

A dinner followed. It was in the great hall of Bombay Castle. The guests came up through the gateway facing the Green, filing up to the main entrance between the banyan trees, and mostly

* A common clerk.

† The sea passed through between the islands of Bombay and Kolaba within the memory of man, and, before the present causeway was constructed, passengers at high water were taken across in a boat.

in palanquins, Sir John Lindsay and his party from the Fleet by the Wharf Gate. The hour was two. Hodges, who had come from Parel, sat down for the last time at the head of the table, for the messengers of death had come to take him down to Bankot. I saw numbers of people that I knew, in war paint, dressed and frizzled, with their long queues in the fashion of the times;—Hornby waiting for dead men's shoes; Draper cursing inwardly his matrimonial infelicity; Dow writing and making history itself for Hindustan; Hector Macneil, an Argyleshire man, showing his sketches of Elephanta; Colonel Thomas Keating waited upon by a scion of the Keppoch family, John Macdonald, whom he had clothed in a livery of gold and green silk; Carnac, Egerton and Cockburn drinking hard, and Andrew Ramsay, steadiest of Scotsmen, not even then dreaming of the gubernatorial chair. James Forbes asked the blessing.* I have said that the dinner was in the great Hall of Council. Hornby had not yet come to his kingdom, and was now living at "The Mount," Mazagon, not having gone to his palatial house with lofty colonnade opposite the Dock Gate.† The Castle, at least this part of it, had been constructed in ancient times before a single Englishman had set foot in the Island, vaulted and bombproof, with walls more than seven feet thick, and had been handed over to us as our *Acropolis* in the days of Charles II. But everything had been allowed to go to decay, and the great owl might have been seen in the early morning skimming over its dreary bastions. A new Government House had been erected in Apollo Street,‡ and all portable articles had been carried away to it. The walls were gaunt and bare, and the ornaments had disappeared. One portrait, and one only remained. Nobody had cared to take it away, and it seemed to look down with a melancholy aspect on the guests as the wine and wassail went round. It was of William Wake,—that William Wake of whom people still remembered that he had sentenced two women to be burned alive at the Castle

* A very proper man for the purpose; appointed Chaplain to the Forces with Raghoba, 17th February, 1775.—Forrest's *Selections*.

† Now the Great Western Hotel, Vol. II., pp. 15, 42.

‡ Sold by Government to the Sardar Abdul Huq of Haidarabad.

gate,* and deaf to the cries for mercy from its dungeons had seen with indifference an English doctor with a halter round his neck dragged through the streets by the negro hangman.† A faded map perpetuated the geographical errors of the time, and I could distinctly read from the place where I sat those "considerable cities" on the banks of the Savitri, which had excited the fears of previous Governors,‡ trace the Tapti to its source in Russian Tartary, and descry the great fortress on Raygarh rising from the neighbourhood of the Bor Ghat§ fifty miles from its real position. The dinner was good, and it was there I saw the first bill of fare that either I or any other man had seen in Bombay.‖ There were fifty things in it, and a column for the wines. The Governor looked vacantly at it and instinctively passed it on to his next neighbour. But there was no beef or mutton. The Sidi from whom we got all our large and small cattle had struck work for higher wages, and fish and fowl were the order of the day. The *pièce de résistance* was a turkey, and I tell you they didn't kill turkey in these times every day in Bombay Castle. I forgot to say there were four of them. On three of them Drs. Bond, Tenant, and Richardson did duty, but, whether by accident or intention I know not, the fourth fell to a young Lieutenant in the Navy who sat next me, who hashed and slashed away with great vigour to very little purpose, and sorely tried the patience of the hungry guests. There was variety enough in all conscience, to satisfy the taste, and from Basrah to Bantam everything that could be produced in the hen and chicken line. A hen roasted surrounded with sausages, a hen boiled in oyster sauce,—such were some of the viands which tempted the Bombay epicure in the year 1771. But who shall describe the syllabubs? A perfect ocean in a gigantic epergne. Everybody took syllabubs, and the epergne remained a veritable widow's cruse, full to overflowing of

* An account of this may be found in the records of the Bombay Quarter Sessions, 1746.

† *Narrative of the very extraordinary adventures and sufferings of Mr. William Wills, Surgeon in the year 1748, with his Trial for Shift and Mutinous expressions at Bombay, and Banishment to Goa.* London.

‡ Forrest's *Selections*, 1885.

§ *Ibid.*

‖ Bill of Fare made out by Macdonald himself.—*Macdonald's Travels.*

syllabubs and never diminishing. I wished at one time that everything had come to an end, as the noise, the heat and the smells, were positively sickening. Being seated with my face to the sea, I turned away for relief to another scene. I saw the harbour gleaming like a molten mirror, and speckled with the white sails of gallevat and pattamar; * great three deckers also were there † ready to send forth smoke and flame. Beyond lay the sister islands of Karanja peacefully in the sunshine, albeit the Marathas had run up a redoubt to dominate what they could on that side of the harbour. We drank Madeira and the hot wines of Portugal, the ladies negus. Miss de la Garde was the belle. Coote was a modest man, and like most men of great deeds reticent about them; we could get nothing out of him about Plassey or Wandiwash,‡ except interjections, a "yes" or a "no" as the case might be. But Wedderburn told us of Loudon, and of Maxwell's brigade at the battle of ——, it was some unpronounceable name.§ Our men swore dreadfully in Flanders, and David had been in Flanders, and he was now amongst those sepoys which the Great Frederick, his master for the time being, had said "if only he had them he could conquer the whole of Europe." ‖

I observed that the Admiral Lindsay sat on the President's right, Coote on the left, and concluded that this was in compliment to the Navy as the right arm of the service, but was told that Lindsay had come out with great powers from the Duke of Grafton the Prime Minister, powers which the East India Company had refused.

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* Gallevat—a kind of galley, or war-boat, with oars, of small draught, used on the West Coast of India till near the end of last century. Pattamar—a lateen-rigged ship with one, two or three masts, still common.—See Yule's *Hobson Jobson*.

† Admiral Lindsay's Fleet then in Bombay Harbour.

‡ In North Arcot, taken by Coote in 1759, but besieged by Lally and Bussy in 1760, when Coote utterly routed them in the most important battle ever won over the French in India.—B.

§ Wedderburn's big fight was *Vellinghausen*, which Carlyle faithfully narrates in his *Life of Frederick the Great*. He adds the significant remark, "15th July, 1761—a date worth remembering if the reader please."

‖ General Briggs is the authority for this statement, and adds that the remark was made by Frederick after reading or hearing Orme's *History*. The story is not in Carlyle.

I looked at these two men, Coote with the laurels of Plassey on his brow, and Lindsay the great plenipotentiary in the full plenitude of his powers. Coote was to die in India and be buried in England. Lindsay was to die in England and be buried in Westminster Abbey, under whose vaulted roof are two monuments—one to Coote *Bahadur*, the other to the Rear-Admiral of the Red, the last but one of his family branch.*

When all was done in the eating (but not in the drinking) line, hookas and scandal came into requisition. There was not much of the latter. Some of us strolled into the pleasaunce, and up to the ramparts among the cocoanut palms, even to the Tank bastion. I learned that Keating was under a cloud, and that a "foul draft," they called it, of impeachment had been already framed against him. It was the old story—somebody looked into his accounts when he was away—playing cards, drinking Bombay punch, or listening to the strains of the French horn at Fort Victoria, and he was threatening to go home and submit the whole matter to the East India Company. Shaw, a member of Council, when the affair was *sub judice*, had spoken improperly in public of him, and he had sent him a challenge which was not accepted.† I observed Coote and Dow *tête-à-tête*, over a map of Mesopotamia, as they were about setting out on a journey to England, through its deserts. People were in doubt about the overland journey, but the travellers came out alive at the other end, and Dow had the satisfaction of meeting with some old schoolfellows somewhere in East Lothian; he did not die till 1779. Coote met Dr. Johnson on his tour to the Hebrides, and told him all about his great journey, a mighty contrast to Johnson's,‡ and afterwards returned as Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Forces in India.

I never saw Wedderburn again, for he was killed the very next year at the siege of Bharoch, nor Commodore Watson, who was killed at the siege of Thana in 1774. I had spent a very happy time with the Commodore, the previous hot season at

* *Lives of the Lindsays.* London.
† Macdonald.
‡ Boswell's *Johnson.*

Vajrabai, on the banks of the Tansa,* where also was Sir John Lindsay.

I do not know whether we broke up on that day or the next, but I noticed as I left in my palanquin that the pigeons were feeding greedily on the Bombay Green.

I visited some of the Bombay people at their houses afterwards—Hornby at the Mount, Shaw † at Oomercarry among gardens and big trees, a mile from town. Ramsay's secluded place was in the Mahim woods, Draper's two-storeyed house at Belvidere, Mazagon, and Colonel Dow's mansion, the Marine-house adjoining the Dockyard, where he had a public night once a week. Egerton, Hunter, and Jervis had their bungalows on a slope on Malabar Hill, so had Colonel Keating, and his house was named Randall Lodge, and it was the most sumptuous of them all.‡ He had twelve lascars at his gate, an English coachman, and an English valet, whom Governor Hodges wished to engage, but Keating gave him higher wages—forty guineas a year "all found." Keating had the charge of the walls and fortifications, the building and repairing thereof, and disbursed in wages a lakh of rupees every month, and the report was, and I believed it, that with the perquisites his income was equal to that of the Commander-in-Chief. His wife was at home, and he was the gayest man in Bombay, became ill, took Jesuit's bark and Venetian treacle, and was finally given up by the doctors. His lips were moistened with a feather, and a hand mirror put to his mouth showed that the breath of life was still in him. His pulse, however, quickened with the turn of the tide. Dreamed he had been playing cards with Death and beat Death. To restore him still further he had been with James Forbes to Bankot, but while Forbes rode, Keating had a palki all the way, into which at intervals Forbes fired volleys of judicious remarks to turn his mind into a proper way of thinking, sleeping, or awake. This was the first time I had seen William Hornby, the last was when I chanced to be in Bombay, in 1779.

* A great resort for Bombay people at this time. There are hot wells there, and it is not far from the new waterworks now (1886) in process of construction.

† Shaw suspended the service in 1776.—Forrest's *Selections*.

‡ Kambala Hill was called Malabar Hill in those days.

He had fought the India Directors at home, he had fought the Council in Calcutta, fought his own Council in Bombay, and lived to see, whatever were the disasters it entailed, the one dominant idea of his life—that of placing Raghunath Rao at the head of Maratha dominion—adopted by them all. No more round shot now from Warren Hastings and Sir Philip Francis.*

He had fought with witchcraft and necromancy in his own house, until his wife Anne Hornby left him for England—left him to pace the bastions of Bombay Castle, and gaze wistfully over those black rocks on which the sea-gulls seem to flutter so unconcernedly for evermore.

"And hey Annie, and ho Annie!
O Annie, winna ye bide,
But ay, the mair that he cried Annie,
The higher grew the tide.
And hey Annie, and ho Annie!
O Annie, speak to me;
But aye the louder that he cried Annie,
The louder roared the sea."—(*Old Ballad.*)

It was a dull Christmas in Bombay that of 1778, and when the New Year dawned on the island, we were already in deep waters. What it was coming to God only knew, with Elliot dead, with Leslie dead, and on the last day of the year Cay and Stewart killed under the shadow of the black rock of Karli, with Mostyn, who held in his breast half the secrets of the Maratha Empire, breathing his last in Bombay on the first day of January.† I wonder not that Hornby was "unable to hold the pen," and the Secretary had to sign for him. And when the message came in from Fraser at Khandala, so like the truth that every one believed it, "our army is all cut to pieces," I

* A specimen of the Bengal Government's curt disposal of correspondence is furnished in the reply to William Taylor's letter, which was really a manifesto of the Bombay Government, containing one thousand lines of printed matter in Forrest's *Selections*. It is dated 9th October, 1775, and *on the same day* it is dismissed in an answer containing twelve lines, and the document is signed, WARREN HASTINGS.

† Grant Duff's *Mahrattas*, ii., 365. There is a monument to Mostyn in the Cathedral. Commodore Watson, who has also a monument there, was interred in the burying-ground without the town, at Sonapur.

can compare it to nothing but these days of gloom when Meerut or Maiwand news fell with appalling distinctness on our little community, the tremor vibrating in every bosom from one end of the island to the other. Yes, this was the hardest fight of all.

To know that you have weak and incapable men around you is bad enough, but to learn that the leaders of the expedition are torn by dissensions as to which shall receive the highest military honours is still worse.

It did not come upon Hornby all of a sudden. There had been surmises, doubts, fears, mutterings of the impending thunderstorm, all ending in general calamity, and Daniel Draper had been the stormy petrel thereof, prognosticating all manner of woes. It took our army twenty-five days to reach Khapawli,* and eleven miles were done in as many days after crossing the watershed. Ten days after the expedition left Bombay, Hornby could still see as it got dark the camp fires of Raghunath Rao blazing away on Prabhal Hill; it was that Raghunath to whom a son had been born four years previously —Baji Rao, who was destined to torment the lives of so many soldiers and diplomatists in the following century.

You say that Hornby might have countermanded this expedition, but after Stewart had ascended the Ghat the die was cast for weal or for woe. You say that he might have controlled the army's every movement by a system of semaphores—the whole theatre of war in the Konkan was visible to the naked eye, from any height in Bombay. But most of the disasters were unforeseen—the deaths, for example—and could not be provided against, and the measures necessary for moving an armed force of 3900 men in those days through an enemy's country were not understood, and the topographical knowledge of the country adjacent to Bombay was deplorable. Any man who shoots snipe in 1886 knows more than the Quarter-master General's Department in Bombay (if such a thing existed) did in 1778.

For example, Colonel Keating observes on the reduction of Karanja, "he had great difficulty in gaining the hill, such a one I never met with,"† and in the same year 1774, when General

* See *ante*, p. 103.

† Forrest's *Selections*.

Gordon reaches Thana overland preparatory to the siege, he writes, "the distance from Sion to Thana has been very much misrepresented, and the difficulties in the course of the march have been inconceivable." * What would Sivaji, who harried Poona and returned to Singarh in a night, have said to this, or the Pindaris who could cover a distance of fifty or seventy miles in twenty-four hours with 3000 horse? The Duke had very much of the same kind of ground to go over in his celebrated march, and lost very few bullocks. These were the kind of men out of which Hornby had to make the leaders of his expedition, vain, boasting, theoretical men who knew as little of the Bor Ghat as of the Shatargardan Pass, and to whom the windings of the Indrayeni were as unknown as those of the Harirud. Day after day his *harkaras* dropped in with their ears cut off. But the inevitable one came—stores burnt, heavy guns trundled into Taligaum Tank, and the men, if we can call them such, returned with their wretched compact, in forty-eight hours, from the scene of their dishonour. It had taken them as many days to get there. Wargaum!

> "In all the bonds we ever bore,
> We grieved, we sighed, we wept,
> We never blushed before." †

But how did Hornby receive the Treaty? He rose to the occasion—

> "Burn, burn, he cried with rage,
> Hell is the doom of every page"

—consigning it to the limbo of preposterous conventions. "Thou canst not say I did it." If you gentlemen cannot wield the sword, I at all events can now hold the pen, and so his winged words went to Hastings and to Goddard, a General who moved with alacrity from sea to sea to the conquest of Dabhoi ‡ and Ahmadabad, and within nine months he

* Forrest's *Selections*.

† Cowley.

‡ Dabhoi was placed in charge of James Forbes on its conquest. He remained there until its cession to Bombay July 1783. His house and garden there he has minutely described in the *Oriental Memoirs*. The former still standing exactly as in the picture in his book, the miniature island, is bereft of trees, but the mighty form of Powangarh still bounds the

had planted the British standard on the battlements of these two cities. Bassein followed shortly thereafter. In the next year but one, 1781, with all his experience and flushed with recent victories, General Goddard, at the head of a force of 6000 men, was caught in the same trap. Not believing the enemy could come down such breakneck passes as Hasur and Bhimashankar,* he was surprised to find them swarming in thousands on the Konkan plains, and harassing his rear, and on his retreat from Khandala, his officers and men got an awful hammering,† 466 officers and men killed and wounded.

There was no disgrace in all this. They fought their way inch by inch like men, from the Ghats to Panwel, through 50,000 of the enemy, and there was this difference, General Goddard, though driven back, brought no ignominious convention with him. But if evil was the root *not* bitter was the fruit, as we shall see further on. Wargaum as we read it now on the page of history was not an unmitigated evil, rather a blessing in disguise, for we emerged purified from the furnace of its affliction and humiliation. There was now union in the face of a great common danger. Can we or can we not hold our own? And so every element we possessed, the strength of courage and the strength of caution, were called into requisition to adjust our movements to the complicated changes on the political chess-board—those changes which led up to Argaum and Assaye, and finally to Khirki. Perhaps if we had

distance. Mr. Cousens of the Archæological Survey, to whom I am indebted for a survey of the place, Dec. 1885, is familiar with every part of Dabhoi, and Forbes' Garden still contains those pomegranate trees, and miniature canals somewhat dilapidated along which he strolled to meditate like Isaac at eventide. The tulsi plant also in its little altar at the foot of the identical pipal tree. It was reported that the Gaikwar had given orders to take Forbes' house down, and construct a new building for Government purposes. Such an interesting relic as this is might be spared, and a hint if not too late to His Highness would be all-sufficient, and would, we are sure, gratify every Englishman now and hereafter, who is interested in those things. *Ante*, pp. 410 *f.*

* Bhimashankar is the *bête noire* of the Ghats. Thirty years ago I am told one could ride to the top—you can scarcely now pull a halter with a horse at the end of it. The angular stones have a savage disposition in breaking shins. I have some gruesome recollections of it, and I dare say the Marathas, after going up from Thana in 1739 and coming down in 1781, had the same, only they took a longer rest than our party did.

† Grant Duff, ii., 437, 444, and Forrest's *Selections*.

not had Wargaum we wouldn't have had Argaum or, say, Korigaum, where so many deeds of valour were performed.

More than this, Wargaum showed us that under the Maratha shirt of mail there existed a chivalry and high-souled honour worthy of the cuirass and morion of the Crusader. All honour does not exist in European lands, or we should certainly have been swallowed up on that 13th of January, 1779, according to poor Fraser's message.* Had Nana Fadnavis been Napoleon Bonaparte, or even our own Edward I. —*Malleus Scotorum*— there would not have been a man left to tell the tale, and the whole course of our relations with the East Indies would have been changed.

NANA FADNAVIS.

How it came to pass carries us back to the golden mice of Sennacherib, and we can only say of Wargaum —"Look at me and learn to reverence the gods." There was one man who, as if by intuition, quickly perceived what was involved in a stupendous act of grace. "The quality of mercy is not strained, it blesseth him who takes and him who gives," and so William Hornby, censuring no man, and casting all narrow or ulterior views to the winds, fixed his eye on a most conspicuous deed of gallantry on the part of the Marathas, and counselled that act by which the British nation vindicates for ever her title

* William Fraser made noble amends for all this. He mounted the breach as a volunteer with the forlorn hope at Ahmadabad, and received all sorts of compliments for his distinguished valour.

as a true arbiter of interests other than her own. That suggestion was no less than the making of a free gift of the city of Bharoch to Madhavji Sindia, with a revenue of £60,000 a year, which was confirmed by Imperial fiat in the treaty of Salbai 1783, "in testimony of the sense entertained of the conduct manifested by him to the British Army at Wargaum, and of his humane treatment of the English gentlemen who had been hostages,"* and this revenue was received for nineteen years, until another political change was necessary in Gujarat.

In General Goddard's campaign a body of our men stormed Bawamalang,† known now as our "Cathedral Rocks," and took the lower fort, but were driven back from the upper by masses of rock thrown down upon their heads, and hemmed in on this *Machi* or terrace and cut off from their supplies, a goodly number of them were forced to remain there for two months, exposed to the violence of the monsoon of 1781, until they were relieved.

The death of Stewart at Karli ought never to be forgotten—a bright episode in one of the darkest pages of our history. Whoever Stewart was, his friends and fellow-countrymen do well to be proud of him. To have your name extolled for heroism by your enemies on the plains of Asia, to have your deeds recorded by watchfire or in Dekhani hamlet from father to son for generations, there surely never was greater fame for the soldier.

Thank God the cloud of Wargaum has a silver lining, and in this dreary quagmire is one green spot on which the mind can rest with satisfaction.

You may remember in the ballad of Chevy Chase, a scene of highest chivalry which has been worked up into exquisite pathos. Did some swart warrior on this 31st December, 1778, take the dead chevalier by the hand, when his heart but once heaved, and for ever grew still, and in the Stewart of Karli revive the glory of Otterburn?

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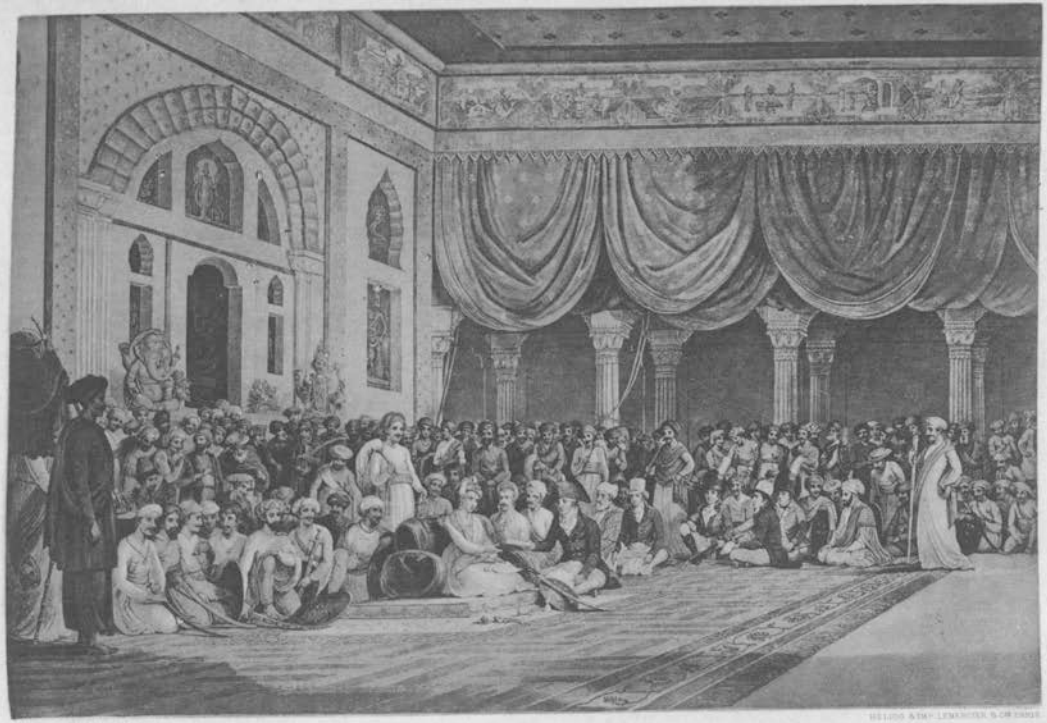
* Forbes' *Oriental Memoirs.*
† Grant Duff, ii., 421, 423, and Forrest's *Selections.*



Madoo Rao Peshwa 1773-95 — THE POONA DARBAR OF 1790 sep. 127.

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM DANIELL R.A. AND JAMES WALES

Left Bombay on the 16th February, 1788, arrived Poona on the 3rd of March 1788, after 21 days

CHAPTER XXXIII.

POONA AND THE MALETS.*

THE great bulk of our public men in Indian History have sprung from the middle classes. For example, Charles Malet and Charles Forbes were the sons of country clergymen. The aristocracy, however, has contributed a good many, and even kings' daughters (Lady Falkland to wit) have been among her honourable women. Some have risen, to their credit, from great obscurity, and conquered the difficulties of early upbringing. Of this class was Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, who was the son of a small cabinet-maker. The most extraordinary instance in this respect was James Macrae, who preceded Pitt as Governor of Madras. He rose from the position of a cabin-boy and his antecedents have been quite public for ages. His mother was a washerwoman in Ayr; and his niece, the daughter of a fiddler, with much of Mr. Macrae's money, for he was very wealthy, married that Earl of Glencairn whose son was the fast friend of Robert Burns. He is immortalised in the poet's *Lament*, while the poet's son, once well known in India, Colonel James Glencairn Burns, bore the honoured name.*

Few have created great families in England. The two Elphinstones, uncle and nephew, never married. It was not the Indian branch of the Childs that founded the opulent banking family of that name in London, and though the Oxenden baronetcy has been in existence for two hundred years, its fame rests very much with its great founder who sleeps at Surat. The Jenkinsons (the Duke, 1801, met Mrs. J. in

* "James Glencairn Burns sent to the Burns Club, Dumfries, for a bottle to be filled with punch from the Club Punch Bowl and sent to India to him. This was done, and the carriage to London cost 7*s.* 6*d.*"—*Scotsman*, March 10, 1890.

Calcutta: she was the grandmother of Lord Liverpool, and then the only survivor of the Black Hole) were the initials of the Liverpool administration. The Malets, in three generations and within a hundred years, have given to diplomacy three individuals of note, in direct succession like the Darwins, and in this respect the Malets tower above all Indian families, always excepting Governor Pitt of Madras, who gave to England his grandson and great-grandson, the Earl of Chatham and William Pitt, names of renown that transcend anything we can say of the Malets. The Malets, in the stock phrase of Burke, "came over with William the Conqueror," and the name has a French look about it. All the same, in vulgar parlance, the family hails from Somersetshire, and it was India and not England or France which first gave it distinction. Neither France nor England gave them the tiger crest in their coat of arms. Charles Warre Malet was a Bombay civilian and arrived in Western India in 1770. We meet him first at a big lion-hunt near Ahmadabad, of which he has left a graphic account:—lions are scarce there nowadays. This was in 1781; and in 1785, at the request of Nana Fadnavis, he is made Resident in Poona at the Court of the Peshwah. He is the central figure of interest for Englishmen in Daniell's picture of the Poona Darbar, 1790,* and in 1791 he was made a Baronet for his services in carrying through the treaty with the Peshwah and Nizam, the triple alliance, in our war with Tipu, all which may be found in Indian History under date of 1790. These are some salient points in the early history of the Malets, and are of more interest to the reader than the fact that the name exists on the Roll of Battle Abbey.

We now digress. In or about the year 1790 arrived in India James Wales, born at Peterhead, educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, an artist who had already exhibited pictures in the

* "Mr. Daniell's fine picture of the Poona Darbar is unrivalled perhaps in Oriental grouping, character and costume. . . . It was painted for Sir Charles Malet from sketches by the late Mr. Wales, and our artist has shown the time when Sir Charles, then our ambassador at the Court of Poona, attended by his suite, delivered to His Highness Srimant the Peshwah in full Darbar, the treaty of alliance ratified by His Majesty between Great Britain and His Highness, made preparatory to the war between the Triple Allied Powers and Tipu."—Moor's *Hindu Pantheon* (1810), p. 174.

Royal Academy.* He comes to India, with his wife and four daughters, to seek fame and fortune as so many have done

SIR CHARLES MALET.

before him in the gorgeous East. Of fame not much, of fortune very little in his lifetime, though his family in this latter respect,

* Archd. Robertson, born 1765, died 1835. An Aberdeen man who painted "the Washington," sent to the Earl of Buchan, says, "to Mr. *William* Wales, an excellent portrait painter, his first acquaintance with oils was due."—*Century Mag.*, May 1890.

as we shall see, made up for it. He paints three portraits for the Peshwah Baji Rao, Nana Fadnavis and Madhavji Sindia, which are now in the possession of the Bombay Government, and he supplies Daniell with sketches for his picture of the Poona Darbar. Moreover, he takes drawings and water-colours of Elephanta, Kanheri, Elora, and other cave temples (some of which were in possession of the late James Fergusson, D.C.L.),* —work which has now become the business of the Archæological Department, and of which he was the first martyr, for it was while he was sketching in Salsette one day in 1795 that his hand forgot its cunning and he died out in the jungle (as we suppose) in the 48th year of his age. Now, labour of this kind does not seem much to us now, when the means of communication are so simple, and we can all talk glibly enough of *stúpas* and *dagobas*. But it was very different a hundred years ago. A man setting out for Elora in those days was nearly as good as lost to the world, and James Wales was lost to the world in Salsette. Except Ma'sudi and Thevenot, I don't suppose that half a dozen men in the civilised world had seen these caves before Wales and Daniell, nor did there exist an intelligible account of them. If you look at Rennell's map of about this period you will be surprised at the large vacant spaces in India that are marked "unexplored." As far as I can make out, these caves were the dens of Thags and Dakaits about this time or shortly before it. In fact the Thags are credited with alleging that they themselves were the makers of Elora, and to prove this they added that they were taught their bloody science from the scenes which are portrayed on the walls.

It is impossible to follow the movements of the Wales family between Bombay and Poona (1790 to 1795). Wales was certainly a great deal in Poona (1792–93), for months at a time, perhaps even for a year or two, as the execution of the paintings on which he was engaged demanded a long period of application. That the father, mother and daughters, some of them grown up (Susan was 21 in 1792), were in Poona, one undivided family,

* *Indian Antiquary*, ix., 52. Wales seems to have been assisted by Robert Mabon, who published at Calcutta, in 1797, *Sketches illustrative of Oriental Manners and Customs*, see *Indian Antiquary*, ix., 107.—B.

I have not the slightest doubt, and I should not be surprised if they lived in one of the five bungalows of the Residency, for the compound in those days extended far and wide, from the Judge's house to the School of Science and beyond it. And as visitors were then few and far between, the Wales family would be quite an acquisition.

If the girls were in Poona (1790 to 1795) they must have had a lively time of it. Those were exciting times. It was then Ghasi Ram (1791) was stoned to death. Sindia died of fever at Wanawri (1794), and the tragic end of the Peshwah took place by his falling over a terrace of the palace (1795).

These, however, were merely thunder-peals before and after the gayest time that Poona ever had. That period lasted from June 1792 to February 1794, and comprehends all the time of Madhavji Sindia's visit. Crowds of strangers from all quarters came to Poona, an enormous amount of money was spent, and the bazar was jubilant. When the day arrived that the Peshwah was to be invested by Sindia (for it was for this purpose he had come) as vassal of the Emperor of Dehli, who was now a mere puppet in his hands, excitement had reached the boiling-point and Poona was *in excelsis*. This was the 11th of June, 1792, when the time of singing of birds is at hand, and when Nature spreads her green mantle over the arid plains of the Dekhan.

Sindia's camp was pitched near the Sangam, but all the way to Khirki his tents dotted the ground on hill or hollow, for wherever you now see scrub or brushwood was then littered by a holiday population of Sindia's followers and the like.

Night after night the Ganesha room of the Saturday Palace was a blaze of light: there were hundreds of dancing girls, rills of running water and fountains playing, and music which we may condemn as monotonous, but which to the Oriental is heaven upon earth. The Hirabagh, or Diamond Garden, was in all its glory, and the Tarabagh, on "Helen's Isle," looked on the lake like a speck on a looking-glass. At the Vaghoba Stone tigers were baited by elephants, and there were water-parties and feasts of lanterns on the Muta-Mula. On the big day of the Peshwah's installation a throne was erected at the end of a suite of tents some distance from Sindia's camp, after the

likeness of that of the Emperor of Dehli. Little did they think then in how short a time throne, Peshwah and Emperor were to crumble into dust.

But the pageant proceeds. The Peshwah walks up to the empty throne, and three times makes obeisance to it, places his *nazar* of 101 gold mohars at the foot of it, receives from the Persian Secretary of the great Mughal the *Khilat*, the jewels and feathers, the sword and shield, the two fans of peacock tails, the Imperial standard, the two crescents, the two stars and the Orders of the Fish and Sun. He retires for a brief interval and reappears, this time clothed in the royal robes that come from his august master. Herod is now at Cesarea. Seated in a *palki* or open palanquin, Sindia and the great officers of State fanning him on his way as if they were his most obsequious servants. The people give a great shout, the welkin resounds with acclamation, and so, amid the roar of artillery and the blare of trumpets, the newly-invested sovereign, consecrated by the Bhonsles of Satara and the descendant of Timur, enters Poona, which Sivaji built for himself—the capital of the Maratha Empire.

The British Residency, as we have said, was cheek-by-jowl with the camp of Sindia, and its inmates were welcome to all its festivities. Sangams are very holy places. You may see to-day how beautiful it is, and Sir Charles Malet was said to have the pleasantest abode in India. He had aqueducts, vines, apple and peach trees in his garden, a stud of Arab horses, elephants also, and everything suitable to the rank and dignity of the great nation he represented.

I am within the bounds of probability when I say that this was the lucky period and place when for the first time Charles Malet had the good fortune to meet Susan Wales. Mr. Wales was then working at his portraits for the Peshwah, and making his sketches for the picture of the Darbar. Strange, is it not, when all this love-making was going on, those names which are now household words with us—Wellington, Malcolm, Munro, and Elphinstone—should not have been even whispered in its shady groves? All this was for the next generation. Stranger still that some of Susan's grandchildren are at this moment very likely fighting the battles of our country, which we can

vouch in all earnestness they have been found capable of doing.

It need not give the reader much trouble to reconstruct the Poona of 1792. But to do this you must begin your work with demolition. Blot out all the churches, steeples and cemeteries from your map, all the barracks and hospitals which you see to-day, all the railroads, telegraphs, good roads and bridges, for in 1792 there is only one wooden bridge, rotten and insecure. Blot out your Assembly and Council Hall, the Governor and those who sit with him in Council, and substitute one man who is greater than his sovereign—Nana Fadnavis. Wipe out all your schools and colleges, your orators who preach and your missionaries who teach, and with them scatter to the winds every vestige of free thought in congress or conventicle. Snuff out the Press, give to no man what he can call his own, and take from him who hath the proceeds of his industry, for this is how they do things in the glorious days of the Peshwah. Demolish every English bungalow except one—the Residency at the Sangam—which was to be for many a year a star, which burned with a clear and steady light and ushered in the reign of peace and goodwill to men, for it is only to be quenched when the Residency itself shall light up the dark waters of the Muta-Mula with a blaze of vermilion (5th November, 1817), which we need not remind the reader is the date of the battle of Khirki. And when you have done this fill in your vacant space of one and a-half square mile with your city of Poona. To do this we will give you all the present bazaar and the finest houses in it, and you can build for the magnates abodes as high as you please. You can select all the temples at the Sangam or elsewhere, and as much of Parbati as was then built, and for your population we give you 120,000 of buying, selling, shouting and screaming inhabitants. Moor says (*Hindu Pantheon*)—"The city is neither elegantly nor handsomely built." Poona, however, as to its surroundings was very much the same then as it is to-day. The view from the bridge was as magnificent. There is the same blue sky dappled with fleecy clouds, and the parrots scream from tree to tree. Parbati an everlasting frown, and who in Poona does not know Singarh? Beyond it Torna with its blue cone and the ghost of Sivaji still hovering about

its precipices. One lonely temple on the outline of Ganeshkhind, preserved as it still preserves that distinctive feature of Indian architecture familiar from Dehli to Komorin—pod-like and never to burst into flower. The whole landscape is somewhat bare and treeless, except for a few cypresses which break the uniformity, for Baji Rao has not yet planted his million of mango trees. Such was Poona during Malet's time in 1792.

At the time of which I write an event occurred at Poona which might have been attended with the gravest consequences to the few European settlers who were then in the place. A Florentine lady on discovering that her Brahman servant had been peculating ordered him to be flayed alive! And it was done. There was a great cry of horror at a deed so unparalleled. The lady was arrested and confined for life in a hill fort in the neighbourhood. The wonder is that she was not torn to pieces. She had been in prison for several years when Perron, who succeeded De Boigne in the Nizam's service, managed to secure her release. Nothing more of the wretch is known except that she died in Bombay (1798). She had been the wife of James Hall, a barrister in Madras, and had once commanded a regiment of the Nizam, and in Poona had sought employment in the same line, but failed in getting it. So much for this soldier of fortune, a very bad *figlia del regimento* as you will say. The name she assumed was *Jamal Khan* or *Jamal Sardar*, the elegant lord, or the elegant commander. She dressed in the long flowing *jama* of the Mughals, loose *izara* or trousers, wore an enormous sabre, and had a plumed helmet for head-gear. The Poona amazon was thus a wonderment to everybody and one of the lions of the city.

Before James Wales died in 1796 * his family had been living

* Stanley's edition of Bryan's *Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters.*

There is a monumental tablet in the Cathedral, the interest of which increases with the march of time, "Sacred to the memory of James Wales, Gent., a native of Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, who died 13th November, 1795, aged 48 years; also in memory of his wife (daughter of William Wallace and Jane Taylor, his wife, of Dundee), who died in May 1795, aged 36 years.

"Also of Angelica, their infant daughter, born at Colaba, who died in December 1795, aged seven months.

"This tablet is erected by Susan, the eldest of four remaining daughters, in grateful affectionate remembrance of her parents."

at Kolaba, then an island, now an integral portion of Bombay. The place in those days was much frequented by delicate people, and on its promontory projecting into the Indian Ocean a light-house had been recently erected (1769). In 1799, four years after his death, Susan Wales, his eldest daughter, was married to Sir Charles Malet, and they left India for England some time thereafter. But married or unmarried, Susan took good care to put a marble tablet to his memory in what is now Bombay Cathedral. It is still in excellent preservation, and if untouched by man or the violence of the elements seems good for the next hundred years. "In grateful, affectionate remembrance of her parents," one from Peterhead, the other from Dundee, the epitaph is pathetic enough and of touching simplicity. I dare-say it is a cenotaph, for Mr. Wales was most likely buried at Thana, though his wife may be interred at this spot. With its first words "Sacred to the memory of James Wales, Gent.," you need not quarrel, for it informs future generations that if he was a wanderer he was nevertheless a gentleman. This tribute of filial affection was Susan's work, for she says so herself, and no doubt devised by her when she stood "like Ruth amid the alien corn." But we must proceed.

Unto Susan Malet were born eight sons, who all lived to a great age, and some of them yet survive. The Wales family were all daughters, the Malets all sons. Arthur was a Member of the Bombay Council. He it was who lost his wife and child at the Bankot Bar, when thirteen boat-men also were drowned.* Hugh, when Collector of Thana, discovered Matheran (1850), and Colonel George Grenville was

The Susan here mentioned, the wife of Sir Charles Warre Malet, died in 1868, and was grandmother of Sir Edward Baldwin Malet, K.C.B., our ambassador (1887) at Berlin. Sir Charles, created a Baronet in 1791, died in 1815, the date of his marriage with Susan Wales being 1799.—Burke's *Peerage*, 1886.

* "DIED.—Sept. 13, 1888, at 45, Linden Gardens, London, W. Arthur Malet, in his 82nd year, late member of the Executive Council, Bombay, and fifth son of the late Sir Charles Warre Malet, Bart., deeply regretted by all who knew him."

At Bankot there is a tomb with this inscription: "Here lie the remains of Mary Sophia Marcia, aged 26, and Helen Harriet, aged 32 days, the beloved wife and daughter of Arthur Malet of the Bombay Civil Service. They with 13 boatmen and attendants were drowned on the bar of the river Savitri on the night of Dec. 5, 1853."

Sir Alex. Malet, 2nd baronet, died Nov. 29, 1886.

killed in action at Bushir (1856). These are three of her sons, and her grandsons swell the ranks of the civil and military service, as you may see in the pages of Burke or Debrett.

The venerable Lady Susan Malet died in 1868 at the great age of 96. She lived to see her eldest son who inherited the Baronetcy, Sir Alexander Malet, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Germanic Confederation (1856 to 1866). He married (1834) Miss Spalding of the Holme (died Jan. 2nd, 1891), near New Galloway, Scotland. That place is attractive, if romance, poetry and fine scenery are attractions. It was here Lowe wrote his pathetic song, "O Mary, weep no more for me," and here amid the rocky defiles through which the Dee pours its waters into Loch Ken, Burns composed "Scots wha hae." An additional item of interest is the fact that Miss Spalding's mother married the great Henry Lord Brougham, whose mask *Punch* still persists in trailing along the foot of its title page, twenty years after his death. Lady Malet thus became Brougham's step-daughter. Alexander was an author of repute: his wife also adventured in letters. He was born with the century and died in 1886, and was succeeded by his son Sir Henry Charles Eden, the third baronet, and whose brother, Sir Edward Baldwin Malet, now our Ambassador at the Court of Germany, married (1885) a daughter of the Duke of Bedford.

Here the Malets culminate for the present. The high position which this family has assumed had its beginning, as we have seen, in 1770, when Charles Malet landed in India. The Malets are only in the third generation, and Sir Edward (born 1837) is comparatively a young man. Father, son and grandson, it would be difficult to say which is the ablest: they are all eminent—the last not the least. Sir Edward has the strongest strain of Scotch blood in his veins. The three lives cover the long period of 120 years.

What would Susan Wales have said to all this if she only could have cast her horoscope at the Sangam of Poona! It is reserved, however, for Providence to develop stranger events than are ever guessed at even by the astrologers.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AT SUEZ, 1798.

"I have Bonaparte's despatches now before me. Bombay, if they can get there, I know is their first object."—Lord Nelson, *Letter to Governor Duncan of Bombay, dated Mouths of the Nile, 9th August*, 1798.

THERE is a marvellous interest in everything connected with Napoleon Bonaparte; and now that his nephew has come and gone like a dream, the interest in no way lessens, but his figure bulks bigger by contrast, for the huge train of events of which he was the creator beggars everything that has come after him. When Louis Napoleon was paving the way for empire he filled the Paris *Théâtre Historique* with gorgeous *spectacles*,—Siege of Toulon, Crossing the Alps, Plains of Italy, and the Invasion of Egypt; splendid scenic displays of war horses and fighting men, nowhere more full of startling and brilliant contrasts of East and West than when Italy was left behind for the turbans, scimitars, camels, palms, and pyramids of Egypt.

The invasion of Egypt began by the landing of the expedition, as our readers are aware, in 1798. The date was the 2nd July, and the episode of Napoleon's visit to Suez took place in December of the same year. He spent his Christmas holidays there.

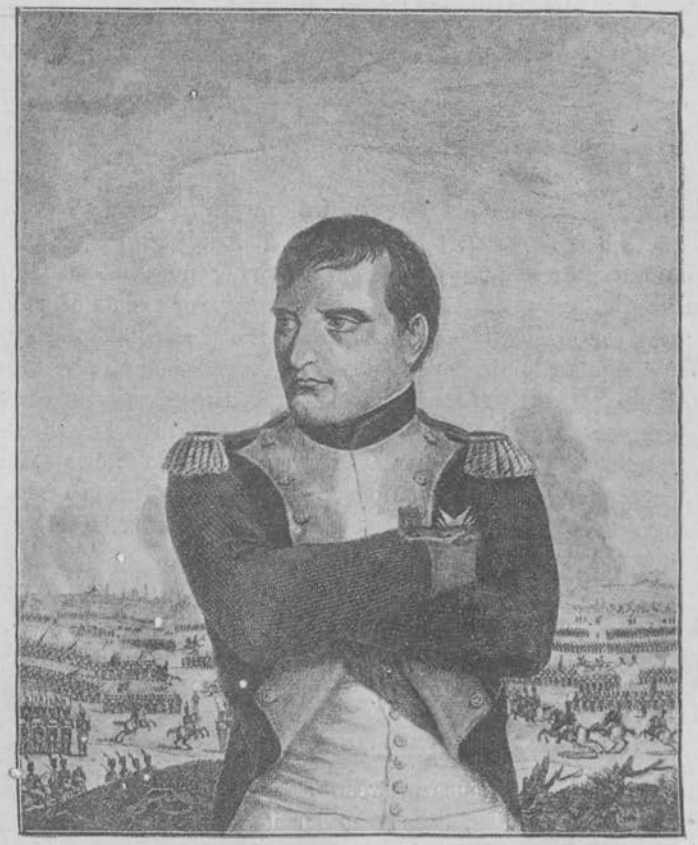
SUEZ,

now the half-way house between Europe and Asia, is a place of no great antiquity, at least under its present name.* It is here that the traditions of thirty centuries and many expositors of Holy Writ agree in fixing the *locale* of the Exodus and the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites.† Volney in 1790

* 1500.

† The accepted version now is that the Gulf of Suez at the time of the Exodus crept up to the Bitter Lakes. Discoveries made near Tel-el-Kebir, apparently the site of Pithom, confirm this view. See *Helps to the Study of the Bible* (Oxford).

says:—"The ruinous condition of the houses heightens the melancholy scenery. Nobody remains at Suez but the Governor, who is a Memluk, and twelve or fourteen persons who form his household."



BONAPARTE.

There are glorious sunrises and sunsets here. Everything is steeped in glowing crimson, and the red light which overspreads the barren hills of Suez has been caught by Herbert in his great fresco in the House of Lords, where Moses is seen descending from Mount Sinai with the Tables of the Law. An English

lady once settled here brought out with her a quantity of English earth, of which to make a miniature garden: "a dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest," for the land hereabout seems as if a curse lay upon it. It has great associations, but it is a poor consolation to the exile to be told that Suez is mentioned in the *Arabian Nights*,* that he is living on the site of Cleopatris, of Arsinoe, or of Qolzum, nay, even that it was here that the angel of the Lord found Hagar by a fountain of water on the way to Shur. Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? They say that it is full of vermin. The king of the fleas keeps his court at Tiberias, but he has some most wicked vicegerents at Suez, which seem to combine the poison of Asia with the pungency and active habits of modern Europe. Everybody seems to notice this. Pococke, in his *Description of the East and other Countries*, 1737, says, "full of bugs and vermin;" and Sir Charles Napier, reduced to skin and bone in 1851, as we can verify, a "bearded vision," the mere atomy of a man, apparently far beyond the reach of insect attacks, utters these portentous words: "bugs abound." No traveller remains longer than he can help at Suez. An American once went over to the Wells of Moses. He was never seen again,—spirited away by the boatmen or others to the world to come. But this is the Suez of the past.

HIS VISIT AND SCHEMES.

Bonaparte left Cairo on the 24th December with 100 horse and 200 foot, and on the 25th was at Suez. His reasons for visiting Suez we shall see. He was the first man who took the Suez Canal out of the region of myth and dreamland, and gave a practical turn to it by taking with him a body of engineers. They mapped the course of the ancient canal and surveyed the ground deemed practicable for a new one; and when Lepère presented his report Bonaparte uttered these prophetic words: "*La chose est grande; ce ne sera pas moi qui maintenant pourra l'accomplir, mais le gouvernement turc trouvera peut-être un jour sa gloire dans l'exécution de ce projet.*" When Bonaparte came to Suez his fortunes were at a low ebb: his army, in a

* Lane's *Arabian Nights; Story of Joodar*, 1517.

hostile country, was full of murmurs and discontent; and on the 1st August, 1798, the French fleet was destroyed in the battle of the Nile.

It was amid these disasters that in the last days of 1798 Bonaparte came to Suez. One would say that he had other work cut out for him than to drink water from the Wells of Moses, or hold confabulations with the monks at Mount Sinai. It is believed that, during these five days that he was in the desert, he revolved great schemes. He most probably resolved upon the invasion of Syria which immediately took place, and the invasion of England in 1803 which did *not* take place. The idea of a canal through the Isthmus had taken possession of him; for he reasoned in this way, that if France were in possession of a ship-canal the power of England in India would be broken. This idea never left him, and he often recurred to it in conversations with Sir Hudson Lowe at Saint Helena. We may well therefore believe that it was on the shores of Suez, with his eye towards the Red Sea, that this man in grey coat, and arms akimbo, with all hope of communicating with France cut off, hemmed in as he was like a wild beast of unconquerable will, meditated and projected great schemes on the fate of India.

He fortified Suez, the Wells of Moses, and Tor; transported gunboats on the backs of camels from Bulak; surveyed each shore of the Gulf of Suez as far as Shadwan*; saw with his falcon eye our troubles, Mysore and Maratha; saw the unprotected coast of Gujarat, with its rich harvests, food for man and beast; wrote letters to the Sherif of Mecca, the Imam of Maskat, and Tipu Sahib of Seringapatam,—mere pasteboard and waste-paper all of them. The sepoys came from Bombay with Baird from the South, and Abercromby came from the North; and in March, 1801, when the Highlanders, drenched with sea-water, rushed up the sand-hills of Abukir, they turned the tide of French invasion, or, as Alison hath it, "delivered Egypt from the Republican yoke and decided in its ultimate consequences the fate of the civilised world."

"Highlanders! Remember Egypt," were Sir John Moore's

* Where the P. and O. steamer "Carnatic" was wrecked about twenty years ago.

last words at Coruña. So say we, all of us, Highlanders and Lowlanders.

CROSSES THE RED SEA.

At 3 a.m., 28th December, Bonaparte set out from Suez on his way to the Wells of Moses, "out of respect for Moses." He took 60 foot and as many of the 100 horse as could conveniently accompany him. The cavalcade crossed the Red Sea, at the spot he assigned to the Exodus, and returned to Suez the same night. Being rather late, they made a narrow escape, for they came across the Gulf lower down, where the water was deeper. That there was some confusion, disorder, and shouting in the darkness, and that General Caffarelli's wooden leg insisted on swimming seems undoubted. That there was danger is proved by a native guide lingering behind, doubling the Gulf, and returning by land to Suez next morning. The following despatch is new to us on the *contretemps*, and corroborates the statement that General Caffarelli became one of the Horse Marines :—

3819, au Général Berthier.
Quartier-général, au Caire, 20 nivôse an vii.
(9th January, 1799).

Le Citoyen Louis, guide à cheval, est nommé brigadier.

Il lui sera fait présent d'un sabre sur lequel sera écrit sur un côté, "*Le général Bonaparte au guide à cheval Louis ;*" sur l'autre côté, "*Passage de la mer Rouge.*"

BONAPARTE.
Dépôt de la guerre.

Note.—Ce guide avait sauvé le général Caffarelli, dont le cheval s'était abattu au passage de la mer Rouge.*

We give Kinglake's description from that most delightful of all books of Eastern travel, *Eothen*, 1836 :—

"Napoleon stayed five days at Suez. He made an attempt to follow the supposed footsteps of Moses, by passing the creek at this point; but it seems, according to the testimony of the people of Suez, that he and his horsemen managed the matter in a way more resembling the failure of the Egyptians than the success of the Israelites. The people at Suez declare that Napoleon parted from his horse, got thoroughly submerged, and was only fished out by the assistance of the people on shore."

* *Correspondance de Napoléon* 1er. Tome VIème. Publiée par ordre de l'Empereur Napoléon III.

There is a charming *naïvcté* about this, and it contains such a good joke for Englishmen that even Bourrienne's narrative, eye-witness as he was, and the accuracy of a despatch, ought not to be allowed to impair it.

STATE OF FEELING IN BOMBAY.

Geographically, Suez is a great distance from Bombay; politically it is very near, though Arabia lies between, a block so mighty as to cover an area almost as great as that of India itself;* and though there were no telegrams in those days, the sound of these great events soon penetrated to Western India. Early in January, 1800, General Stuart writes a long letter to the Bombay Government on the unprotected state of these coasts and of Surat. Every movement in Egypt was known to us here. Spies, secret agents, renegades (their letters may still be read) kept us *au fait*. So when the venue was changed to Syria and the cry in India was "the Persian Gulf," we were prepared. People then did not need Robert Hall's passionate appeal, "Recollect for a moment his invasion of Egypt." The fact was patent to us night and day. The pressing of cotton still went on† and ships were laden for China. But where were the convoys? Scouring the seas in search of that

* Arabia 1,139,600 square miles, India 1,400,000 square miles.—Keith Johnston.

† Charges for repacking and screwing a bale of cotton in Company's and warehouse-keepers' screws, viz.:—

	R.	A.	P.
Hamalage from the present shed to the Marine Bunder or Ramooy Screws	0	0	12
Altering wrappers	0	0	16
Hemp rope	1	2	0
Stretching rope	0	0	8
Twine used in repacking, uncertain but supposing	0	0	12
Screwing bales in the screws	0	0	14
Repacking	1	0	0
Screwing	1	0	0
Twine for sewing the bale when pressed	0	0	12
Weighing at 4 reas per cwt., make per bale	0	0	14
Hamalage from any of the above screws to the bunderhead to be shipped	0	0	40
Shipping off into the boat	0	0	8
Rs.	3	3	36

ROBERT KITSON, Warehouse-Keeper.

Bombay, 10th June, 1800.

mysterious French fleet which was seen one day at Ceylon, and again at the Isle of France. The mind was on the tenter-hooks, and Sunday gave no rest. When members of Council were at prayers in the Cathedral, they were nudged on the elbow to come *ek dum* to a meeting of Council next door. The editors of the *Courier* and *Gazette*—for both papers then existed—were warned to publish neither arrival nor departure, nor that which was expected. A man was stationed on the masthead of the "Suffolk," at the harbour mouth, on the outlook night and day. There was quite a flutter among the merchants when tenders were asked for the Egyptian Expedition. Charles Forbes opens the ball. Then comes Bruce, Fawcett and Co., and Charles Adamson with his big ship. "To all those conversant with shipping it is a point universally known, that small vessels are navigated with much greater expense than large ones." Undeniable. Arthur Wellesley was here, and had he gone in the vessel intended for him, he would never have been heard of. We need not ask whence all this excitement. Napoleon had been at Suez; and the reader of the commonest history-books can see what Bonaparte *did* after this, and he will estimate what his capabilities then were. For who could tell? The world was then in the throes of revolution, and it was an open question whether the vessel of the English State in India might not go down in a sea of anarchy. Nelson, Wellington, and Abercromby, each in his own sphere, backed by the wisdom of English statesmen and the resources of the English nation, solved for us, under Almighty Providence, the momentous question.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

The two Napoleons, uncle and nephew, I. and III., had much to do with the Suez Canal. We have seen that Bonaparte was the first to put the idea into a tangible shape. Of this the proofs are incontestable, for why did he come to Suez? And Louis Napoleon gave it such material and political assistance as was possible to him. These two men were, in a sense, the Alpha and Omega of the Canal; and had Ferdinand Lesseps erected a monument to either of the Bonapartes as high as the Colossus of Rhodes, he would but have followed the instincts of

nature and the dictates of reason, which govern the mass of mankind. But Lesseps is not an ordinary man, and does not work by ordinary methods, or he would have been content with the geographical limits which had been assigned by nature to two seas since the birth of time. He did not make the canal to break the power of England in India or destroy her commerce. Bonaparte to him was merely the shadow of a name, and his nephew a convenient instrument to accomplish his designs. Thus it was when he had brought this great work to a triumphant conclusion, and when any other Frenchman full of Egyptian memories might think of Napoleon, Cæsar, or Alexander "the brave youth of Macedon," he bethought himself of a poor but honest Englishman* who did much in his day to create and further overland traffic, and who spent prodigally his substance, his health, yea, his very life in its accomplishment, "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in hunger, thirst, cold, heat, and nakedness."

WAGHORN AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

But what has all this to do with Bombay? Everything in the world. Bombay has good cause of congratulation in this matter. Waghorn organised, worked, and completed the overland traffic for mails, and we rather think also for passengers, himself—his sole support being the Bombay Steam Committee. This was from 1831 to 1834,—three years on his own hook before the British Government touched it with its little finger. It was then the East India Company, and its directors, almost to a man, and the post-office authorities, frowned upon him and his work.[c] But when fortune deserted him, Bombay came to his aid.† The Chamber of Commerce was established in 1838. Chairman—Harry George Gordon. Committee—Peter Ewart,

* That they were acquainted with each other in Egypt is confirmed by M. de Lesseps' reply to a deputation on the subject of the Waghorn monument in London in Nov. 1883. "It was to Waghorn alone that he was indebted for the original idea of forming the Suez Canal."—Extract from his speech on Overland Mail, 30 Nov., 1883.

† Calcutta, Aug. 9, 1836.—"The Overland Mail came in two months from London to Calcutta, the first time such a thing has ever happened."—Hon. Emily Eden's *Letters*.

Thomas Lancaster, John Skinner, Thomas Cardwell, G. S. King, and others. Among the first sentences of the first report issued

WAGHORN'S STATUE.

by them—and it redounds much to their honour—are words of encouragement to Waghorn.* Nor did Bombay rest satisfied

* "Mr. Waghorn has been assured that the members of this Institution, in common with the rest of the mercantile community and the public generally, are fully sensible of the value of his exertions on the particular occasion in question of steam communication in general, which, it is hoped, will be rewarded with the encouragement and support his public-spirited labours so well deserve."—*Bombay Chamber of Commerce Transactions*, 1838–39, p. 3.

until the hour of victory came in 1845, when his messengers ran up the stairs in Leadenhall Street with a letter for the directors "delivered in thirty days."

Are these things we should willingly let die? If we should, the statue of Waghorn erected and consecrated by the genius of Lesseps stands at Suez to remind us of them, and mute and motionless as it is, seems to beckon the fleets of nations from the Eastern Seas to new enterprise.*

"The time shall come when ship-boys e'en shall scorn
To have Alcides' fable on their lips;
Seas yet unnamed, with realms unknown adorn
Your charts, and with their fame your pride eclipse.
Then the bold Argo of all future ships
Shall circumnavigate and circle sheer
Whate'er blue Tethys in her girdle clips;
Victorious rival of the sun's career,
And measure e'en of earth the whole stupendous sphere."

THE FORBES LOANS.

The carrying on of war nowadays seems a more complicated and difficult task than in the days of our grandfathers. Everything is now, no doubt, on a larger scale. But we are apt to forget that they had few of the appliances of modern science, and that steam, by land and sea, has reduced the transport of men and material to wonderful simplicity. Any one who saw the water tanks, the compressed hay, and the elephants embarking with the Abyssinian Expedition, will have a faint idea of the difficulties of Sir David Baird's in 1801, in *sailing* ships and without these appliances. The Duke, indeed, while in Western India, was in a perpetual state of unrest, crying out for provisions for his men and forage for his animals. "The troops must have regular supplies of provisions at command, or misfortune or disgrace will be the consequence." † Hence we find

* RANSOM.—On the 14th February, 1887, at her late residence, 27, Charles Street, Prahran, Sarah, relict of the late William Ransom, Rotherhithe, Surrey, England, and youngest surviving sister of the late Lieutenant Waghorn, R.N., the pioneer of the overland route to India and the East, aged 74.

† The Duke at Ahmadnagar to Jonathan Duncan, 1803, Aug. 13.

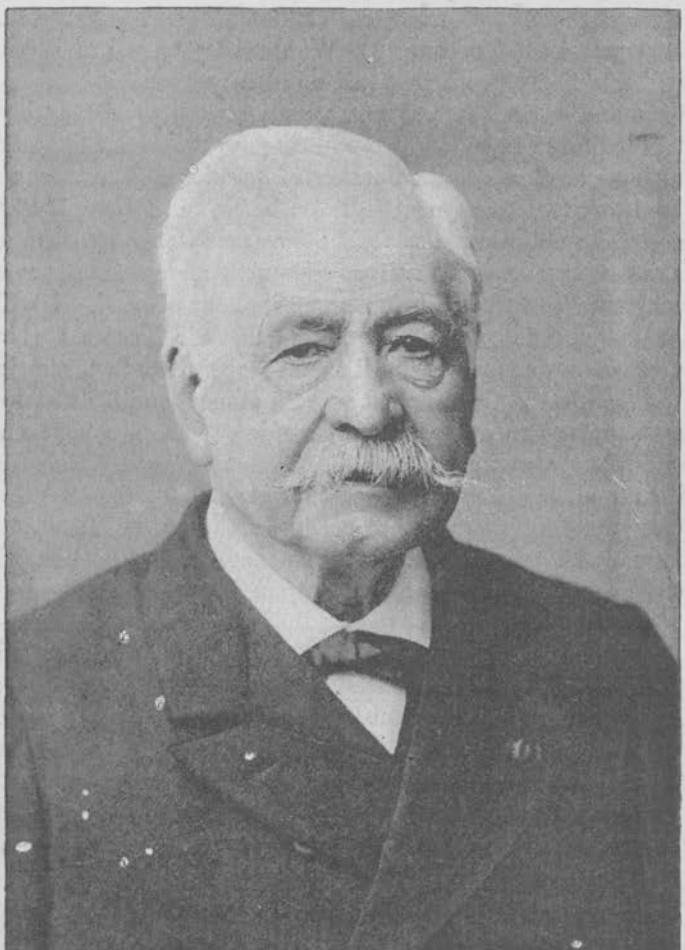
that the deaths among the cattle on the march were few and far between. This result requires money; and owing to the terrorism of the Peshwah's agents, money had crept into secret hiding-places, and the *Shroffs*, frightened, and with good grounds, for their very lives, had decamped. We must try to realise a time when the Indian Government had no facility for raising money by loan, and when she was not strong enough to constitute a public creditor in India, and we will come to the conclusion that the money question was the question of questions. There are no public loans to Government in India before 30th June, 1813.* Twice, in his public despatches to the Governor-General, the Duke calls his attention to the fact that a Bombay merchant had come forward to assist the Government in its hour of need. I will not condescend to go into the question that Sir Charles Forbes knew what he was doing as well as the Duke. The facts remain the same, that the Government wanted money, and Sir Charles gave them it; and everybody is supposed to know what he is doing in businesses of this kind. Did any Native Prince or merchant do, or even offer to do, what Sir Charles did?† The amount was not small. At one time there was £500,000 running, equal to a million of our money, lent by Forbes and Bruce, Fawcett and Co.—for they were both interested—and this at a time of scare. It was a kind of advance to Government on their growing crop of cotton from Gujarat, teak from Malabar, sandalwood from Mangalor, at prices agreed on; money paid now, and produce taken delivery of afterwards. Interest was to be paid by Government at the rate of $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per month, and 2*s.* 6*d.* exchange on such amounts as might be repaid in England,—sicca rupees against 12 months' date bills, we suppose. If they gained anything on these last items,

* *Notifications relative to the Public Loans of the Government of India*, republished from the *Government Gazette* 1822 to 1879–1880.

"'Two pieces' of Government paper have been sent me bearing date 8th September, 1678, Rs. 45,000, and August 13th, 1679, Rs. 25,000; both are promissory notes payable on demand by the East India Company, bearing interest at nine per cent., and signed by Thomas Rolt and John Child. Rolt was then Governor. Aurangzeb was then in the Dekhan, and Sivaji alive at Raygarh. So early had the natives confidence in us, thirteen years after our arrival."—Nov. 25th, 1890.

† But see note at the end of this chapter.

the labourer was worthy of his hire.* The loans extended over two or three years. The Forbes loans enabled the war to go on



M. DE LESSEPS.

when the war could not go on without them, and supplied those sinews which to the hour and the man were essential to its

* For the correspondence relating to this, see *ante*, p. 253 *ff*.

prosecution. Who knows if Assaye could have been fought without them.

CONCLUSION.

History, as a rule, does not recognise such subjects as we have been discussing, but it is precisely for that very reason that we discourse upon them. The facts are well enough known; and another reason why we dwell upon them is that we believe they mark distinct eras in the art of government and the progress of civilisation in India, in which Bombay has borne a most distinguished part. Do the Rupee Loans begin virtually with Forbes, and the Overland Traffic practically with Waghorn? Both these men died about the same time, the one rich and honoured in England,* the other also in England, poor and in obscurity.† Each in his own sphere contributed something to the building of the commonwealth. But the glory of the one excelleth that of the other. The fame of Forbes is local and temporary; but the name of Waghorn will last to the end of time, or to such a time, if it ever comes, when men will cease to remember the benefactors of their species.

THE HON. E. I. COMPANY'S FIRST SHROFF IN GUJARAT.

After the first appearance of the preceding paper in the *Bombay Gazette* of 3rd Sept. 1881, a letter was addressed to the editor by Mr. Jeverilal Umiashankar Yajnik, which is reproduced here nearly entire:—

"There is one native banker of the time who was once well-known all over Gujarat and India as the Hon'ble Company's shroff. He financed for the Company on a scale of magnitude which surprised even the Agents of the Company themselves. Unfortunately the monetary transactions of the Company before the 30th June, 1813, when public loans began, find no place in the published records of the period. I do not therefore wonder that, in the absence of such published testimony, it should be supposed that the Company received no loans from native merchants, and that the rupee loans actually began with Sir Charles Forbes. I have, however, seen copies of letters and certificates from the Hon'ble Company's Agents of the time to this well-known banking firm of Surat, which show that long before Sir Charles Forbes's relations with the Company began, the Company supplied

* 1849. † 1850.

its financial needs through the banking house of Trawadi Shri Krishna Arjunji Nathji. The memory of this house as the Company's principal shroffs in those days still lives in Surat and Gujarat. While, therefore, fully sharing in the credit given to the eminent English banker whose name is still a household word in Bombay, it is fit, I think, that the services of this native firm, rendered as they were at a time when the different European Powers were competing with each other for power and pelf in the East, and which laid the foundation of England's present magnificent Indian Empire, should not be permitted to be altogether consigned to oblivion. The first recorded acknowledgment of the Company's obligations to this native banking house bears, I find, the date of the 23rd November, 1759. It is signed by Mr. John Spencer, Chief of Surat, and four of his Assistants, and runs as follows:—

'These are to certify that the house of Trawadi was employed in transacting the money matters at Delhi relative to the procuring for the English a *firman* for the castle and a *sanad* for the fleet, in which they acted with great punctuality and fidelity. This writing is therefore given them as testimony of their good behaviour, and to show that the house is deserving of the countenance of the Hon'ble Company in case of any oppression to them.'

"This testimony is confirmed by another from Mr. R. H. Boddam, who writes under date the 4th December, 1783, as below:—'I do hereby declare that since my residence here as Chief of Surat, Trawadi Arjunji Nathji has always shown great attention and diligence for the interests of the Hon'ble East India Company, and has, by the transactions of his house as shroff, rendered them every assistance and service in his power, which at various times have been very essential.'

"Sir Charles Forbes's transactions with the East India Company were indeed on a very large—I should say, considering the character of the period—stupendous scale, but they did not, it seems to me, begin before the seat of Government was removed from Surat to Bombay, and the trade of India was thrown open to private enterprise. But before and even after Bombay became the seat of Government and private European enterprise found scope to develop itself, the Hon'ble Company had found that its business on its hands had overgrown its legitimate limits; and what with the advances to native weavers and others on the one hand, and the prosecution of wars with native rulers and European rivals on the other, the demands for monetary assistance pressed too hard upon the Company. And the records of the Company's Office at Surat would appear to bear ample testimony to the fact of Trawadi Arjunji Nathji's rupee loans often proving the turning point in the Company's fortunes, when the prospects of raising money elsewhere seemed quite remote.

"Trawadi Shri Krishna Arjunji Nathji was a Nágar Brahman by caste. Originally coming from Benares, his ancestors settled in Surat for purposes of business. In Shri Krishna's time the house was known by the name and style of Trawadi Arjunji Nathji. Before coming into close relations with the Hon'ble Company, the dealings of the house were chiefly with the Arab merchants who arrived in Surat for interchange of goods. The fame of Surat had then extended far and wide. Niebuhr, who visited the city in 1762, describes it 'as the storehouse of the most precious productions of Hindustan. Hither is brought from the interior parts of the Empire an immense quantity of goods, which the merchants carry in their ships to the Arabic Gulf, the coast of Malabar, the coast of Coromandel, and even to China. The provinces near the city are full of manufactures of all sorts.'

"Trawadi Arjunji Nathji was about this time reputed to be one of the richest bankers in Gujarat. Much of his wealth was made in course of his

dealings with the Arabs. He curtailed these dealings as his relations with the Hon'ble Company became closer and closer. In 1804 the Company was at war with Holkar. Holkar sought the protection of the Chief of Bharatpur. In the following year war broke out between Bharatpur and the English. We know the result. The troops under Lord Lake were victorious. But how came the victory to be won? The Company was sorely pinched for money. Jonathan Duncan, in his letters to the Company's Agents at Surat, described in pitiful terms the condition of the troops, who were left in arrears, and reduced to misery for want of supplies. Native bankers, seeing the fortunes of the Company trembling in the balance, shrunk back from lending money at a time when it was most needed. Jonathan Duncan, knowing where successfully to apply for loans, wrote to the Chief Agent at Surat to open negotiations with Trawadi Arjunji Nathji. Trawadi consented to make an advance, and a sum of 32 lakhs of rupees was counted out in hard coin. Trawadi's house was situated in Balaji's Chakla in Surat, and the story goes that carts loaded with rupee bags extended in long, continuous rows from Balaji's Chakla to the Nausari Gate. The joy and thankfulness of the Company on obtaining this loan may be easily conceived. The Government of India were not more surprised by the amount of the loan than by the feelings of fidelity and attachment to their cause which dictated it. Trawadi's services were acknowledged by them with *khilats*, medals, and grants, and recorded in handsome terms in minutes for the information of the Company's Directors in England. Trawadi, it is said, was made a member of the council at Calcutta,—what this meant I cannot say,—and officially proclaimed as the Company's Shroff in India.

"A little before this the Gaikwar was suffering from pecuniary embarrassments. The pay of his Arab Sibandis had been in arrears for many years. They had sat *dharna*. The Gaikwar himself was deprived of his liberty, and his life was in imminent danger. In these circumstances he applied to the Hon'ble East India Company for help. The Company thought proper to afford him the needed aid, and thereby restore quiet at Baroda. The first step towards this was of course to pay off the Arab Sibandis. How was this to be done? This was the question of questions. The Company had no funds to spare. Jonathan Duncan earnestly requested Trawadi Arjunji Nathji to advance three lakhs of rupees to the Gaikwar. Trawadi hesitated. At the same time he did not like to displease Jonathan Duncan, who pressed him strongly to make the advance. Trawadi demanded the British guarantee to secure repayment of the loan, and on this being accorded the loan was made, and the Gaikwar saved from a very critical and embarrassing position. In recognition of this and other valuable services, the Hon'ble Company procured for Trawadi a hereditary and permanent grant from the Gaikwar, of the village of Shewni, in the pergana of Timba under the Surat Attavisi Mahals.

"On the death of Jonathan Duncan, the Government of India recommended Trawadi Arjunji Nathji to the countenance and favour of the Bombay Government. In a letter dated the 31st July, 1812, the Indian Government pointed out that, 'although the merit of Arjunji Nathji's fidelity and attachment to the British Government is too well-known to render any letter of recommendation necessary, yet the Governor-General is induced to grant this indulgence as well for the purpose of gratifying his earnest wishes, as in compliance with the custom which has been observed when similar applications have been made on former occasions. In compliance with his solicitations, therefore, I am directed to furnish Arjunji Nathji with this letter to your address, and to desire that you will convey to the Hon'ble the Governor the Right Hon'ble the Governor-General's recommendation of Arjunji Nathji to his countenance and favour.'

"In 1813 war broke out with Nepal, and Arjunji Nathji supplied the funds necessary to prosecute it. What the amount of advances he made to Government was is not stated; but it is a fact that on the successful termination of the war, the Government bestowed upon Trawadi a *khalit* 'for the joy of the capture of Nepal,' Mr. Secretary Prendergast recording the following approbation of his services:—'I have no hesitation in saying that the records of the Chief Office bear numerous and very decided testimony of the merit and services of Trawadi, and proofs of his fidelity and attachment to the interests of the Hon'ble Company.' In Surat Trawadi built the temple of Shri Balaji, at a cost of three lakhs of rupees, and endowed it with the revenues of the village of Shewni, which had been granted to him in perpetuity by the Gaikwar. Trawadi died in 1822, at the age of 72 years. It is sad to reflect that the descendants of one who was at one time the Rothschild of India are starving at the present day in Surat.—Your truly,

"Bombay, Sept. 6, 1881. "JEVERILAL U. YAJNIK."

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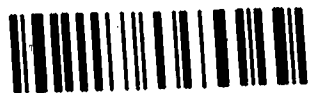

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